

## **Brian Webb**

### **"Shame"**

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...And maybe that's the beauty here  
You'll always have your gypsy tears  
That make you theirs at night  
They give you a bed of roses  
With thorn and a thoughtful pose  
That makes falling feel like flying  
That makes falling look like flying, come on  
And I got a story that plays in my head  
Like a bird and a stone in my hand  
Its something to throw, or something to let go  
Or set free or set up who I am  
But I offer you only what I know of love  
I confess what it is, I think I forgot  
I tend to remember more about what love is not  
[chorus]  
Shame, Shame, Shame  
Its not about you now, it's not about you now  
You count the ways in which they gave  
But it's more about why you love and less about how  
Oh it's more about why you love and less about how

I like to tell folks, I'm from a rough neighborhood  
As if that said something about me  
But I ain't been in a fight since 1988  
Barely 13  
His name was Alex and from what I can tell  
I can't recall him swinging too  
But he'd still fight someone almost everyday  
Just as sure as he would lose  
Got a story that plays in my head  
Like the bird and a stone in my hands  
Simplified it all the cause and effect  
Its too scary to say I just am, just am  
But I offer you only what I know of love  
I confess what it is I think I forgot  
I tend to remember more about what love is not  
(my gift remains it's still the same  
Its ain't enough, but it's all I've got)  
Chorus 2x

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