Why
Is the meadow greener where you lie?
Why is the sky so blue
Around you?
And can you tell me why
Everything about you gets me high
Never a thought of you can pass me by
I feel like singing
When you're the song
But there's no music
When you're gone

Oh, why
Does the morning have to mean goodbye?
What if we're still
In love tomorrow?
Then would you care to try
Filling every hour of my life
But if my wild, wild bird
Would rather fly
Can you tell me why?