

# Other Voices (Live Summer 1981)

## The Cure

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 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  
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

Songwriters

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