

# Sympathy

Melissa Etheridge

There's a liar in your bed  
And there's a shotgun to your head  
You can't breathe but you can smoke  
You can't cry but you can joke about it  
You can drink yourself to chills  
You can hide your little pills  
As your life slowly explodes  
You can believe nobody knows about it  
Do you think that you're the only one  
Who's losing their minds  
Keeping it together  
Is everyone's favorite pastime

Everybody's had some really, really bad  
Some this has got to be the end  
I would really like to try for you  
Sit around and cry for you  
Muster up some sympathy  
Well that's too much to ask of me

You try so hard to be discreet  
With all your secrets in the sheets  
As you solemnly refuse  
The very spark that lights your fuse  
Do you think that you're the only one  
Who can be unkind  
Tearing at each other's flesh  
Is everyone's favorite pastime

Everybody's had some really, really bad  
Some this has got to be the end  
I would really like to try for you  
Sit around and cry for you  
Muster up some sympathy  
Well that's too much to ask of me

Have some have some sympathy now  
Have some sympathy now

Everybody's had some really, really bad  
Some this has got to be the end  
I would really like to try for you  
Sit around and cry for you  
Muster up some sympathy  
Well that's too much to ask of me