Hey, Hey, Hey

Chris Smither

I am not a prophet,
I wouldn't be one if you paid me,
But it doesn't take a lot to see ,
Just where you're headed lately,
Pretty soon you're gonna ask me,
How come the life you lead,
Doesn't make you very happy,
Or satisfy your needs,
You talk about your needs as though
You know just what they are,
When in fact to really know them,
Is like traveling to a star,
It takes so long you die along the way,
So I say hey, hey, hey.C'mon, siddown,
Let's talk about illusion,
How everything is made of it,
No wonder life's confusin',
All this stuff we take for granted,
So solid to the touch,
Is just a concrete indication,
That we love ourselves too much,
But if we don't love ourselves, you say,
Who will? Whatever for?
I say, that's a better question
Than the one you asked before,
But the answer is still just as far away,
So I say hey, hey, hey.Let go of all of this,
Forget about your reason,
You can leave it all behind you,
You can start another season,
All these silly little fictions,
Are gonna take you by surprise,
When you see them in the daylight
And finally realize,
You told them to yourself,
Nobody else was listening,
You'll be standing broken-hearted,
Like a disillusioned Christian,
With your mouth open but nothin' left to say,

So just say hey, hey, hey.

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