

Counting Crows, For The Sake Of The Song

(Original by Townes Van Zandt)

Why does she sing
her sad songs for me,
I'm not the one
to tenderly bring
her soft sympathy
I've just begun
to see my way clear
and it's plain,
if I stop I will fall
I can lay down a tear
for her pain,
just a tear and that's all.

What does she want me to do?
she says that she knows
that moments are rare
I suppose that it's true
then on she goes
to say I don't care,
and she knows
that I do

Maybe she just has to sing, for the sake of the song
and who do I think that I am to decide that she's wrong.

She'd like to think that I'm cruel,
but she knows that's a lie
for I would be
no more than a tool
if I allowed her to cry
all over me.

Oh my sorrow is real
eventhough
I can't change my plan
If she could see how I feel
then I know
that she'd understand

Oh does she actually think I'm to blame?
Does she really believe
that some word of mine
can relieve
all her pain?
Can't she see that she grieves
just because she's been blindly deceived
by her shame?

Nothin's what it seems,
maybe she'll start someday
to realize
If she abandons her dreams,
then all the words she can say
are only lies
when will she see
that to gain
is only to lose?
All that she offers me
are her chains,
I got to refuse

Oh but it's only to herself that she's lied

she likes to pretend
it's something that she must defend,
with her pride
and I don't intend
to stand here and be the friend
from whom she must hide