

# Glutton of Sympathy

## The Format

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 captur  
e the sparkle  
of your smile