

Classified

"Why God Why?"

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[CHRIS]

Why does Saigon never sleep at night?
Why does this girl smell of orange trees?
How can I feel good when nothing's right?
Why is she cool when there is no breeze?
Vietnam
You don't give answers, do you friend?
Just questions that don't ever end
Why God? Why today?
I'm all through here, on my way
There's nothing left here that I'll miss
Why send me now a night like this?
Who is the girl in this rusty bed?
Why am I back in a filthy room?
Why is her voice ringing in my head?
Why am I high on her cheap perfume?
Vietnam
Hey look I mean you no offense
But why does nothing here make sense?
Why God? Show your hand
Why can't one guy understand?
I've been with girls who knew much more
I never felt confused before
Why me? What's your plan?
I can't help her, no one can
I liked my mem'ries as they were
But now I'll leave rememb'ring her

When I went home before
No one talked of the war
What they knew from TV
Didn't have a thing to do with me
I went back and re-upped
Sure Saigon is corrupt
It felt better to be
Here driving for the embassy
'Cause here if you can pull a string
A guy like me lives like a king
Just as long as you don't believe anything

Why God? Why this face?

Why such beauty in this place?
I liked my mem'ries as they were
But now I'll leave rememb'ring her
Just her

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