

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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