

Your Sympathy

Mika

Running out of breath
chasing down the big parade, oh, oh
Rising up my hand
thought I'd beg the marching band to play, for me
All of these illusions they really mean the world to me, me

Don't make me out to be
this helpless child of misery,
Maybe love is what I need
but not your sympathy

In and out of space
I'm always somewhere in between, oh, oh
I try to make commands
but instead I make a mess of things, for me
I try to paint by numbers
but nothing's black and white for me

Don't make me out to be
this helpless child of misery,
Maybe love is what I need
but not your sympathy

Nothing and no one can make your lies the truth
and no one can stand inside your shoes, but you

Don't make me out to be
this helpless child of misery,
Maybe love is what I need
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But not your sympathy.