

# Silage, Why Sure

Back to the backside, hover as you go  
And everything means nothing as you know  
And sure I know your helping hands are  
Pressed against your picked fence  
But everything means nothing as you know  
So why try?

Take me outside, let's see what made  
You cold inside  
And call on me so I can take you  
Home this time  
So back to the backside folded hands  
Are pressed against the wet cement  
And call on me so I can take you  
Home this time

Yeah, you've got it all turned around now  
And sure, it's everyone  
Yeah, you've got it all figured out now  
Why...sure