

W.H.Y.

I starve on information
and a hundred billion smiles.
You feed my expectation
in oh so many styles.

Come on tell me ... WHY?
Won't you tell me ... WHY?

I beg you for salvation.
I can no longer stand these trials.

You only need to mention
you would flip a coin and then
I'd pay you with attention.
And here we go again.

Come on tell me ... WHY?
Won't you tell me ... WHY?

But you keep up the tension.
You torture me the best you can.