

# John Hiatt, Whistles In My Ears

Stumblin' down the road I gets to thinkin' as I leave her,  
I've left so many times before.  
That old north wind's a-blowin' circles round my feet.  
What is this sorrow ever for?

She was an angel who flies high in the heavens.  
I was a pigeon on the church.  
She breathed pure golden as she hid from the procession.  
I tumbled from my lowly perch.

## CHORUS:

I guess whistles in my ears.  
'Cause I can't hear you when you're cryin'.  
I don't long to be anywhere at all.  
I don't care to live a lie.

There is a secret in the middle of the sea,  
When you acquire a vicious thirst.  
Then love will cool your brow and soothe the apparition  
But is it just another curse?

Oh baby Jesus, mother Mary, God the father.  
The big triangle needs repairs.  
I know we learn within the vision of our spirit.  
Do you prefer us cold and bare?

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE