

The Verve Pipe

"Reverend Girl"

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we are for today
we are for the moment

we are a crusade
but we are invalid

1 am rummaging
stained my hands on her antique
2 am

reverend girl

i am so indifferent
i am whatever

3 am cellophane
suffocates my favorite things
4 am

the reverend girl
seems that the more we're achieving,
the less chance of leaving this world
with a reverend girl

another lover wakes me
head upon a window pane
before the thunder shook us
she could always smell the rain

a year is dissipating
another hail cannot disdain
never mind the thunder
now my lover smells like
now my lover smells like
now my lover smells like rain

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