

# Why

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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?