

Why Do I Try

Horse Feathers

I will not allow us
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade
On account of your dream
That a baby would be likely made

I'll father all this weight
I'll take a pound or two
Than lay it on a son
To light another fuse
I will not allow him
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade

All the thoughts
Bedding down for the night

Help me out
I would love for you to
Every night
It was black or was blue
Make haste leaving
Make haste, leave or go
On and on...

Tell me why do you try hanging on?

I had bought into the thought
Of a wish, plan, and state
On account of your dream that
Our meeting could be more than fate

I'll father all this weight
I'll take a pound or two
Than lay it on a son
To light another fuse
I will not allow him
To rot, wither, foul, or to fade

Help me out
I would love for you to
Every night
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Make haste leaving
Make haste, leave or go
On and on...

Tell me why do I try hanging on?