

# Other Voices

## The Cure

Whisper your name in an empty room  
You brush past my skin as soft as fur  
Taking hold I taste your scent  
Distant noises, other voices pounding in my broken head  
Commit the sin, commit yourself And all the other voices said  
Change your mind you're always wrong  
Always wrong, always always wrong Come around at Christmas I really have to see you  
Smile at me slyly another festive compromise  
But I live with desertion and eight million people  
Distant noises of other voices pulsing in my swinging arms  
Caress the sound, so many dead And all the other voices said  
Change your mind you're always wrong

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