

Alien Ant Farm, Whisper

It my arms that wrap you up nice
It my arms, it my arms baby
Small rooms with record exec types
Whisper away my future lately
I'll introduce you to producers
I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter
I so confused
This industry has made me cold
I trusted you to make me shine bright
This is almost getting old
Shock me with fear it taking longer
Blood sweat and years will make me way damn stronger
It my words that fail to give insight
I blame you, blame me baby
I so confused
This industry has made me cold
I trusted you to make me shine bright
This is almost getting old
It suits me just fine
This is the package I sending
These are the clothes that I wearing
These are the words that I saying
These are the notes that theye playing
I'll introduce you to producers
I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter
I so confused
This industry has made me cold
I trusted you to make me shine bright
This is almost getting old
And it suits me just fine