

# Sympathy

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Sympathy just doesn't mean  
That much to me  
Compassion's not  
The fashion in my mind  
And if you're looking for  
A shoulder to cry on  
Don't turn your head my way  
'Cause I'd rather have  
My music any day

You and I are  
Masters of our destiny  
We look for consolation all the time  
Until we find out things are not  
What they were meant to be, oh no  
And if it doesn't suit our mood  
We'll call it crime

Dedication's not an obligation  
Or a figment of  
Someone's imagination  
It's the only way they say  
To live from day to day  
To make each passing way  
A small sensation

Dreams are the possession of  
The simple man  
Reality the fantasy of youth  
But living is a problem that  
Is common to us all  
With love the only  
Common road to truth