

Nick Drake, Can't Help Wondering Why

I could have done better things
If someone shut my mouth
Or somebody clipped my wings
So many wasted evenings
Talking the same sweet talk
Always the last ones leaving
Waking up when fortunes knock

I've no regrets no I couldn't think of one
We both kept the road
The road that we stumbled on
You and me walking home
Fighting the morning light
Just making our way through days
But making out like thieves at night

I can't help wondering
Can't help wondering why
I can't help wondering
Can't help wondering why

Sometimes you wake up screaming
All my life I must be dreaming
I've been wrong
And I'm not strong
But I'll be the one that keeps rolling on

Born to this generation
Never made to wait
Looking like fools sometimes
A couple of blind men at the gate

I can't help wondering
Can't help wondering why
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Can't help wondering why