

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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