

# The Rest Is History

Graham Parker

The way your fingers trace a pattern down my spine  
The way your eyes dissolve and lock up tight with mine  
The sweetness of your skin takes my love and pulls me in  
All the memories that begin and end with you then fly back once  
again  
And the rest is not a mystery all things being equal  
The best plot is a love story and here comes the sequel  
And the rest is history...um hum

The sound your breathing makes when you are satisfied  
The shape your body takes when you are by my side  
The angle of the light strokes us in the afternoon  
The way I hold on tight as if my life depended upon you  
And in my way I try to be someone with affection  
The future's not a certainty it's only a direction  
And the rest is history...um hum...baby baby baby baby  
um hum...baby baby baby baby

The way your fingers trace a pattern down my spine  
The way your eyes dissolve and lock up tight with mine  
The angle of the light stokes us in the afternoon  
The way I hold on tight as if my life depended upon you  
And the rest is not a mystery all things are equal  
The best plot is a love story and here comes the sequel  
And in my way I try to be something of an equal  
The future's not a certainty but here comes the sequel  
And the rest is history ah yeah  
And the rest is history um hum  
And the rest is history  
Um yeah baby baby baby baby  
Um...baby baby baby baby