

The Wild

"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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