The Frames
"Sad Songs"

And the light you gave
You took when you were gone
It's a war that can't be won
With fists or talk or money
And there's no escape
But there's nothing I want more
But I'd better stop complaining now
I guess because

Too many sad words make a sad, sad song
Too many sad words make a sad, sad song

And the night you came
You won me all and all
And the better part of everything
Was born to run
And the price of fame
Is that they love you when you're gone
But I better stop complaining now
It's useless because

Too many sad words make a sad, sad song
Too many sad words make a sad, sad song