The Cure, Other Voices

Whisper your name in an empty room
You brush past my skin
As soft as fur
Taking hold
I taste your scent
Distant noises
Other voices
Pounding in my broken head
Commit the sin
Commit yourself
And all the other voices said
Change your mind
You're always wrong

Come around at Christmas I really have to see you Smile at me slyly Another festive compromise But I live with desertion And eight million people Distant noises Other voices Pulsing in my swinging arms Caress the sound So many dead And all the other voices said Change your mind You're always wrong