Whispers

Ian Brown

You're waking in the morning
Spent the night trying to bond with the moon
She never loved you, just a whole wild two scene
Chopped up, split screen, dream machine
An alibi for lonesome dreamsI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of stone cold rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispers about youShe only wanted you for what you could do
To get her picture in a Sunday magazine
She's just a whole wild two scene
Chopped up, split screen, dream machine
An alibi for lonesome dreamsI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of stone cold rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispers about youI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of stone cold rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispersWhat a pleasure it is to receive
And what a God given gift is the air that we breatheI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of stone cold rumorsI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of whispersI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of whispersI hear a lot of rumors
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of rumors

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/