

Elbow, The Everthere

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
That says
OK
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