

Blasphemous Rumours

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 rumors
But I think that God's
Got a sick sense of humor
And when I die
I expect to find Him laughing I don't want to start
Any blasphemous rumors
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 rumors
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Got a sick sense of humor
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