

In Sympathy

Depeche Mode

They're almost falling over you
Why don't they call a truce
Whatever they are trying to do
It's of little use

They're drowning you in compliments
Trying to furnish proof
And though they speak with eloquence
There is little truth

You're bright, you're strong
You know your right from wrong
At least to some degree
You're wise, you're tough
You've heard their lies enough
You smile in sympathy

I'm watching your serenity
The way your soul transcends
Their tedious obscenities
Your patience never ends

And as the night begins to fade
You're heading for the door
Followed by a sad parade
You're on your own once more

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