

Whisper

Alien Ant Farm

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

I'll introduce you to producers
I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter

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

Shock me with fear it's taking longer
Blood sweat and years will make me way damn stronger

It's my words that fail to give insight
I blame you, blame me baby

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

It suits me just fine

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

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I'll write your songs and make them way damn shorter

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

And it suits me just fine