

Perpetual Groove

"All This Everything"

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Withered and worn
We try to find the way
The storms sold out by the looming skies of grey

I met the man
And all he had to say
Could you just listen
And would you just please stay

He started singin' a song
About a song that we wrote just the other day

If again we'd ever meet
I'd wondered what we'd say
OK if in fact we'd speak anyway
I've been carved too many times
I really could not say
I just remember that man
And what he had to say

He started singin' a song
About a song that he wrote just the other day

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