

Sympathy

Uriah Heep

Sympathy just doesn't mean
That much to me
Compassion's not
The fashion in my mind
And if you're looking for
A shoulder to cry on
Don't turn your head my way
'Cause I'd rather have
My music any day

You and I are
Masters of our destiny
We look for consolation all the time
Until we find out things are not
What they were meant to be, oh no
And if it doesn't suit our mood
We'll call it crime

Dedication's not an obligation
Or a figment of
Someone's imagination
It's the only way they say
To live from day to day
To make each passing way
A small sensation

Dreams are the possession of
The simple man
Reality the fantasy of youth
But living is a problem that
Is common to us all
With love the only
Common road to truth