

## Miss Saigon "Why God Why?"

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Chris

Why does Saigon never sleep at night?  
Why does this girl smell of orange trees?  
How can I feel good when nothing's right?  
Why is she cool when there is no breeze?  
Vietnam  
You don't give answers, do you friend?  
Just questions that don't ever end

Why god? Why today?  
I'm all through here, on my way  
There's nothing left here that I'll miss  
Why send me now a night like this?

Who is the girl in this rusty bed?  
Why am I back in a filthy room?  
Why is her voice ringing in my head?  
Why am I high on her cheap perfume?  
Vietnam Hey look I mean you no offence  
But why does nothing here make sense?

Why god? Show your hand  
Why can't one guy understand?  
I've been with girls who knew much more  
I never felt confused before  
Why me? What's your plan?  
I can't help her - no one can  
I liked my memories as they were  
But now I'll leave remembering her

When I went home before  
No one talked of the war  
What they knew from TV  
Didn't have a thing to do with me

I went back and re-upped  
Sure Saigon is corrupt  
It felt better to be here driving for the embassy

'cause here if you can pull a string  
a guy like me lives like a king  
just as long as you don't believe anything

why god? Why this face?  
Why such beauty in this place?  
I liked my memories as they were  
But now I'll leave rememb'ring her  
Just her

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