

## Past The Sound Of Whispers

Spiritual Beggars

Dream away got to dream away got to make my head breath  
I can't sit here and moan got to grab my strings of hope try to  
make them shine  
I'm sick and I'm tired I've found myself grown so old  
And in my head its this noise think I'm gonna explode  
And I sure want to Outside I see that snow has begun to fall  
And it reminds me of you  
And pass the sound of whispers  
I feel the cold take a grip on my bones  
Like a fairy She dance so cool on the edge  
She knows me And I know her  
She wants to show me But she just walks away