

## French Kicks, The "The Trial Of The Century"

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Wasn't having it all that day  
Having thought I was there is fine  
Don't know what can be hard to say, oh  
That's a sign of a better time  
You know now

The hours that go in front of me  
Remind it how it used to be  
And you down in the grass with me  
The hours of choking century

I blame you  
I thank you  
I blame you

Wasn't fit to have you  
But I will never run and hide  
I don't feel so bad  
And then I will not apologize

I am fit to hang  
And in the falling rain  
And I meant to make it out tonight

The hours that go in front of me  
Remind it how it used be  
And you down in the grass with me  
The hours of choking century

I blame you  
I thank you  
I blame you

Yeah, you come to mind

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