

# Blasphemous Rumours (live)

## Depeche Mode

Girl of sixteen, whole life ahead of her  
Slashed her wrists, bored with life  
Didn't succeed, thank the Lord  
For small mercies  
Fighting back the tears, mother reads the note again  
Sixteen candles burn in her mind  
She takes the blame, it's always the same  
She goes down on her knees and prays  
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours  
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humor  
And when I die I expect to find Him laughing  
Girl of eighteen, fell in love with everything  
Found new life in Jesus Christ  
Hit by a car, ended up  
On a life support machine  
Summer's day, as she passed away  
Birds were singing in the summer sky  
Then came the rain, and once again  
A tear fell from her mother's eye  
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours  
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humor  
And when I die I expect to find Him laughing

Songwriters

GORE, MARTINPublished by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>