

## **Third Eye Blind "Why Can't You Be"**

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### **"Why Can't You Be"**

Are you frightened by the weight you possess  
Or is this lie just weightlessness  
Smoggy twilight in L.A.  
I can't think of one real thing to say  
And Robbie Williams is walking in the canyons  
Forgets that we were friends  
I guess it all depends on your mood  
Why can't these meds be any damn good

And she said,  
Why can't you be like my water pick shower massager  
A sweet reliable machine  
And to tell the truth  
I don't feel less alone  
My water massager's  
The purest love I've ever known  
Why can't you be, like when I was thirteen

He said  
Why can't you be  
Like an art house foreign movie  
Frank and sexy red balloons and ennui  
And aloof to me and  
Why can't you be, a little more of a mystery

Why can't you be  
The part of me that's missing  
Instead of leaving me for some other  
Say we're perfect for each other  
And we won't spend this life  
Alone

She said,  
Why can't you be  
Like and out sourced government contract  
And I'm a fat cat getting away with anything  
Kicking some secret special powers  
Illumination rounds in showers

'Cause your tearing our hair out

When we could have a bed of flowers

Why can't you be  
Like the chicks out on the road  
Some girls are happy just to see me

Cause you got moxie and a broken nose  
You take em away from this prose  
Sometimes a blowjob's not enough  
Why can't you play  
A little less rough  
Chorus

Can we, just leave it be  
We could live our lives  
Separately  
Could you forget  
What happens to you and me  
When we're dead  
And we'll be dead  
We'll have eternity  
And I will spend it all  
Missing you and me  
So while I'm alive  
I will always be  
Seeking you out, wondering about  
How'd we go so far down  
And what's do wrong with you and me

Why can't you be, someone looking a little deeper into  
me  
Like J.D. Sallenger,

Why do I challenge her  
In all the surface ways that you displease  
Why can't you be a little more at ease

Why can't you be, like a hand rolled cigarette  
I'm not joking  
This masochistic, self-pity of smoking  
And this silly ditty that keeps provoking you  
To leave me

Why can't you be like a candle I can snuff  
You're still a diamond in the rough  
And I swear to god I've had enough  
How can I  
Call your bluff

