

Rumors

Jacob Whitesides

Where there is smoke, there's fire
I'm waking up like a man on the run
Are you a seller or a buyer?
I never meant to hurt no one

Oh oh
Oh oh

Oh oh
Oh oh

Am I guilty till its proven?
Feel the even after the rain
Sleep it off and keep it moving
Never make the same mistake again

Oh

The rumors. The rumors so quietly loud
The winners and losers you can't pick them out
It's just us in the middle
It's just us in the middle of
Rumors. Rumors. Rumors
But I'm not talking

You been pulling our six strings
I can feel the whispers on your skin
Dripping down your body
Would you do it all over again?

Stop talking
Don't worry about the fire
No holding back

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