

Sympathize

Amos Lee

It ain't no jive
I was burning alive
Whenever you walk in the room
It happened so quickly
I was feeling so sickly
Like a lover who lost his muse

The sharks in the tank or
The men in the bank
He wants my money to loan
I can't understand
What the hell is his plan
While he ain't even got a home
Ain't got a home

Girl on a street
With holes in her feet
Looks through the eyes of a cloud
She don't look amazed
She's feeling kind of sad
So I just walk around

I reassess
She's down on her luck
She's reading a book of lies
I don't know when I'll be coming home baby
But I shall sympathize

Can sympathize
Can sympathize

Angels spread their wings
On all the dirty things
But you
Do

She drops to the floor
Her head's by the door
Her bible is by her side
Heaven is calling
The new world is falling
And she ain't got a single person left
To confide
No one to confide
No one to confide
Ah to confide

I sympathize
Can sympathize