

Past the Sound of Whispers

Spiritual Beggars

Dream away, got to dream away
Got to make my head breath
I can't sit here and moan
Got to grab my strings of hope
Try to make them shine I'm sick and I'm tired
I've found myself grown so old
And in my head it's this noise
Think I'm gonna explode And I sure want to
Outside I see that snow has begun to fall
And it reminds me of you
And pass the sound of whispers
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones Like a fairy
She dance so cool on the edge
She knows me and I know her
She wants to show me but she just walks away

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