

Why Sure

Silage

Back to the backside, hover as you go
And everything means nothing as you know
And sure I know your helping hands are
Pressed against your picked fence
But everything means nothing as you know
So why try?

Take me outside, let's see what made
You cold inside
And call on me so I can take you
Home this time
So back to the backside folded hands
Are pressed against the wet cement
And call on me so I can take you
Home this time

Yeah, you've got it all turned around now
And sure, it's everyone
Yeah, you've got it all figured out now
Why...sure