

Kent "Whistle Song"

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There is something in her eyes
thats making me scared
Its clinging to my shirt now
like static in her hair
And something here is wrong
I heard it when she spoke
Her dust flows through my veins now
and Im yesterdays joke

chorus:

And it seems impossible to meet her simple needs
She breathes invincible
and its giving me the creeps
Shes still the wild one here, the incendiary soul
She is in flame and I am cold
god Im getting old

She is talking through a yawn
and the radio is on
I listen through the thin walls
and someones whistling along
There is something in the air

Squeezing out sparks
The striplight flickers and then dies
and leaves us in the dark

chorus

And Id make you a believer
But youre not a receiver
And youre now a believer
And youre not a receiver
And Ill make you a believer
But youre not a receiver
And Ill make you a believer
But youre not a receiver
And Ill make you a believer
But youre not a receiver
Yeah Ill make you a believer
Because youre not a receiver

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