

Wildhearts, Everlone

Life has teeth and bites the feeding open hand
You wanna be in a band?
I got the feeling, I got too much, too soon, too fucked up I don't know
I got to get to the show

Well, what have I got to do?
What have I got to do to get through to you?
Well, what have I got to do?
What have I got to do to get next to you?

Like a telephone call would do'
Fuck it!

Everlone, everlone
A thousand fake heroes appear at the throne, of
Everlone, into the great unknown
Leaving it all to fade for a while
'Til the fire in my eyes passes by

When ideas run out, any fool can make a fist
I got the will to resist
I got the power of one, the fear of none, the arms to judge a man
I bet you don't understand

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Passes by, like a train
Like the strangers all around
Passes by, like the pain
Like the only friend I've found

But if you mix self confidence
With some common sense
Maybe then you'll realise you touch me
Never, never, ever