

# The Wallflowers, For The Life Of Me

Well, I know you find it hard to smile,  
To keep your happiness in style  
You pass in silence in the mornin'  
You know you shouldn't ever try to ignore me.

And you look to be pretty nervous  
Sweaty hands and blood shot eyes.  
So hard to identify you,  
Just a loser in a loser's disguise.

She don't back down,  
And she won't come around here  
Now there's all this talk about dying  
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

With your fingernails painted red  
And your eyes all ready to wed  
Decorated from head to toe  
Like a magician in a talent show.

She don't back down,  
And she don't come around here.  
An' there's all this talk about dying,  
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

So you've smoked your last cigarette  
Burned coldly on a train from Tibet  
And broke your last bottle of wine  
And unraveled your last ball of twine.

Well, she don't back down,  
She don't come around here  
Now there's all this talk about dying,  
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

She don't back down,  
She don't come around here  
Now there's all this talk about dying,  
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

Well, I know you find it hard to smile  
To keep your happiness in style  
You pass in silence in the mornin'  
You know you don't usually ignore me.

Now there's all this talk about dying,  
Well, I don't get it, for the life of me.