

Isn't It a Shame

Phoebe Snow

Isn't it a shame
Not to have something to believe in?
To have to cry in public places
Frightened by children making faces
Travel folders call you
So do your memories
But the statistics seem to stall you
And they whisper "it's a tease"
The moon has coated me with dust
I must look a sight
I left my mind out in the rain
So please don't be polite
Can you help me?
Can you help me?
Later on tonight
Can you help me?
Can you help me?
At least until it's light
Tonight I won't be drinking
I'll love you anyway-ay-ay-ay
I will be very busy thinking
I can still come out and play
It's more than medication
It is all that's on the shelf
The simple fact that I'm alive and well
And I'm laughing at myself
My casual friends were casualties
My foes were just faux pas
But I still have that second chance
And I'm waiting on the goal
Look at us poor souls down here
Tryin' to turn an honest gig
Every second season seems
We think we're tired or sick
Can you help us?
Can you help us?
Something's got to give
Can you help me?
Can you help me?
To sing another lick

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