

The Waiting "Put The Blame On Me"

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Another day with you I'm getting fitted for a millstone
It would have been better had I left you alone
So if Jesus finds you begging unbelief
Put the blame on me

I never failed to cry for you, I never failed to pray
I guess that fails to matter to your blue eyes today
As they saw me stealing justice like a thief
Put the blame on me

Don't blame the truth if you love the lie
Don't blame the deacon's gun
Don't blame a preacher, prophet or a priest
But if it makes it easy put the blame on me

If I told you where to look but failed to tell you what to
find
If I led you down the road that had a twisted center line
Or if I fed your dark sensibility put the blame on me

Don't blame your doubt if you fear belief
Don't even blame your pain
Don't blame a burden only you can see
But if it makes it easy put the blame on me

Don't blame the truth if you love the lie
Don't blame the deacon's gun
Don't blame a preacher, prophet or a priest
Don't blame your doubt if you hate belief
Don't even blame your pain

Don't blame a Man pinned naked on a tree
Who died perfectly desperate
Who loves you desperately
No, put the blame on me
Put the blame on me
Put the blame on me

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