

For the Life of Me

The Wallflowers

Well, I know you find it hard to smile,
To keep your happiness in style
You pass in silence in the mornin'
You know you shouldn't ever try to ignore me.

And you look to be pretty nervous
Sweaty hands and blood shot eyes.
So hard to identify you,
Just a loser in a loser's disguise.

She don't back down,
And she won't come around here
Now there's all this talk about dying
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

With your fingernails painted red
And your eyes all ready to weep
Decorated from head to toe
Like a magician in a talent show.

She don't back down,
And she don't come around here.
An' there's all this talk about dying,
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

So you've smoked your last cigarette
Burned coldly on a train from Tibet
And broke your last bottle of wine
And unraveled your last ball of twine.

Well, she don't back down,
She don't come around here
Now there's all this talk about dying,
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

She don't back down,
She don't come around here
Now there's all this talk about dying,
Well I don't get it, for the life of me.

Well, I know you find it hard to smile
To keep your happiness in style
You pass in silence in the mornin'
You know you don't usually ignore me.

Now there's all this talk about dying,
Well, I don't get it, for the life of me.