

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 dreams

I 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 you

She 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 dreams

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What a pleasure it is to receive
And what a God given gift is the air that we breathe

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