

The Whisperers

The The

A lonely silhouette, smoking a cigarette
Hoping for the phone to ring
Though she's sick of the sound of people's mouths
Winding her up and putting her down
Don't get sad when people that you trusted stab you in the back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know, now you know
There's one thing in life that holds
And now she wants to cry, staying in on Friday night
Lying in her birthday suit
And listening to the bickering from the room above
And wondering if it's fear of loneliness or love
That keeps people like that together forever
Don't get sad when people that you trust stab you in the back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know, now you know
There's one thing in life that holds

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