# He Doesn't Know Why

## Fleet Foxes

Penniless and tired with your hair grown long
I was looking at you there and your face looked wrong
Memory is a fickle siren song
I didn't understandIn the gentle light as the morning nears
You don't say a single word of the last two years
Where you were or when you reached the frontier
I didn't understand, noSee your rugged hands and a silver knife
Twenty dollars in your hand that you hold so tight
All the evidence of your vacant life
My brother, you were goneAnd you will try to do what you did before
Pull the wool over your eyes for a week or more
Let your family take you back to your
Original mind
There's nothing I can do
There's nothing I can do
There's nothing I can say
There's nothing I can say
I can say
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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