

The Whys

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Why does everything gotta be so fucking complicated?
You say your life is wild and I think that would be fine
You say your life is wild and I wonder what that's like I think
it would be fun
it would be so fun
Because when I get up to leave I hope you'll come after me but
you don't
So when I get up to leave but only me for me I think I know
Why does everything gotta be so fucking beautiful for everyone
but me?
I can't make no sense
I can't make no sense
I can't make no sense
I can't make no sense for me
Why does everything gotta be so fucking perfect for everyone bu
t me?
I swear to God I'm a spider in a jar
someone's shaking it then watching me
crawl fast then slow but never really getting that far
I'm All aloe cause nobody wants to sing about death with me
You pronounce yourself a god then you
make it happn what the f**k is going on
you gotta tell me
Cause there's no light
no there's no light
no there's no light at the end of my tunnel