The Afghan Whigs "Blame, Etc."

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My lust it ties me up in chains My skin catches fire at the Mention of your name No matter what I tried to do I could not lose it

Now I know my heart is being used But what I'm not allowed to have I never could refuse No matter what I tried to do I stood accused

But I reply, that I don't believe I'm ever gonna die, I don't Do you?

Blame, deny, betray, divide A lie, the truth, which one shall I use? Whatcha gonna do? I know Whatcha gonna do? I know I know, I know

Your sanctimony is showing my dear The acrimony hangs in the air Beware of who you trust in this world Beware the lies about To unfurl

I reply, that I don't believe I'm ever gonna die, I don't Do you?

You were blind But you are not alone in this As I was once Like you

Blame, deny, betray, divide A lie, the truth, which one will I use? Whatcha gonna do? I know Whatcha gonna do? I know Whatcha gonna do? I know

Whatcha gonna do? I know I know, I know, I know

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