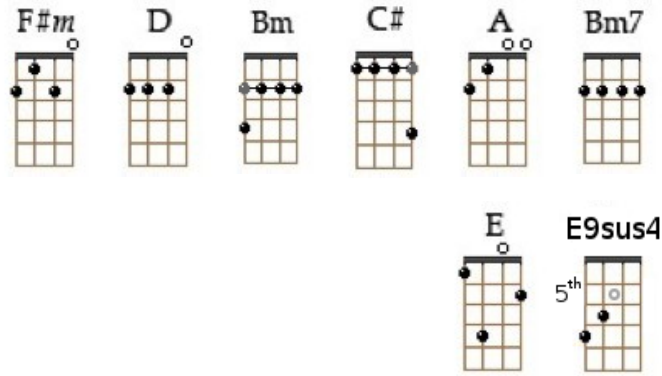


## Depeche Mode

### Blasphemous Rumors



**F#m**

**D**

Girl of sixteen whole life ahead of her,  
Slashed her wrists, bored with life.

Didn't succeed, thank the Lord,

**Bm C# F#m**

for small mercies.

**F#m**

**D**

Fighting back the tears, mother reads the note again,  
Sixteen candles burn in her mind.

She takes the blame, it's always the same,

**Bm**

**F#m**

she goes down on her knees and prays.

**D**

**A**

I don't want to start any blasphemous rumours, but I

**Bm7**

**D**

think that God's got a sick sense of humour, and

**E**

**E9sus4**

**D**

**Bm7**

when I die, I expect to find Him laughing.

**D**

**F#m**

**D**

Girl of eighteen, fell in love with everything,  
Found new life in Jesus Christ.

Hit by a car, ended up

**Bm C# F#m**

On a life support machine.

**F#m**

**D**

Summer's day, as she passed away,  
Birds were singing in the summer sky.

Then came the rain, and once again,

**Bm C# F#m**

a tear fell from her mother's eye.