# Why Do I Try

## Horse Feathers

I will not allow us
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade.
On account of your dream
That a baby would be likely made.I'll father all this weight,
I'll take a pound or two,
Than lay it on a son,
To light another fuse,
I will not allow him
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade.All the thoughts,
Bedding down for the night
Help me out,
I would love for you to
Every night,
It was black or was blue,
Make haste leaving,
Make haste, leave or go
On and on.....Tell me why do you try hanging on?I had bought into the thought
Of a wish, plan, and state,
On account of your dream that
Our meeting could be more than fate.I'll father all this weight,
I'll take a pound or two,
Than lay it on a son,
To light another fuse,
I will not allow him
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade
Help me out,
I would love for you to.
Every night,
It was black or was blue,
Make haste leaving,
Make haste, leave or go
On and on.....Tell me why do i try hanging on?
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