

# 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