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