

# Can't See Why

Blues Traveler

Kiss away the morning hours  
In need of some restraint  
While raised to think knowledge is power  
I've come to learn it ain't  
'Cause here I go when the hat drops  
In the lions mouth for more  
And this time there's no illusion  
For what I got in store

And it comes  
And it goes  
And eventually slows  
And we lie  
And we trade  
And I guess destiny is made

And I can't see why  
But I do it anyway  
You reap what you sew  
Oh so the poets say

Well she knew my name and she came to me  
And she wanted to spend some time  
And she looked soft to touch so it's the same you see  
I just wanted to make her mine  
So there we are just standing there  
Trying to figure out why we're there  
Attempting some connection  
While we're brave enough to care

And we try  
And we fail  
And oh the sirens how they wail  
And it's bad  
And it's good  
Does it matter if we should

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