

## Matthew Ebel "I Blame The Spy"

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Why did you have to stab me?  
I'm only doing my job  
to keep my people movin'  
and standing by the bomb.

My turrets are unhappy,  
they bow their head in shame.  
The sappers are so heavy,  
and I know who to blame.

I blame the Spy-  
That dirty, low, back-stabbin' guy.  
He flicked his butt right in my eye,  
he'd make a Scottish cyclops cry.  
I blame the Spy.

I'm battered, bruised, and bleedin',  
but help is on the way.  
Then suddenly my Medic  
has stabbed me in the face.

Seems someone tried to warn me  
by lighting him on fire,  
but really who could blame me?  
My circumstance was dire.  
I blame the spy.  
Won't someone swat him like a fly?  
That tabarnak I wish he'd die,  
I'll make him kiss his ass goodbye.  
I blame the Spy.

And like a Wall Street banker  
he took everything I had.  
Like diving with an anchor  
it's enough to drive me mad.

Nailing him's a Demo's pipe dream  
or a soldier's launching pad,  
but now that he's on my team  
maybe this guy's not that bad  
nope, screw him.

I blame the Spies.  
Invisible to untrained eyes.  
A fitting end I can't devise,  
he's even ugly in disguise.  
I blame the Spies.  
I blame the Spies.

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