

Why Can't You Be

Third Eye Blind

Are you frightened by the weight you possess? Oh
Is this life just weightlessness?
And smoggy twilight in LA
I can't think of one real thing to say
And you and me are walking in the canyons
She forgets that we were friends
I guess it all depends on your mood
Why can't these meds be any damn good?
And she said, why can't you be
Like my Waterpik shower massager?
A sweet reliable machine
And to tell the truth I don't feel less alone
A water massager's the purest love I've ever known
Why can't you be like when I was thirteen?
And I said, why can't you be
Like an art house foreign movie?
Frank and sexy, red balloons and ennui
And allude to me and why can't you be
A little more of a mystery?
Why can't you be the part of me that's missing?
Instead of leaving me for some other
Said we're perfect for each other
And I know we won't go spend this life alone
And she said, why can't you be
Like an outsourced government contract?
I'm a fat cat getting away with anything
Kicking some secret special powers
Illumination rounds in showers
'Cause you're tearing your hair out
While we can have a bed of flowers
And I said, why can't you be
Like the chicks out on the road?
Some girls are happy just to see me
'Cause you got moxy and a broken nose
Take 'em away from this prose
Sometimes a blow job's not enough
Why can't you play a little less rough?
Why can't you be the part of me that's missing?
Instead of leaving me for some other

Say we're perfect for each other
And I know we won't go spend this life alone
Can we just leave it be?
We could live our lives separately
Could you forget what happens to you?
To you and me
When we're dead and we'll be dead
We'll have eternity
And I will spend it all, missing you
Missing you and me
So while I'm alive I will always be
Seeking you out, digging you out
Wondering about how it goes so far down
And what's wrong with you?
What's wrong with you and me?
And she said, why can't you be
Someone looking deeper into me?
Like JD Salinger, why do I challenge her
In all these selfish ways that you displease
Why can't you be a little more at ease?
Well, why can't you be
Like a hand rolled cigarette? I'm not joking
This masochistic self-pity of smoking
And this city ditty, I keep provoking you to leave me
And she said
Why can't you be like a candle I can snuff?
You're still the diamond in the rough
And I swear to God I've had enough
How can I call your bluff?

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