

Why God Why?

John Barrowman

Why does Saigon never sleep at night
Why does this girl smell of orange trees
How can I feel good when nothing's right
Why is she cool when there is no breeze
Vietnam, you don't give answers do you friend
Just questions that don't ever end

Why God, why today
I'm all through here on my way
There's nothing left here that I'll miss
Why send me now a night like this

Who is the girl in this rusty bed
Why am I back in a filthy room
Why is her voice ringing in my head
Why am I high on her cheap perfume
Vietnam, hey look, I mean you no offence
But why does nothing here make sence

Why God, show your hand
Why can't one guy understand

I've been with girls who knew much more
I never felt confused before
Why me, what's your plan
I can't help her, no one can
I like my memories as they were
But now I'll leave remembering her

When I went home before, no one talked of the war
What they knew from tv dindn't have a thing to do with me
I went bank and rupt, sure Saigon is corrupt
It felt better to be here driving for the embassy
'Cause see, refu can pull a string, a guy like me lives like ak
ing
Just as long as you don't believe anything

Why God, why this face
Why such beauty in this place
I like my memories as they were
But now I'll leave remembering her, just her