

Andy Partridge, Everything

Everything, everything, everything
We ever thought or said
Went in a box labeled "Us" on a shelf
In the back of your head

Everything, everything, everything
We ever shared or did
Stored in a jar which I swear had "True Love";
Pencilled in on the lid

Now you're saying, now you're saying, now you're saying
That you just don't love me anymore
Has there been a thief in your storehouse
Stealing away our memories?

Everything

Everything, everything, everything
We ever dreamt or planned
You tell me just blew away like
Confetti from some opened hand

Everything, everything, everything
You say you felt for me
Is it all dust and denial
As lifeless as some lunar sea?

Now you're saying, now you're saying, now you're saying
That you just don't love me anymore
Has there been a thief in your storehouse
Stealing away all our memories?

And did he light your lights
And make your bells ring?
And did you let him in
To steal away what we had together?

Just everything

Now you're saying...

Everything