

Rumors

[RKL](#)

(Chris) Rumours

Walkin' through the Hamburg streets,
I see a bar, I better drink some beer.
A beast in red approaches me,
It's buy a drink or sleep with me.
Now I'm blown away!
Then come the thugs with a bat,
To make sure we pay.
Lies. Stories you're tellin'
You're makin' rumors.
You wanna dish out a scoop for your friends.
So you'll feel like someone,
Talkin' 'bout somethin',
Something you really know nothing about.
I bought her a drink.
but who would ever think?
It was 300 marks for champagne.
Typical set up, pay or be beat up!
Now you see what goes down,
Walkin' streets.
You're livin' out what I go through.
It's second hand.
It's not the truth that you want.
There'll be a time.
A change of mind.
You'll grow to find.
That living your own life
Means more than talking 'bout mine.
You only believe the truth that you want to anyway.

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