

# Twarres, Why

The stories you tell  
Flowing out of your beautiful mouth  
like the wind  
Those sweet little words  
mean nothing at all  
but your eyes, they don't lie  
Why do you feel bad  
Say something to me  
Cause when I look into your eyes  
And I cannot find the truth  
And I cannot see through you  
I'll keep wondering why  
-you ever cried in your life  
But now it's too late  
We'll never speak again  
I still wonder why  
Can you answer my question:  
Why did you feel bad  
Why didn't you say something to me  
Cause when I looked into your eyes  
And I couldn't find the truth  
And I couldn't see through you.  
Why.....