

Format, The "Glutton Of Sympathy"

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In the breathless hush of 4 a.m.
In the dark sits a sad cliché
Cloaked in the navy blue of slowly fading stars

Tell me how this came to be
Sleeplessness talk to me
She'd say over and over again

Fumbling through a cut glass vase
Passing lipstick, cotton spools
Burning jealous pictures of marriages of friends

You never asked to be
The glutton of sympathy
She says over and over again that this is the end

Cause I see it in your eyes
What you don't know, time to let go
I see it in your eyes
There is so much more out there to be learned

Such wonderful words on this snow white vacant page
All the lessons that she learns she packs away

Will you never cease to be the glutton of sympathy
She writes over and over again

Tossing turning roll away
Indecision won't you ever make up your mind
Lifetime Nigh time wake the day
Cause tomorrow will see if you've had your fill of
sympathy

Will you never cease to be the glutton of sympathy?
Don't you know the stars are all fading let the sunshine
capture the sparkle
of your smile

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