

Why Do Men Sing

Bill Callahan

Driving through the dark
Arriving in the rain
To sing my songs
All over again
And then eat my dinner cold
On a couch vile and old
In a very green room

An old friend didn't show
And now there's nowhere for this feeling to go
And no one for my little heart to hold
You can't bottle the power
That surges through you up here, you know
Watch your ear, Van Gogh
Tarot the workflow, take in the tableau

Oh, why do men sing
Why do men sing
It's a funny thing
Why, why, why do men sing
Yeah, why do men sing
Why do men sing
In leather and rings
Tell me why, why, why do men sing

Now listen to this
I had a bad dream
That I was a-gonna die
My spirit guide came and showed me where to hide
I was terrified
And then I peeked back outside

Lou Reed was waiting for me
All dressed in white
I said, "Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou
Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou
What is this place that you took me to?
Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou, Lou
What is this place that you took me to?"

He looked me deep in the eye
And gave me that warm handshake
And said, "It's cool, baby. Just got to let it ride
It's cool, little mama. Let it ride, let it ride, let it ride, let it ride,
let it ride, let it ride, let it ride, let it ride, let it ride, let it ride
into a dwarf star or a 'black hole'
Or someone else's soul."

Oh, why do men sing
Why do men sing
Jester or king
Tell me why, why, why do men sing
Why do men sing
Why do men sing
Did they say the wrong thing?
Tell me why, tell me why do men sing

Yeah, why do men sing

Why do men sing

Tell me why, tell me why, tell me why, why, why do men sing