

## Why God Why?

John Barrowman

Why does Saigon never sleep at night  
Why does this girl smell of orange trees  
How can I feel good when nothing's right  
Why is she cool when there is no breeze  
Vietnam, you don't give answers do you friend  
Just questions that don't ever end

Why God, why today  
I'm all through here on my way  
There's nothing left here that I'll miss  
Why send me now a night like this

Who is the girl in this rusty bed  
Why am I back in a filthy room  
Why is her voice ringing in my head  
Why am I high on her cheap perfume  
Vietnam, hey look, I mean you no offence  
But why does nothing here make sence

Why God, show your hand  
Why can't one guy understand

I've been with girls who knew much more  
I never felt confused before  
Why me, what's your plan  
I can't help her, no one can  
I like my memories as they were  
But now I'll leave remembering her

When I went home before, no one talked of the war  
What they knew from tv dindn't have a thing to do with me  
I went bank and rupt, sure Saigon is corrupt  
It felt better to be here driving for the embassy  
'Cause see, refu can pull a string, a guy like me lives like ak  
ing  
Just as long as you don't believe anything

Why God, why this face  
Why such beauty in this place  
I like my memories as they were  
But now I'll leave remembering her, just her