

Whisper

The Walkabouts

Baby, baby
Foolish baby
Wipe your foolish blame
Crazy, crazy
Crazy, baby
Wipe your foolish blame

I've been thinking bout this all week
How were lost on a losing streak
Armed guards at the last mini-mart
Shootin' it wide of the mark
Roadblocks goin' up in the dark
Hi-rise towers take a tightrope walk

Truths a whisper
A shaky whisper
chase it, then it's wrong
Time is panic
Hushed and rankled
You feel it, then it's gone

They take us in for identity checks
They've been roundin' up all their best bets
The refineries flare in the night
Roman candles from some other life
What's best, is somewhere in your hands
My best laid plans, your hands,
My best laid plans, your hands
Your hands, my best laid plans.
Shout! Got nothing to show for this
Shout! Where is the now?
Where are the next three minutes?
Shout! Got nothin' to show for this
Shout!