

Why?

by James Torlakson
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Why, why, why are things the way they are?
and why were they the way they was?
When I don't know the answer, my dear,
I often say just because:

Because God wanted the sky to be blue,
Because God wanted blonde hair on top of you,
Because God wanted those points on that star,
Some things just are the way they are.

Why, why, why are things the way they are
and how are they going to be?
I don't know the answer, my dear,
You'll just have to wait and see.

Will you make paintings or dance on some stage?
Will you know the answers, when you come of age?
Will you be honest or will you live a lie?
What will you say when you're asked why?