

# 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 facesTravel 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 politeCan you help me?  
Can you help me?  
Later on tonight  
Can you help me?  
Can you help me?  
At least until it's lightTonight 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 playIt'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 myselfMy casual friends were casualties  
My foes were just faux pas  
But I still have that second chance  
And I'm waiting on the goalLook at us poor souls down here  
Tryin' to turn an honest gig  
Every second season seems  
We think we're tired or sickCan 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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