

# Whispering

Lea Michele

Whispering

Hear the ghosts in the moonlight  
Sorrow doing a new dance  
Through their bones, through their skin

Listening

To the souls in the fools night  
Fumbling mutely with their rude hands  
And theres heartache without end

See the father bent in grief  
The mother dressed in mourning  
Sister crumples and the neighbors grumble  
The preacher issues warnings

History

Little miss didn't do right  
Went and ruined all the true plans  
Such a shame, such a sin

Mystery

Home alone on a school night  
Harvest moon over the blue land  
Summer longing on the wind

Had a sweetheart on his knees  
So faithful and adoring  
And he touched me and I let him love me  
So let that be my story

Listening

For the hope, for the new life  
Something beautiful, a new chance  
Hear its whispering there again