

Versus The World

"She Sang The Blues"

Visit "[She Sang The Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We are distortion
We are full hearts
We are empty rooms beyond redemption
We are not pure
We are routine
Don't crowd the machine
Write, rehearse, record, rehearse, perform, return,
repeat
My mother's records found me
Hungry I devoured every tune
I still dream of distant seas when I hear her sing the
blues
She said "we are what we listen to"

You are my home
I am at peace
My heart rate slows
So music man, you pack your bags
Abuse yourself
You sell your soul til you make sure that you come
home
You come home safe
My mother's records had me dreaming of a life out on
the road
A suitcase and guitar on exchange for a real home
We are what we listen to

We are, we are
My heart sings out
For Only The Lonely
Or Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain
When I heard Tom sing
The Green Grass of Home
I knew I was home

My mother's records found me
Hungry I devoured every tune
I still dream of distant seas when I hear her sing the
blues
She said "we are what we listen to"

We are, we are
My heart sings out
For Only The Lonely
Or Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain
When Â I heard Tom sing
The Green Grass of HomeÂ
I knew I was home
I knew I was home

We are what we listen to
We are what we listen to
We are what we listen to
We are what we listen to
We are, we are

She sang the blues

Visit [Versus The World](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.