

## Why Make Sense?

Hot Chip

Out of happiness  
Can come a bitterness  
Move the readiness  
Into a headiness  
With your last caress  
Started motionless  
Like the sinner says  
Move your body-ness

And mine, mine  
Go high and high  
It moves too slow  
Before you know

Into happiness  
With a sweet caress  
From the loving-ness  
With the somewhere blessed  
What becomes us next  
Nothing we can test  
Nothing we can trust  
If we can't caress

Why make sense  
When the world around refuses?  
A winner lost is one who always chooses  
Nothing left can leave you all out of time  
And without it, you're nearing your decline  
Why be tough  
When strength is just for losers?  
Be what you are  
At the mercy of yours

It's the clouding of our minds  
It's the morning of our lives  
It's the mystery we find  
In the cursing of our time

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