



# Why?

Don't you understand that we're all from the same hand  
From the same man, all from the same sand

Fiber optics

But that's the wrong topic

I hate you so you kill me

Then we're free

Can't you see

What you do reflects upon me

Kids in the streets with their hands held out

You've got to see it for yourselves to know what its about

Forget the bad and focus on the good

The kids in the streets only wish they could

Born to a life that no one wants to live

And living in a world where no one wants to give

They say the tough get going when the going gets tough

But what about the kids when the toughs too much?

Everyone's sad, but no one knows why

Tears dripping down your face as you cry

The way that you walk, the sound of your sigh

I know something's wrong but I don't know why

Life moves fast boy, you can't keep track

Pictures of your past, memories, a look back

Me and my big bro side by side

Tears in my eyes, emotions I could never hide

Good times or bad times I don't really know

Just a picture of my past rolling by like the wind blows

Now Grandma's by herself


And the pictures on the shelf

Bring back the memories of yesteryear  
Of all the Sunday dinners and the newborn tears  
What happens to the people in our lives  
Our sons, our daughters, our friends and our wives  
It's sad to think about cause you don't know  
That's why I guess you've got to know what God told Job  
That life is the same for everyone  
The end will come  
Then you're done  
So you better have fun in the sun, man  
Cause you never know  
So take the chance if you have a chance to go  
Dreams forgotten, passed by, no need to cry  
New ones are made, new dreams, new toys to try.

Everyone's sad, but no one knows why  
Tears dripping down your face as you cry  
The way that you walk, the sound of your sigh  
I know something's wrong but I don't know why

Now I am gazing at the stars with a pen in my hand  
I'm thinking about the big picture, about the big plan  
Am I the poet for all to be heard  
Is it really half-cocked, is it that absurd  
That the questions that I have are everyone's fears  
Do I really have my finger on the trigger to your tears  
I want to scream out loud I want to let the heavens know  
That you can't count to ten without your ten toes  
But is it that simple and is it my right  
And did I make the rain fall for forty straight nights  
The answer is no its plain for all to see  
A mystery for you and me, but I believe that we will see  
That the lessons that we learn are cards in a game  
So what a shame if you're living in pain  
Because you asked yourself why and now you're insane  
So I'm back where I started looking up at the sky  
Asking all the wrong questions but mostly just why.





# P 12 Powerful Words

We're gonna change this world and *Formulate* a plan

*Analyze* the truth and make our stand

*Evaluate* your face to *Predict* your place

*Explain* yourself to *Describe* your race

Now *Contrast* the facts to the fantasy

And *Compare* the dream to reality

• *Infer Support* from the *Strategy*

*Summarize* success from the people you see

You can't stop us, truth be told

In with the new and out with the old.

