

## Spragga Benz

### "Whispering"

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Whispering

Hear the ghosts in the moonlight.  
Sorrow doing a new dance  
Through their bones, through their skin.

Listening

To the souls in the fools night  
Fumbling mutely with their rude hands  
And there?s heartache without end  
See the father bent in grief  
The mother dressed in mourning  
Sister crumples  
And the neighbors grumble  
The Preacher issues warnings

History

Little Miss, didn?t do right  
Went and ruined all the true plans  
Such a shame  
Such a sin

Mystery

Home alone on a school night  
Harvest moon over the blue land  
Summer longing on the wind

Had a sweetheart on his knees  
So faithful and adoring  
And he touched me  
And I let him love me  
So let that be my story

Listening

For the hope, for the new life  
Something beautiful, a new chance  
Hear it?s whispering  
There again

