

**It's Not My Fault**  
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It's not my fault  
I can't create  
It's such a shame  
I can't be blamed

I got a job  
a nine to five  
When I'm home  
a claiming wife

Raise my kids  
Don't have the time  
And today  
Ain't feeling fine

I'm not inspired  
Can't see the light  
Watch the game  
That's on tonight

I'll get a room  
Where I'll create  
But not right now  
It's getting late

Make the call  
But it's a sign  
I always get  
A busy line

My guitar  
Needs new strings  
The shop is closed  
And I can't sing

My throat is soar  
I've got the flu  
I did all  
That I could do

I feel bright

When I complain  
Cause I'm an artist  
We're all the same

But why do others  
have success  
When we all know  
that I'm the best

I won't ever  
Cut them slack  
(I'm a) Monday-morning  
quarterback  
Writers' block  
Can't feel the flow  
Lame excuse  
That might be so

My friends say  
Get up and go  
But I enjoy  
The Status quo

There'll come a time  
When life is done  
Until then  
Won't jump the gun

I'll create  
my masterpiece  
When I'm dead  
Or in my dreams

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