

Melissa Etheridge**"Sympathy"**

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There's a liar in your bed
And there's a shotgun to your head
You can't breathe but you can smoke
You can't cry but you can joke about it
You can drink yourself to chills
You can hide your little pills
As your life slowly explodes
You can believe nobody knows about it
Do you think that you're the only one
Who's losing their minds
Keeping it together
Is everyone's favorite pastime

Everybody's had some really, really bad
Some this has got to be the end
I would really like to try for you
Sit around and cry for you
Muster up some sympathy
Well that's too much to ask of me

You try so hard to be discreet
With all your secrets in the sheets
As you solemnly refuse
The very spark that lights your fuse
Do you think that you're the only one
Who can be unkind
Tearing at each other's flesh
Is everyone's favorite pastime

Everybody's had some really, really bad
Some this has got to be the end
I would really like to try for you
Sit around and cry for you
Muster up some sympathy
Well that's too much to ask of me

Have some have some sympathy now
Have some sympathy now

Everybody's had some really, really bad
Some this has got to be the end
I would really like to try for you
Sit around and cry for you
Muster up some sympathy
Well that's too much to ask of me

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