

Brian Webb, Shame

...And maybe thats the beauty here
You'll always have your gypsy tears
that make you theirs at night
They give you a bed of roses
with thorn and a thoughtful pose
that makes falling feel like flying
that makes falling look like flying, come on

And I got a story that plays in my head
like a bird and a stone in my hand
Its something to throw, or something to let go
or set free or set up who I am
But I offer you only what I know of love
I confess what it is, I think I forgot
I tend to remember more about what love is not

(chorus)
Shame, Shame, Shame
Its not about you now, Its not about you now
You count the ways in which they gave
but its more about why you love and less about how
Oh its more about why you love and less about how

I like to tell folks, I'm from a rough neighborhood
as if that said something about me
But I ain't been in a fight since 1988
Barely 13
His name was Alex and from what I can tell
I can't recall him swinging too
But he'd still fight someone almost everyday
just as sure as he would lose

Got a story that plays in my head
like the bird and a stone in my hands
Simplified it all the cause and effect
Its too scary to say I just am, just am
But I offer you only what I know of love
I confess what it is I think I forgot
I tend to remember more about what love is not
(my gift remains it's still the same
its ain't enough, but its all I've got)

chorus 2x