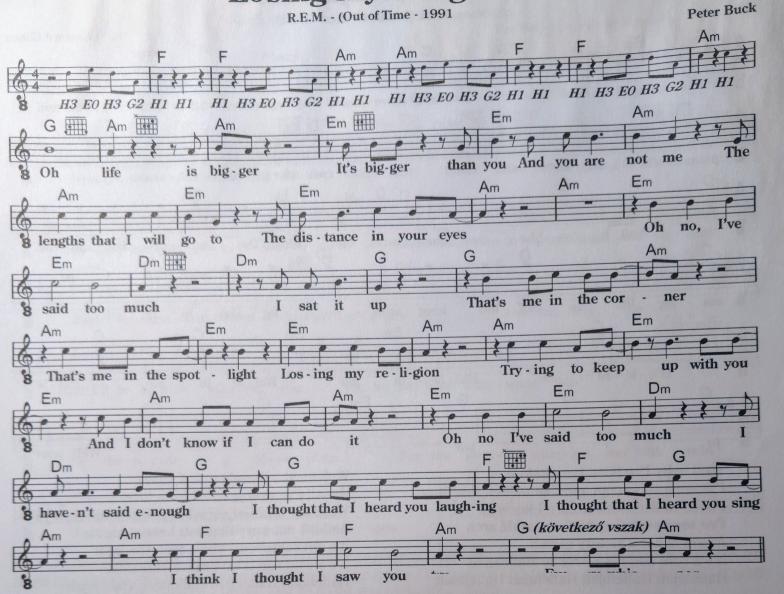
Losing My Religion



Every whisper Of every waking hour I'm Choosing my confessions
Trying to keep an eye on you
Like a hurt lost and blinded fool
Oh no I've said too much I set it up

Consider this The hint of the century
Consider this The slip that brought me
To my knees failed What if all these fantasies
Come flailing around Now I've said too much
I thought that I heard you laughing
I thought that I heard you sing
I think I thought I saw you try

