

Annie Lennox, Why

Why... Why...

How many times do I have to try to tell you,
That I'm sorry for the things I've done?! Uhhh...
But when I start to try to tell you,
That's when you have to tell me:
Hey...this kind of trouble's only just begun.
I tell myself too many times,
Why don't you ever learn to keep your big mouth shut.
That's why it hurts so bad to hear the words,
That keep on falling from your mouth.
Falling from your mouth.
Falling from your mouth.
Tell me...
Why...
Why...

I may be mad;
I may be blind;
I may be viciously unkind;
But I can still read what you're thinking.
And I've heard it said too many times,
That you'd be better off...
Besides...
Why can't you see this boat is sinking
(This boat is sinking this boat is sinking)
Let's go down to the water's edge,
And we can cast away those doubts.
Some things are better left unsaid,
But they still turn me inside out.
Turning inside out...
Turning inside out...

Tell me...
Why
Tell me...
Why

This is the book I've never read;
These are the words I've never said;
This is the path I'll never tread;
These are the dreams I'll dream instead;
This is the joy that's seldom spread;
These are the tears...
The tears we shed
This is the fear;
This is the dread
These are the contents of my head
And these are the years that we have spent
And this is what they represent
And this is how I feel
Do you know how I feel?
'Cause I don't think you know how I feel
I don't think you know what I feel
I don't think you know what I fear
You don't know what I fear