

## **House Crowded**

### **"Whispers And Moans"**

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N. Finn)

Dull dull grey, the colour of our times

Cool cool space that I still hope to find

Far beyond the veil

The sound of whispers and moans

Slow time bomb, the clamour of the street

I hear this town it never goes to sleep

And I will catch the taxi driver

Weeping like a wounded beast

Then I wake up in your room

Share one piece of your life

When tomorrow comes

We may not be here at all

Without your whispers and moans

Here you come to carry me home

Love that sound, time erase

Tension wheels, cool heels

Won't ya come on open the bid before too long

I wake up in your room

Share one piece of your life

I'd give anything to be a fly upon the wall

And hear your whispers and moans  
I like to hear your whispers and moans  
Here you come to carry me home  
We are the mirrors of each other  
In a lifetime of suspicion  
Cleansed in a moment, a flash of recognition  
You gave your life for it  
Worth its weight in gold and growing empires  
Art collectors and Alans sound investments  
Will one day be forgotten, one day be forgotten  
YEAH!

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