Tell Me Why

Nawlage

Sailing heart-ships through broken harbors Out on the waves in the night Still the searcher must ride the dark horse Racing alone in his fright Tell me, why? Tell me, why? Is it hard to make arrangements with yourself When you're old enough to repay But young enough to sell? Tell me lies later, come and see me I'll be around for a while I am lonely but you can free me All in the way that you smile Tell me, why? Tell me, why? Is it hard to make arrangements with yourself When you're old enough to repay But young enough to sell? Tell me, why? Tell me, why? Is it hard to make arrangements with yourself When you're old enough to repay But young enough to sell?

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