

The The "The Whisperers"

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A lonely silhouette, smoking a cigarette
Hoping for the phone to ring
Though she's sick of the sound of people's mouths
Winding her up and putting her down

Don't get sad when people that you trusted stab you in
the back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know, now you know
There's one thing in life that holds

And now she wants to cry, staying in on Friday night
Lying in her birthday suit
And listening to the bickering from the room above
And wondering if it's fear of loneliness or love
That keeps people like that together forever

Don't get sad when people that you trust stab you in the
back
So, you thought they were your friends?
Now you know, now you know
There's one thing in life that holds

You're on your own
You gotta grow, you gotta grow
On your own, on your own

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