

# Sympathy

## Uriah Heep

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

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