

## The 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

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