

# Isn't It a Shame

Phoebe Snow

Isn't it a shame,  
Not to have something to believe in?  
To have to cry in public places,  
Frightened by children making faces.

Travel folder call you,  
So do your memories,  
But the statistics seem to stall you,  
And they whisper, it's a tease.

The moon has coated me with dust,  
And I must look a sight,  
I left my mind out in the rain,  
So please don't be polite.

Can you help me?  
Can you help me?  
Later on tonight.

Can you help me?  
Can you help me?  
At least until it's light.

Tonight I won't be drinking,  
I'll love you anyway,  
I will be very busy thinking,  
But I can still come out and play

It's more than medication,  
It is all that's on the shelf,  
The simple fact that I'm alive and well  
And I'm laughing at myself.

My casual friends were casualties,  
My foes were just faux pas,  
But I still have that second chance,  
And I'm listening for applause.

Look at us poor souls down here,  
Try to turn an honest trick,  
Every second seasons seems  
We think we're tired or sick.

Can you help us?  
Can you help us?  
Something's got to click.

Can you help me,  
Can you help me,  
To sing another lick?