

Other Voices

Erroll Garner, Mitch Miller and His Orchestra

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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