

Everything But The Girl, When All's Well

We are not true
We are not pure
We are not right

O but still I'll steal to you at night
Too selfish by half
Too ugly by far
But when your songs have been sung, come to me
Rumours are rife
And winter blows cold
Reminds me of such wretched times
And yet all the same
I will never deign
To think ill of you
When all's well
My love is like cathedral bells

Amongst all the dross
The lies and the grief
There are so many things you just wouldn't believe
But amongst all the dross
The lies and the grief
When all's well
My love is like cathedral bells