

Blues Traveler "Can't See Why"

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Kiss away the morning hours
In need of some restraint
While raised to think knowledge is power
I've come to learn it ain't
'Cause here I go when the hat drops
In the lions mouth for more
And this time there's no illusion
For what I got in store

And it comes
And it goes
And eventually slows
And we lie
And we trade
And I guess destiny is made

And I can't see why
But I do it anyway
You reap what you sew
Oh so the poets say

Well she knew my name and she came to me
And she wanted to spend some time
And she looked soft to touch so it's the same you see
I just wanted to make her mine
So there we are just standing there
Trying to figure out why we're there
Attempting some connection
While we're brave enough to care

And we try
And we fail
And oh the sirens how they wail
And it's bad
And it's good
Does it matter if we should

And I can't see why
But I do it anyway
You reap what you sew
Oh so the poets say

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Words by J. Popper
Music by T. Kinchla

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