

Ian Brown, Whispers

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, splitscreen, dream machine
An alibi for lonesome dreams
I hear a lot of rumours
I hear a lot of stone cold rumours
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, splitscreen, dream machine
An alibi for lonesome dreams
I hear a lot of rumours
I hear a lot of stone cold rumours
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispers
About you
I hear a lot of rumours
I hear a lot of stone cold rumours
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispers
What a pleasure it is to receive
And what a God given gift it is to the air that we breathe
I hear a lot of rumours
I hear a lot of stone cold rumours
I hear a lot of whispers
I hear a lot of easy talking, given whispers
About you
I hear a lot of rumours
I hear a lot of whispers
And they're all about you