

# Shame

Gary Barlow

Well there's three versions of this story mine, yours and then  
the truth  
And 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 Alb  
ert 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  
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, abou  
t a man I can't remember  
I don't recall the reasons why, I must have meant them at the t  
ime, 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  
Oh what a shame.

People spend a lifetime this way  
Oh what a shame

Such a shame, what a shame