

No Why

Kevin Devine

When they find you in the back bay
Bits and pieces by the back bay
No one asks, "Is this a war?"
You lace your boots & go to war

Set the shot, I put my gun away
Do the work, I throw my gun away
Don't question anymore
Not burdened anymore

I weigh the world on a sliding scale, and I
Wouldn't worry if "heads" or "tails" decides
We're all strapped to the spinning wheel
And there's a blindfolded man in a tux throwing knives

There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why

In the pulpit, in the alleyway
In the bear pit out at Heaven's Gate
It's not a culture, it's a cult
Not a circle, it's a hole

I used to think it'd all come back again
Less a question of "if" than "where" and "when"
Life, looping & infinite
I was protecting myself
Once it's finished, it's finished

There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why

Iron & ink
Oil & oxygen
The trick of the trick:
We're who we've always been

There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why
There's no why