

Who made a mess out of me, was it me after all,

Did you make a mess out of me, did you get a call;

Have you got a memory of making a mess out of me,

Do I need the messiah to make something right and free.

Who made a mess out of me, I guess I ought to know,

Was it me all the time or were you the kind of friend to say no;

Who's next on the list to accuse, I'm sure I have to blame someone,

For I'm not a nice guy all the time because I always need something.

Who made a mess out of me I think you should really own up,

It's not my job to argue, instead just bring me a new clean cup;

Because this Holy Grail the Messiah gave me, broke over my head,

Which was really just a grave stone buried for the cup of suffering dead.

Like Pan played the flute and the Centaur picked the piccolo,

Mozart had the violin and Tchaikovsky the waltz on the piano;

God created the four seasons with moon and tide under the sun,

With Neptune as the planet and Cyclops the Golden Fleece of fun.

So who made a mess out of me is there anyone who will make a stand,

Or do I have to tell you what to do so that you can make a grand;

If you can tell me what I did, I probably made a mess of you,

And if I made a mess out of me, you were the one that knew too.

Well who made a mess out of me, have you got an answer for that,

Or do I have to ask for money for my business or pass around the hat;

If you get the message for that, then this is the memory I got,

And she was probably the unlucky one, because I had to pray to God.

**Signed,**

**Victoria's the Victor**