Grits
"Blame It On You"

She was a friend of me who soon become the enemy,
My heart said it was meant to be,
Cold sweats and nightmares of killing her for breaking
the vow to be one from corruption of adultery,
Praying at night, this day I'll never see through,
Who knew this girl was out to get me for yams?
Having dreams of her scams professed before I had
fans,
Delilah's kisses of deception was my justified stance,
Ignorance self contained in disobedient hands,
Infatuation claimed was true is definition of this,
Female relation contradicting my standards Mrs,
Witnessed the hand of God begin,
Divisions progress as vengeance for all my pain grew
deep in my flesh,
Decisions to sever bonds: that of distraught and
distress,
No less than fullness, tribulated to bless,
Found peace, once released from the grip of distress,
The culprit responsible found to be the likeness of me,
In terms of images, I blame this on self, for not
protecting my affections from seductions of Hell,
Her spell had me bound like bank tellers and hostages,
Smell had me fooled like designer female impostor
scents,
Why does it happen to the best of God's men?
We fall from desires of fruit that's been forbidding,
From the beginning of time we been blaming the
women,
It's not their fault that their fine; we need to wait 'til its
given.

I blame it on you, take the blame from me,
If you was in my shoes you'd do the same to me,
The repercussions are felt from the hand that was
dealt,
I done used up all my aces; what I face is needing help,
I blame it on you, take the blame from me,
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Feeling remorse from divorce, letting nature take its ugly course,
Catapulting two people in love to insulting,
I wish I never met you,
Baby doll compliance, join the concubine,
Jacket like a porcupine, alliance, in reliance on self,

Searching for my Kebler Elf in trees on the wrong side of the woods, and that's no good,
Dancing earnestly with form and spit,
Swerving up and down, she legit,
Ain't noticed lightning bolts and storms about to hit,
When I made them vows, I heard the screams of slaughtered cows,
Paid no mind, ignoring all the warning signs,
From top to bottom of my femur,
Monkeying around Daydream Believer,
Believing in happiness forever,
Mine was crappiness from un-clever, unclear, temporarily brain-dead,
Sank my teeth in the poison cornbread of a big head,
We were woven, then we dove in,
The water rose above our heads - that's when the flesh came to life, then the spirit metamorphed to dead,
She killed me softer than a refugee, and made sure what not left of me,
Bamboozled by a Sheila,
Went from united as one through a process labelled marriage to less than half a man, Single dad pushed in a baby carriage,
Pure and out of struggle, responsibilities we juggle,
I find it funny, ain't no matter to scoff about or chuckle,
Beneath my stature; a superman with no Terry Hatcher
I stand alone this time, giving the Lord this heart to capture.

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(fade)