

Nanci Griffith, More Than A Whisper

How I wish that you would call... we have not spoken since last fall
now that smokey conversation's come and gone
Do I just read between your line?
Or could it be this winter wine?... so sweet upon my tongue tonight
recalls your tender eyes

O, I need more than a whisper... so much more than a whisper
It takes more than a whisper to wake this weary fool
Give me more than a whisper... if you're sayin' I love you
'cuz it's the whispers I have never understood

It's snowin' up in the northlands... I read your warm words from the plains
while the poets say that I should never be thinkin' of you this way
They say that I misread your lines 'cuz I've been lonely all my life
and here I'm reachin' for some silver and leavin' my heart out in the fire

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I will drink my winter wine... when I get home I'll change my mind
I'll only whisper that I love you in those smokey bars at night
And though the poets say I'm lonely... there's still this woman here inside
and I've never been a fool when my heart was on the line

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