

# 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