

Blasphemous Rumours

Depeche Mode

Girl of sixteen
Whole life ahead of her
Slashed her wrists
Bored with life
Didn't succeed
Thank the Lord for small mercies Fighting back the tears
Mother reads the note again
Sixteen candles burn in her mind
She takes the blame
It's always the same
She goes down on her knees and prays I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
And when I die I expect to find Him laughing
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
And when I die I expect to find Him laughing Girl of eighteen
Fell in love with everything
Found new life in Jesus Christ
Hit by a car
Ended up
On a life support machine Summer's day
As she passed away
Birds were singing in the summer sky
Then came the rain
And once again
A tear fell from her mother's eye I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
And when I die I expect to find Him laughing
I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours
But I think that God's got a sick sense of humour
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