

Fleet Foxes

"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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