Michael Crawford, Why God?

Chris

Why does Saigon never sleep at night? Why does this girl smell of orange trees? How can I feel good when nothing's right? Why is she cool when there is no breeze? Vietnam You don't give answers do you friend? Just questions that don't ever end

Why God? Why today? I'm all through here, on my way There's nothing left here that I'll miss Why send me now a night like this?

Whos is the girl in this rusty bed?
Why am I back in a filthy room?
Why is her voice ringing in my head?
Why am I high on her cheap perfume?
Vietnam
Hey look I mean you no offense
But why does nothing here make sense?

Why God? Show your hand Why can't one guy, understand? I've been with girls who knew much more I never felt confused before

Why me? What's your plan? I can't help her - No one can I liked my Mem'ries as they were But now I'll leave rememb'ring her

(song speeds up and changes tempo slightly)

When I went home before No one talked of the war What they knew from TV Didn't have a thing to do with me

I went back and re-upped Sure saigon is corrupted it felt better to be Here driving for the embassy

'cause here if you can pull a string A guy like me lives like a king Just as long as you don't believe anything

(returns to original tempo and speed)

Why God? Why this face?
Why such beauty in this place?
I liked my memories as they were
But now I'll leave rememb'ring her, just her.