

Why

Roger Whittaker

Something is going wrong
With the singer and the song
And the music isn't gentle anymore
There's a mist across the moon
And the sun's too hot at noon
And the house is dark behind the broken door

Where the flowers used to grow
Withered leaves are hanging low
And the constant shadow lies across the floor
There's a strange and empty sky
Where the wild birds used to fly
And I never tasted bitter rain before

And will the grass be gone from underneath the sky
Will the golden flower wither soon and die
Will the fire burn out the land
And the sea fill-up with sand
Will the last word ever spoken be why?
Will the last word ever spoken be why?

Now someone's lost the plan
For the brotherhood of man
And no one's trying to find it anymore
And the winds become a sigh
For those who hate and those who die
And the waves are black and slow along the shore

And will the grass be gone from underneath the sky
Will the golden flower wither soon and die
Will the fire burn out the land
And the sea fill-up with sand
Will the last word ever spoken be why?
Will the last word ever spoken be why, why, why?
Will the last word ever spoken be
WHY?