

Alien Ant Farm "Whisper"

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It's my arms that, wrap you up nice
It's my arms, my arms baby
Small rooms with, record exec' types
Whisper away my, future lately

I introduce you to producers
I write your songs an'
Make them way damn shorter

I'm so confused
This industry has made me cold you right
I trusted you to make me shine bright
This is almost getting old

Shocking with fear it's taking longer
Blood sweating else will make me way damn stronger
It's my words that, fail to give insight
I blame you, blame you I blame me

I'm so confused
This industry has made me cold you right
I trusted you to make me shine bright
This is almost getting old
It suits me just fine
It suits me just fine

This is the package I'm sending
An' these are the clothes that I'm wearing
An' these are the words that I'm saying
An' these are the notes that they are playing

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