

Oh yeah,
I wish I knew, I wish I knew
What makes me, me, and what makes you, you.
It's just another point of view, (ooh)
A state of mind I'm going through, (yes)
So what I see is never true, (ahh)
I wish I could tell, I wish I could tell
What makes a heaven what makes a hell.
And do I get to ring my bell, (ooh)
Or land up in some dusty cell, (no)
While others reach the big hotel, (yeah)
I wish I had, I wish I had
The secret of good, and the secret of bad.
Why does this question drive me mad? (ahh)
'Cause I was taught when but a lad, (yeah)
That bad was good and good was bad, (no)
I wish I knew the mystery of
That thing called hate, and that thing called love.
What makes the in-between so rough? (ahh)
Why is it always push and shove? (ahh)
I guess I just don't know enough, (yeah)
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I wish I knew, I wish I knew,
I wish I knew, I wish I knew