

Why do I

Why do I get so angry
When I think that you're the one that's wrong?

Why do I get so uptight
When I think that I am in the right

Let's stop our thinking bout our troubles
It's a waste of time

Trust the motion of this ocean

I'll be yours and you'll be mine

Let's stop troublin' bout our thinkin'

It's such a time of waste

Make the most of this great ocean.

We'll be ours and learn to wait.

Why do we point to those around

Accusing fingers swell and pull us down

Why do we grumbling insist

That we are full of blame while we're
eager to be kissed

and not wonder why