

Shame (with Gary Barlow)

Robbie Williams

Well there's three versions of this story mine and yours
And then the truth
Now we can put it down to circumstance, our childhood, then our youth
Out of some sentimental gain I wanted you to feel my pain,
But it came back return to sender
I read your mind and tried to call,
My tears could fill the Albert Hall,
Is this the sound of sweet surrender? What a shame we never listened
I told you through the television
And all that went away was the price we paid
People spend a lifetime this way
Oh what a shame. So I got busy throwing everybody underneath the bus, oh
And with your poster 30 foot high at the back of Toys-R-Us
I wrote a letter in my mind,
But the words were so unkind,
About a man I can't remember
I don't recall the reasons why,
I must have meant them at the time
Is this the sound of sweet surrender? What a shame we never listened
I told you through the television
And all that went away was the price we paid
People spend a lifetime this way
And that's how they stay
Oh what a shame. Words come easy
When they're true
Words come easy
When they're true So I got busy throwing everybody underneath the bus
And with your poster 30 foot high at the back of Toys-R-Us
Now we can put it down to circumstance, our childhood then our youth. What a shame we never listened
I told you through the television
And all that went away was the price we paid
People spend a lifetime this way
And that's how they stay
People spend a lifetime this way
Oh what a shame
What a shame. Ooh
Such a shame what a shame
Beautiful shame, real shame, and stuff double shame (shame, shame shame)

Songwriters

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