

Classix Nouveaux

"No Sympathy, No Violins"

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Don't talk to me, I will talk to the wall
Men such as we have no feelings at all
So you assume when we step from the crowd
Deaf to the voice that objects aloud
We stand up proud
No sympathy (No violins)
For such as we (No violins)
No sympathy (No violins)
Stares that suggest we're an alien race
There's no escape from the look on your face
Cut me I bleed, give me cause and I'll cry
People don't change though you wonder why
We have to try
No sympathy... etc...
No sympathy (No violins)
For such as we (No violins)
There is no need (No violins) No sympathy

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