

# Blame It On the Girls

MIKA

So I was sitting here in a bar  
And this guy comes up to me  
And he said, "My life stinks" And I saw his gold credit card  
And I saw the way that he was  
Looking at people across the room And I looked at his face  
And you know, quite a good looking face  
And I just said, "Dude, your perspective on life sucks!" He's got looks that books take pages to  
tell  
He's got a face to make you fall on your knees  
He's got money in the bank to thank  
And I guess you could think he's living at ease  
Like lovers on the open shore, what's the matter?  
When you're sitting there with so much more, what's the matter?  
While you're wondering what the hell to be  
Are you wishing you were ugly like me? Blame it on the girls who know what to do  
Blame it on the boys who keep hitting on you  
Blame it on your mother for the things she said  
Blame it on your father, but you know he's dead Blame it on the girls, blame it on the boys  
Blame it on the girls, blame it on the boys Life could be simple but you never fail  
To complicate it every single time  
You could have children and a wife, a perfect little life  
But you blow it on a bottle of wine Like a baby, you're a stubborn child, what's the matter?  
Always looking for an axe to grind, what's the matter?  
While you're wondering what the hell to do  
We all wishing we were lucky like you  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>