

# Why Do We Want (What We Know We Can't Have)

Reba McEntire

Some come for the music  
Some for romance  
You gotta be with the boy that brought you to the dance  
Then across the room comes a casual glance  
And you be making some dime even half the chance

Now some like to look  
And some like to touch  
All the things that they can't have  
Way too much  
Some like to get real close to the flame  
once you feel the heat  
You know they're never the same

Why do we want  
What we know we can't have  
Why don't we want  
What's in the palm of our hands  
Why we always looking  
At what's just out of our grasp  
Why do we want  
What we know we can't have

Well Susie was out driving her new corvette  
She hadn't made that second payment yet  
She rear ended a Semi  
But not by choice  
She was a rubbernecking a new Rolls Royce

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