## 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