

Kenneth Knudsen**"Whistle Song"**

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There is something in her eyes
that's making me scared
It's 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 I'm yesterday's joke

chorus:

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

She is talking through a yawn
and the radio is on
I listen through the thin walls
and someone's 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 I'd make you a believer
But you're not a receiver
And you're now a believer
And you're not a receiver
And I'll make you a believer
But you're not a receiver
And I'll make you a believer
But you're not a receiver
And I'll make you a believer
But you're not a receiver
Yeah I'll make you a believer
Because you're not a receiver

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