Tell Me Why

Conya Doss

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?
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