The Whisperers

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A lonely silhouette
Smoking a cigarette
Hoping for the phone to ring
Though she's sick of the sound
Of people's mouths
Winding her up
And putting her down

Don't get sad
When people that you trusted stab you in the back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know (now you know)
There's one thing in life that holds

And now she wants to cry
Staying in on Friday night
Lying in her birthday suit
And listening to the bickering
From the room above
And wondering if it's fear of loneliness or love
That keeps people like that together
Forever...

Don't get sad
When people that you trust stab you in the back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know (now you know)
There's one thing in life that holds
You're on your own (you've gotta grow)

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