

The Everthere

Elbow

All my saints have taken bribes
Singing, "Going, going, gone."
All the angels taken dives
Leaving you the only one

If I loose a sequin here and there
More salt than pepper in my hair
Can I rely on you when all the songs are through
To be for me the everthere, everthere?

Slide into another book
Now and then laugh out loud
Throw that very dirty look
Which says, "Okay, stop staring at me now."

If I loose the sequence here and there
Less derring do than quiet care
Can I rely on you for a good talking to
To be for me the everthere, everthere?

If I loose a sequin here and there
And take my time on every stair
Can I rely on you when this whole thing is through
To be for me the everthere, everthere?