

Why

Why is it, baby, that a wing easily breaks
That a rose has a thorn
Why is it, baby, that we try, but we know
That it's so and never so?

Why is it, baby, that our way is so long
But our hopes are keeping us strong
Why is it, baby, that you meet somebody someplace
And not where you thought, it would be?

Why is it, baby, that love sometimes comes
And sometimes it just won't appear?
Why is it, baby, when you travel, you dream
And forget, where you've been?

Why is it, baby, that it feels here like a cage
With no chance to escape?
Why is it baby that we're captured in our roles
And changing means betraying?

Why is it, baby, that it's dark suddenly
With no future to see?
Why is it, baby, that our love has gone home
That our fire has been blown?

Chorus

Say, if I bore or disturb or annoy?
If it's so, I can go
And I'll try somewhere else.