

# Daniel Cirera, Why

There's some days when I can't stop to thinking of you and what we've been through  
I tell my mind to let it go but it's pissed at me and it's ready to blow  
So I masturbate to the pictures in my head, memories from Spain when you were beautiful and naked  
And if we could fuck for hours we'd do and we made it last in the afternoon...

So why did you give yourself to somebody else - Why?  
Why did you give yourself to somebody else - Why?  
And it's to see you that hurt me the most  
To know that someone else has touched you  
And it's to see you that hurt me the most  
To know that I meant nothing to you...

We had our arguments and some "pros" and "cons" on the list we made of a  
Why the birds and the bees, why the wind bends the trees, why we stop and why we breath  
We had passionate sex for most of our days, relaxed and slow and in funny ways  
When you came you screamed my name and you made me a king for several days...

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