

Crowded House, Whispers & Moans

Dull, dull grey
The colour of our times
Cool, cool space
That I still hope to find
Far beyond the veil
The sound of whispers and moans

Slow, time bomb
The clamour of the street
I hear this town
It never goes to sleep
And I will catch the taxi driver
Weeping like a wounded beast

Then I wake up in your room
To share one piece of your life
When tomorrow comes we may not be here at all
Without your whispers and moans
'cos here you come to carry me home
Here you come to carry me home

Love that sound
Time erase
Tension wheels
Cool heels
Won't ya come on open the bid 'fore too long

Then I wake up in your room
To share one piece of your life
I'd give anything to be a fly upon the wall
And hear your whispers and moans
I'd like to hear your whispers and moans
Here you come to carry me

We are the mirrors
Are the mirrors of each other in a lifetime of suspicion
Cleansed in a moment of recognition
You gave your life for it
Worth it's weight in gold
And growing empires and art collectors
And alans sound investments
Will one day be forgotten
One day be forgotten, yeah