

## Jim Poor "Why"

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Night falls, and the wind blows high. Fate calls, and I  
wonder why.  
Why must it be this way?  
Now you see the walls come down on me. Step inside;  
the feeling has all  
but died.  
Time for me is wasting away, alive and free with  
vengeance all to pay.  
The sin and the lies have opened up my eyes. I can't  
believe. The doubts  
will follow me.  
Now, dealing with time is my only friend. Can you  
expect me to trust you  
in the end?  
Night falls, and the wind blows high. Fate calls, and I  
wonder why.  
Why must it be this way?  
True lies and words misspoken--why are they always  
broken?  
Why must it be this way?

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