

Mika, Your Sympathy

Running out of breath

Chasing down the big parade, rising up my hand, thought I'd beg the marching band to play, for me
all of these illusions, they really mean the world to me, me

Don't make me out to be this helpless child of misery, maybe love is what I need
but not your sympathy

In and out of space, I'm always somewhere in between,
I try to make commands but instead I make a mess of things, for me

I try paint by numbers, but nothing's black and white to me

Don't make me out to be this helpless child of misery, maybe love is what I need
but not your sympathy

Nothing and no one can make your lies the truth, and no one can stand inside your shoes but you

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