

Brett Dennen, Ain't No Reason

There ain't no reason things are this way.
It's how they always been and they intend to stay.
I can't explain why we live this way.
We do it every day.

Preachers on the podium speaking to saints.
Prophets on the sidewalk begging for change.
Old ladies laughing from the fire escape,
Cursing my name.

I gotta a basket full of lemons and they all taste the same,
A window and a pigeon with a broken wing,
You can spend your whole life working for something,
Just to have it taken away.

People walk around pushing back their debts,
Wearing paychecks like necklaces and bracelets,
Talking about nothing, not thinking about death,
Every little heartbeat, every little breath.

People walk a tightrope on a razors edge.
Carrying their hurt and hatred and weapons.
It could be a bomb, or a bullet, or a pen,
Or a thought, or a word, or a sentence.

There ain't no reason things are this way.
Its how they've always been and they intend to stay.
I don't know why I say the things I say,
But I say them anyway.

But love will come set me free.
Love will come set me free, I do believe.
Love will come set me free, I know it will.
Love will come set me free, yes.

Prison walls still standing tall.
Some things never change at all.
Keep on building prisons, gonna fill them all.
Keep on building bombs, gonna drop them all.

Working your fingers bare to the bone.
Breaking' your back, make you sell your soul.
Like a lung, it's filled with coal,
Suffocating slow.

The wind blows wild and I may move.
But politicians lie and I am not fooled.
You don't need no reason or a three piece suit,
To argue the truth.

The air on my skin and the world under my toes
Slavery stitched into the fabric of my clothes
Chaos and commotion wherever I go,
Love I try to follow.

Love will come set me free
Love will come set me free, I do believe
Love will come set me free, I know it will
Love will come set me free, yes

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