

History

The Verve

I wander lonely streets
Behind where the old Thames does flow
And in every face I meet
Reminds me of what I have run from

In every man, in every hand
In every kiss, you understand
That living is for other men
I hope you two will understand

I've got to tell you my tale
Of how I loved and how I failed
I hope you understand

I've got to tell you my tale
Of how I loved and how I failed
I hope you understand
These feelings should not be in the man

In every child, in every eye
In every sky, above my head
I hope that I know
So come with me in bed
Because it's you and me, we're history
There ain't nothing left to say
When I will get you alone

Maybe we could find a room
Where we could see what we should do
Maybe you know it's true
Living with me is like keeping a foolepeat) this life is mine
The bed ain't made but it's filled full of hope
I've got a skin full of dope