

# Everlone

The Wildhearts

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

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

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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...

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