

# Make You Happy

Josh Pyke

Every now and then  
I get a little too close  
To a kind of truth that's not worth thinking about

But you can't stop the mind from wandering  
You've gotta slow it down  
Maybe get yourself under control

And it's hard to stop the pondering  
And there have been points when  
I feel like I've been on a roll

But then those curtains get drawn  
And the chances that you thought you had  
They really come to nothing at all

And I have no need  
For such things  
But to make you happy  
Does it make you happy?

And I've busted strings on this guitar  
Makes me feel like I'm getting nowhere  
Could you make me happy?

And if you keep me on your right  
Could I keep you on my left?

And there's a question on your lips  
On your finger tips  
Stabbing in the dark  
Like you're cut, cut,  
Cutting your fringe back  
But it's grown out at such an angle  
That the shears aren't sharp  
You've got to straight, straight,  
Straighten the blades up

And if I could make it easier  
I would always try to make it easier

But to be a cautious operator  
Is the way to  
Stop this falling apart

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