

Make You Happy

Josh Pyke

Every now and then
I get a little too close
To a kind of truth that's not worth thinking about

But you can't stop the mind from wandering
You've gotta slow it down
Maybe get yourself under control

And it's hard to stop the pondering
And there have been points when
I feel like I've been on a roll

But then those curtains get drawn
And the chances that you thought you had
They really come to nothing at all

And I have no need
For such things
But to make you happy
Does it make you happy?

And I've busted strings on this guitar
Makes me feel like I'm getting nowhere
Could you make me happy?

And if you keep me on your right
Could I keep you on my left?

And there's a question on your lips
On your finger tips
Stabbing in the dark
Like you're cut, cut,
Cutting your fringe back
But it's grown out at such an angle
That the shears aren't sharp
You've got to straight, straight,
Straighten the blades up

And if I could make it easier
I would always try to make it easier

But to be a cautious operator
Is the way to
Stop this falling apart

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Does it make you happy?

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