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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