

# He Doesn't Know Why

## Fleet Foxes

Penniless & tired with your hair grown long  
I was looking at you there and your face looked wrong  
memory is a fickle siren's song I didn't understand  
In the gentle light as the morning nears  
You don't say a single word of the last two years  
Where you were or when you reached the frontier  
I didn't understand  
See you rugged hands and a silver knife  
Twenty dollars in your hand that you hold so tight  
All the evidence of your vagrant life  
My brother you were gone  
And you will try to do what you did before  
Pull the wool over your eyes for a week or more  
Let your family take you back to your original mind  
There's nothin' I can do.  
There's nothin' I can do.  
There's nothin' I can say.  
There's nothin' I can say.  
I can say.

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