

## Flee The Seen

### "He Doesn't Know Why"

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Penniless and tired, with your hair grown long  
I was looking at you there and your face looked wrong  
Memory is a fickle siren song  
I didn't understand

In the gentle light as the morning nears  
You don't say a single word of your last two years  
Well you will be, you've reached the frontier  
I didn't understand, no

See your rugged hands and a silver knife  
Twenty dollars in your hand makes you hold so tight  
All the evidence of your vacant life  
My brother you were born

And you will try to do what you did before  
Pull the wool over your eyes  
For a week or more  
Let your family take you back to your original mind

There's nothing I can do  
There's nothing I can do  
There's nothing I can say  
There's nothing I can say  
I can say

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