

The Verve Pipe, Reverend Girl

We are for today
We are for the moment

We are a crusade
But we are invalid

I am rummaging
Stained my hands on her antique
2 AM

Reverend girl

I am so indifferent
I am whatever

3 AM cellophane
Suffocates my favorite things
4 AM

The reverend girl
Seems that the more we're achieving
The less chance of leaving this world
With a reverend girl

Another lover wakes me
Head upon a window pane
Before the thunder shook us
She could always smell the rain

A year is dissipating
Another hail cannot disdain
Never mind the thunder
Now my lover smells like
Now my lover smells like
Now my lover smells like rain