

## In Sympathy

Depeche Mode

They're almost falling over you  
Why don't they call a truce  
Whatever they are trying to do  
It's of little use

They're drowning you in compliments  
Trying to furnish proof  
And though they speak with eloquence  
There is little truth

You're bright, you're strong  
You know your right from wrong  
At least to some degree  
You're wise, you're tough  
You've heard their lies enough  
You smile in sympathy

I'm watching your serenity  
The way your soul transcends  
Their tedious obscenities  
Your patience never ends

And as the night begins to fade  
You're heading for the door  
Followed by a sad parade  
You're on your own once more

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