

# 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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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

