

Justin Guston, She makes me happy

I think we'll all look back and laugh someday,
at the so-called beggars (?) and the choices we made,
But the things that you say when you don't have a clue,
But don't just pick up your stones,
you'd want to throw them, too.

First, could you tell me why?
Could someone please tell me why?

That if she makes me happy,
Why do you really care?

But then again, you worry about things,
like what kind of shirts I wear,
So couldn't expect you to
realize that when I look in her eyes
it's like falling in love for the millionth time,
and see the way that she laughs,
and the way that she smiles,
and says 'Baby, Kiss Me one more time...'
So, I...

I wonder, when did being happy
become like committing a crime?
Well, we go on living our day to days,
making plans just to watch them change,
would you think of a plan for something like this?
No, I'd never even ask God for something like this,
Cause that'd just be so selfish.

But if she makes me happy,
Why do you really care?

But then again, you worry about things
like what kind of shirts I wear,
So couldn't expect you to
realize that when I look in her eyes
it's like falling in love for the millionth time,
and the way that she laughs,
and the way that she smiles,
and says 'Baby, Kiss Me one more time...'
So, I...

Now I wonder, When did being happy become like committing a crime?
But Jesus himself could take my hand
and walk me into the Promise Land,
I bet you'd still question my heart
and where I stand.

She makes me happy,
Why do you really care?

But then again, you worry about things like what kind of shirts I wear...

But, she makes me happy,

So I don't really care,

Cause then again, you worry about things like what kind of shirts I wear
so couldn't expect you to
realize that when I look in her eyes it's like falling in love for the millionth time,
and see the way that she laughs,
and the way that she smiles,
and says 'Baby, Kiss Me one more time...'

So, I...

I wonder, I wonder, when did being happy become like committing a crime?

So, I...

Now I wonder, when did being happy
become like committing a crime?