

# Sympathize

Amos Lee

It ain't no jive  
I was burning alive  
Whenever you walk in the room  
It happened so quickly  
I was feeling so sickly  
Like a lover who lost his muse

The sharks in the tank or  
The men in the bank  
He wants my money to loan  
I can't understand  
What the hell is his plan  
While he ain't even got a home  
Ain't got a home

Girl on a street  
With holes in her feet  
Looks through the eyes of a cloud  
She don't look amazed  
She's feeling kind of sad  
So I just walk around

I reassess  
She's down on her luck  
She's reading a book of lies  
I don't know when I'll be coming home baby  
But I shall sympathize

Can sympathize  
Can sympathize

Angels spread their wings  
On all the dirty things  
But you  
Do

She drops to the floor  
Her head's by the door  
Her bible is by her side  
Heaven is calling  
The new world is falling  
And she ain't got a single person left  
To confide  
No one to confide  
No one to confide  
Ah to confide

I sympathize  
Can sympathize