

## **The Devoted Few "Anymore|Anyhow"**

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I found my way home after getting lost in Camden  
Town  
And I was on my own, sick of making eyes at everyone  
Past the old burnt out brewery, this is where my  
morning starts  
My blood shot eyes in the sun rise, a requiem to the  
night before

and I'm not writing songs about you anymore

everyone in this hopeless town walks around with their  
collars pulled tight  
to keep the cold out, babe I know you'll be around  
I wont wake till the evening light

and I'm not writing songs about you anymore  
and even if she comes sweet lipped, and even if she  
comes at all  
I wont wait no week now, anymore, anyhow

No we're not writing songs about you anymore

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