

Why are we here?  
Why does it matter?  
Why am I chasing life away?  
Why do I ask? What am I after?  
May.

Answering calls, looking for answers,  
what could I really have to say?  
I'm having a ball, but nobody dances  
come May.

We're all getting by, at least for now, at least we try.  
Over the wall, over the top, still seems so high.  
And in awhile maybe we'll stop, maybe we'll die.  
May still seems alright.

Now we just wait, wait and we wonder.  
Wonder is all that keeps me sane.  
Life is a wave pulling me under.  
May.

Over and done, over and over,  
can't get away from everyday.  
Live in the past, but I'm looking forward to  
May.