

Sympathy

Circa Waves

Turning into something
That I don't recognise
I think that we have fell for the mirror

And I blow dry my hair
See the crows feed in my eyes
What a man, what a man I've become

You know I don't need the sympathy of anyone
You know I don't need the sympathy of you

I saw a birthday message
From someone I don't know
Well it all seems strange to me

And you post about the good things
Keep the sadness to yourself
Every window has a silver lining

You know I don't need the sympathy of anyone
You know I don't need the sympathy of you