

Wildhearts "Everlone"

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life has teeth, and bites the feeding open hand
you wanna be in a band?
I got to feeling, I got too much, too soon, too fucked up
I don't know
I got to get to the show
well... what have I got to do?
what have I got to do to get through to you?
well... what have I got to do?
what have I got to do to get next to you?
like a telephone call would do, fuck it

CHORUS:

everlone, everlone
a thousand fake heroes appear at the throne (of)
everlone, into the great unknown
leaving it all to fade for a while
'til the fire in my eyes passes by
when ideas run out, any fool can make a fist
I got the will to resist
I got the power of one, the fear of none, the arms to
judge a man
I bet you don't understand
well... what have I got to do?
what have I got to do to get through to you?
well... what have I got to do?
what have I got to do to get next to you?

like a telephone call would do, fuck it

CHORUS

passes by - like a train, like the strangers all around
passes by - like a pain, like the only friend I've found
but if you mix self-confidence with some common
sense
maybe then you'll realise you touch me never, never,
ever...
(... ever (x7))

CHORUS

