

# Even If

## Crowded House

Even though I know you're wrong  
I can never win  
Disappointment I must bear  
Underneath my grin  
In the darkness from the stage  
The sting in my tail  
Horizons rise and fall  
Shadows grow so pale  
Creatures that come out to play  
Go home to stay the night  
Things I got so worried about  
Are working out just fine  
Don't remember and in the end  
It's useless to dwell  
And nothing good is true unless  
You find out for yourself  
Old men, be warned  
He can't be helped  
Like those who went before  
You can't be helped  
It's not your fault  
It can't be helped  
Young men  
Their imagination knows no bounds  
As far as I can see  
There's a love that can't be found  
Until you let it free  
In the spotlight on the stage  
The sting in my tail  
Horizons that rise and fall  
And shadows grow so pale  
Old men, be warned  
He can't be helped  
All those who went before  
You can't be helped  
It's not your fault  
It can't be helped  
Old men  
But even though I know you're wrong

I can never win  
Everyone's son thinks he's the best  
They make it all up again

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