

# Aija Andrejeva, What for?

I've asked my angels, why?  
But they don't know  
What for do mothers cry  
And rivers flow?  
Why are the skies so blue  
And mountains high?  
What for is your love always passing by?  
I've asked my uncle Joe  
But he can't speak  
Why does the wind still blow?  
And blood still leak?  
So many questions now  
With no reply  
What for do people live until they die?  
What for are we living?  
What for are we crying?  
What for are we dying?  
Only Mr. God knows why  
What for are we living?  
What for are we dreaming?  
What for are we losing?  
Only Mr. God knows why  
(But) His phone today is out of range  
The sun in colour black  
Is rising high  
The time is turning back  
I wonder why  
So many questions now  
With no reply  
What for do people live until they die?