

Meestro "Masters Of Destruction"

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Blame it on the Masons
Blame it on the rich
Blame it on the oil wells
Blame it on the sick

Blame it on the meetings
in the fancy hotel rooms
Blame it on everybody else,
but never keep the blame for you

They say we're all like butterflies,
flapping in the wind
Affecting all that's around us
with the slightest bit of grin

So why put the blame on all of them,
why not keep it for you and me?
After all, we've put our work in
It's about time we get to be
Masters of Destruction

Blame it on the taxes
Blame it on the heat
Blame it on the construction
of the never ending street

Blame it on the jet plane;
the flying war machine
Blame it on the pundits
yapping on your TV screen

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flapping in the wind
Affecting all that's around us
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why not keep it for you and me?
After all, we've put our work in
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Pass that bucket, round and round
Keep drawing names til we all fall down
It's the bucket of blame
The bucket of blame

As long as there's names, there's blame to be found
Gather round, we're going to paint the town
With the bucket of blame
The bucket of blame

Blame it on the elephants
and their finely-funded wits
Blame it on the donkeys
and their nasty hind leg kicks

Blame it on the whiskey
resting up on that top shelf
Blame it on the blamers
who keep the blame for themselves

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flapping in the wind
Affecting all that's around us
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