

# Elbow, The Everthere

All my saints have taken bribes  
Singing going going gone  
All the angels taken dives  
Leaving you the only one

If I loose a sequin here and there  
More salt than pepper in my hair  
Can I rely on you  
When all the songs are through  
To be for me the everthere, everthere

Slide into another book  
Now and then laugh out loud  
Throw that very dirty look  
That says  
OK  
Stop staring at me now

If I loose the sequence here and there  
Less derring do than quiet care  
Can I rely on you  
For a good talking to  
To be for me the everthere, everthere

If I loose a sequin here and there  
And take my time on every stair  
Can I rely on you  
When this whole thing is through