

Tea and Sympathy

Jars of Clay

Fare thee well
Trade in all our words for tea and sympathy
Wonder why we tried, for things that could never be
Play our heart's lament, like an unrehearsed symphony
Not intent
To leave this castle full of empty rooms
Our love the captive in the tower never rescued
And all the victory songs seem to be playing out of tune
'Cause it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy, no
No, it's not the way that it has to be
You begin
And all your words fall to the floor and break like China cups
And the waitress grabs a broom and tries to sweep them up
I reach for my tea and slowly drink in
'Cause it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy, no
And it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy
Don't trade
Don't trade
Don't trade
Fare thee well
Words, the bag of leaves that fill my head
I could taste the bitterness, call the waitress instead
'Cause she holds the answer
Smiles and asks, "One teaspoon or two?"
'Cause it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy, no
No, it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy
It's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy, no
'Cause it's not the way that it has to be
Don't trade our love for tea and sympathy
Don't trade us for tea and sympathy
Don't trade us for tea and sympathy
We can work it out
Don't trade us for tea and sympathy
We can work it out
We can work it out

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