

# The Verve Pipe, Myself

You never seen nobody as divine as  
She can see reflections  
In her own eyes  
An admission of desire  
On a handsome afternoon  
Is an ovation to her ego  
In her everyone is everything and  
Everything is mine

Ms. Marceau  
You don't need another  
You'll always be your own hero  
Myself Ms. Marceau  
You don't need another  
You'll always be your own hero

As if we're speaking in  
Another language  
Every word means I, me  
Mine, every hello every good  
no escape to the life of the average  
it's an ovation to my ego  
In her everyone is everything and  
Everything is mine

We're very fortunate to have her here  
Accounts are empty and my friends  
Deserted long ago, but  
She says that I'm okay, so I'm okay