

## Mika

# "Your Sympathy"

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Running out of breath, Chasing down the big parade,  
Aha.

Rising up my hand, Thought Iâ'd beg the marching  
band to play, for me.

All of these illusions, they really mean the world to me.  
Me!

Donâ't make me out to be this helpless child of misery,  
maybe love is what I need, but not your sympathy.

In and out of space, Iâ'm always somewhere in  
between, Aha.

I try to make commands but instead I make a mess of  
things, for me.

I try to paint by numbers, but nothingâ's black and  
white, for meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!  
Donâ't make me out to be this helpless child of misery,  
maybe love is what I need, but not your sympathy.

And nothing and no one can make your lies the truth.

And no one can stand inside your shoes, but you.

Donâ't make me out to be this helpless child of misery,  
maybe love is what I need, but not your sympathy.

But not your sympathy.

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