Why Me

Creeper Lagoon

Sometimes I go walking through the long tall grass
Wonder how long hard times will last
For this backward soul on a road that god knows where
As hard as I try ain't left no track
It's not enough to find my way back
I hit the ground like broken glass and just lay there

Singing why me, oh why me
And I throw another empty bottle up against the wall
And I say why me, oh why me
But pitty never ever did me any kinda good at all
So I walk on

And I wound up on the capital steps
Watching the lobbyists smoking cigarettes
And bury their shoes in the country club blues
And who got who by the short hairs

Standing there in their high dollar suits
Looking down at my tattered old jeans and boots
And this weathered guitar that seems to follow me everywhere
God it follows me everywhere

Playing why me, oh why me
All I got's another song about how money makes and breaks the law
And I sing why me, oh why me
I'm just a broke troubadour with a bark for the underdog
So I walk on

Now I ain't Jesus, but I can relate
To a man looking death square in the face
Even he hit his knees with a plea in the garden of Gethsemane
To his holy father he raised his eyes
In his darkest hours he cried
Please would you take this cup from me

Praying why me, oh why me
Knowing all the while he had to carry that cross and hang there
When I say why me, oh me
I know that somewhere up in heaven there's a big old book with my name there

So I walk on, I rock on
Even when I'm singing, why me, I rock on
Even when I'm singing, why me, I rock on
Even when I'm singing, why me

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