

Anne Heaton, Why I Resist

Im writing you this letter from my car
Im still wondering about the dark
Is it just like nighttime?
Some say it does not exist
I have sabotaged my own success
If there is no darkness
Why would I do it?
I am considering
I am considering this
That maybe my need to not conform
Is closer to my heart of hearts
Than is my need
Is my need to fit in
That would explain
Why I resist
That would explain
Why its come to this
That would explain
That would explain this
What is strange to me
Is this yearning
This yearning I am preferring
To the thing
To the thing that I love
Its the same with the music
I choose the song
That almost delivers
I follow along
Hope it saves the best for last
I craft my story just like that
And that would explain
Why I resist
That would explain
Why its come to this
That would explain
That would explain this
It took a while for me to include you
In my nighttime prayers
It took a while for me to include you
Now youre always there
And at first your love is just how I want it
I dont worry about your death
Then it sneaks in
And I ache for your happiness
And nothing explains
Why I cant resist
Nothing explains
Why its come to this
Nothing explains
Nothing explains this