

Rumors

Jacob Whitesides

Where there's smoke, there's fire
I'm waking up like a man on a run
Are you a seller or a buyer?
I never meant to hurt no one

Ooh ooh
Ooh ooh
Ooh ooh
Ooh ooh

Am I guilty 'til it's proven?
Filthy even after the rain
Sleep it off and keep it moving
Never make the same mistake again

Ooh, the rumors, the rumors so quietly loud
The winners and losers, you can't pick them out
It's just us in the middle
It's just us in the middle of rumors
Rumors, rumors
But I'm not talking

You've been pulling all 6 strings
I can feel the whispers on your skin
Dripping down your body
Would you do it all over again?

Ooh ooh
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Stop talking
Don't worry 'bout the fire
No holding back

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