

# Depeche Mode, Blasphemous Rumours

Girl of 16  
Whole life ahead of her  
Slashed her wrists  
Bored with life  
Didn't succeed  
Thank the lord  
For small mercies

Fighting back the tears  
Mother reads the note again  
16 candles burn in her mind  
She takes the blame  
It's always the same  
She goes down on her knees  
And prays

I don't want to start  
Any blasphemous rumours  
But I think that God's  
Got a sick sense of humour  
And when I die  
I expect to find Him laughing

Girl of 18  
Fell in love with everything  
Found new life  
In Jesus Christ  
Hit by a car  
Ended up  
On a life support machine

Summer's day  
As she passed away  
Birds were singing  
In the summer sky  
Then came the rain  
And once again  
A tear fell  
From her mother's eye