

Why Don't You Find Out for Yourself

The Killers

The sanest days are mad
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the price
Very closely Some men here
They have a special interest
In your career
They wanna help you to grow And then syphon all your dough
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the glass
Hidden in the grass You'll never believe me, so
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Sick down to my heart
That's just the way it goes Some men here
They know the full extent of
Your distress
They kneel and pray And they say, long may it last
Why don't you find out for yourself?
Then you'll see the glass
Hidden in the grass Bad scenes come and go
For which you must allow
Sick down to my heart
That's just the way it goes Don't rake up my mistakes
I know exactly what they are
And what do you do?
Well, you just sit there I've been stabbed in the back
So many many times
I don't have any skin
But that's just the way it goes

Songwriters

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