

# The Frames, Sad Songs

And the light you gave  
You took away when you were gone  
It's a war that can't be won  
With fists or talk or money  
And there's no escape  
But I'd better stop complaining now  
I guess because

Too many sad words make a sad, sad song  
Too many sad words make a sad, sad song

And the night you came  
You won me all and all  
And the better part of everything  
Was born to run  
And the price of fame  
Is that they love you when you're gone  
But I better stop complaining now  
It's useless because

Too many sad words make a sad, sad song  
Too many sad words make a sad, sad song