

Bel Canto

"Rumor"

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This is the morning when our feelings rise together
with the sun
These are the feelings that are yet to be awoken
How many wishes fade to nothing once they face
reality?
How many wishes turn to grief?
How many wishes going on and on...
I bless the sunshine with my love-disease and all my
needs and more
I bless the sunshine and no shadows haunt my walls
Blue is a state of mind
Blue makes you colourblind
Beware of it, beware of it
You talk about a rumour
You talk about dead-end streets
About this rumour - it's not the way to think
Talk about a rumour
Then talk about a higher love
You know it won't
It won't satisfy my needs
It won't satisfy my needs
Say ne, ne, ne
Talk about a rumour
No one expected this, that I should falter in a maudlin
sky
No one expected this but I misjudged and aimed too
high
Blue is a sacred place where shattered dreams find
shelter, well...
Blue is a state of mind
Blue makes you colourblind
You talk about a rumour
You talk about dead-end streets
About this rumour - it's God in me!
So, if you talk about a rumour, then talk about a higher
love
You talk about a rumour when all it takes is simple love

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