Forty Days

Dave Brubeck

And it's been forty days
I've tried forty ways
You will never quite leave your sins behind
They'll haunt you, taunt you till the day you die
You will never really go
You'll think about it much, but you need to know
How the story ends, so you sit around, even though you should just go
Tell your friends what you have earned
Show them all the lives unlearned
And when you really go
You will really know
You were never meant for Earth
What's it worth?
If we're gonna break it down with any logic, it's absurd

Well, no matter where we go
We are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"
What a way to begin
We inherit sin
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry
And nobody's gonna hold your hand on the day you die

I've tasted seven sins
But they won't let me in
I knock, knock, knock 'til my knuckles are bruised and raw
Stuck in the middle with my blood in a puddle on the floor
We made our beds
We'll judge ourselves
And only then and there
Will we disappear
To our final resting place
What a waste
So many decent people at the gates

Well, no matter where we go
We are not alone
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"
What a way to begin

We inherit sin
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry
And nobody's gonna hold your hand on the day you die

And no matter who you know
You will be alone
When the silence turns to cries of "WHY?"
What a way to begin
We inherit sin
And nobody's gonna quench your thirst when the well runs dry, the well runs dry
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