

# The Spinners, It's A Shame

It's a shame, the way you mess around with your man  
It's a shame the way you hurt me  
It's a shame, the way you mess around with your man  
I'm sitting all alone, by the telephone  
Waiting for your call, when you don't call at all  
It's a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
It's a shame (shame) the way you play with my emotions  
It's a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
You're like a child at play, on a sunny day  
But you play with love, and then you throw it away  
Why do you use me, try to confuse me  
How can you stand, to be so cruel  
Why don't you free me, from this prison  
Where I serve my time as your fool  
It's a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
It's a shame (shame) the way you hurt me  
It's a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
I try to stay with you, show you love so true  
But you won't appreciate, the love we try to make  
Oh, it's got to be a shame  
Why do you use me, try to confuse me  
How can you stand, to be so cruel  
Why don't you free me, from this prison  
Where I serve my time as your fool  
Got to be a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
Ohhh, it's a shame (shame) the way you hurt me  
It's a shame (shame) the way you mess around with your man  
You've got my heart in chains, and I must complain  
I just can't be content, oh look at (muttering)  
Got to, got to, be a shame