

What Do I Know?

Copeland

It's brittle and it trembles as the wind is coming toward,
And if you string it up it dries right out with time.
So raise your glass to that new dollar,
In the bank we're reaching for.
But the drink was sweeter before we had a dime.

But you're far away now,
And you've got troubles, all your own,
Just to spend your whole life shooting down.

Oh, oh what do I know?
What do I know?
Oh, oh what do I know?
What do I know?

If you feel restless where you are, it may be easier to stay.
There are a million other fools to make your bed.
And they'll be closing all the shades
To keep you right there in that grave.
And I'll be knocking cause you never left my head.

But you're far away now,
And you've got troubles, all your own,
Just to spend your whole life shooting down.

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