

## He Doesn't Know Why

Fleet Foxes

Penniless and tired with your hair grown long  
I was looking at you there and your face looked wrong  
Memory is a fickle siren song  
I didn't understand

In the gentle light as the morning nears  
You don't say a single word of the last two years  
Where you were or when you reached the frontier  
I didn't understand, no

See your rugged hands and a silver knife  
Twenty dollars in your hand that you hold so tight  
All the evidence of your vacant life  
My brother, you were gone

And you will try to do what you did before  
Pull the wool over your eyes for a week or more  
Let your family take you back to your  
Original mind

There's nothing I can do  
There's nothing I can do

There's nothing I can say  
There's nothing I can say  
I can say