

Grass Roots

"Blow Away"

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A man and a woman come together
As strangers.
When they part theyre usually
Strangers still.
Its like a practical joke
Played on us by our maker.
Empty bottles,
That cant be filled.

You fancy me to be the master
Of your feelings.
You barely bruise me
With your looks to kill.
Though I admit we were sometimes brutal
In our dealings,
I never held you against your will.

Chorus:
Baby, whos to say it coulda been different
Now that its done.
Baby, whos to say...
Baby, whos to say that it shoulda been
Anyway.
Baby, whos to say...
Baby, whos to say
That it even matters in the long run.
Whos to say.
Give it just a minute.
And itll blow away.
Its blow away.

Your case against me is so
Very clearly stated
I please no contest,
I turn and shrug.
Ive come to figure all importance
Overestimated.
You must mean water when you beg for blood.

