

Who's to Blame

Pallas

A man walks in his neighbours house says what can I do?
My fathers' cousins' wife says I must kill you
There is a debt of honour and it must be paid by you
Though how it came to happen I can't tell you

Can we ever find out who's to blame
Can we ever solve our conscience with our shame
Can we ever put things right

A soldier guards a road block with a rifle in his hand
He doesn't smile at children passing by him
He couldn't give a damn about this god-forsaken land
Where folks would rather hate then understand

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Can we ever solve our conscience with our shame
Can we ever put things right

Ooh though the seasons come and go
Still the sickness seems to grow in the mind
Ooh though the players names may change
The simple questions still remains
Who's to blame? Who's to blame?

The journo closed his notebook with a sorry heavy sigh
He can't afford to be seen to be taking sides
Tonight he'll drink another beer and argue 'til he's blind
And hope that better minds than his decide

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