

The Verve, History

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

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

I've gotta 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's like keeping a fool

In every man, in every hand
In every kiss, you understand
That living is for other men
I hope you know that I am me, so come on
I'm thinking about history
And I'm living for history
And I think you know about me
Cause I am

And one and one is two
But three is company
When you're thinking about the things you do
And you're thinking about the things you do

I wanna tell you my tale
How I failed in love and jumped out on my bail
Do you understand?
There's more in a smile than in a hand

In every sky, in every kiss
There's one thing that you might have missed
And why am I going to
A place that now belongs to you
But you were weak, and so am I
Let's make it up, let's even try
To live today, so why not smile
Don't dream away your life
Cause it is mine, it is mine
Is that a crime?
Is that a crime?
This life is mine

But the bed ain't made
It's filled full of hope
I've got a skin full of dope
Oh the bed ain't made

But it's filled full of hope
I've got a skin full of dope