

Wonder Stuff, Here Comes Everyone (3:49)

There is no us, there is only I,
dropped like a tear from my mother's eye.
Mother do you know your son at all?
Looking for the things he'll never ind,
talks too much about suicide,
who can tell what's on his mind?
Here comes everyone.
Live fast, die young,
leave a good looking corpse,
I'm only joking of course.
I'm gonna ride out of here on a big white horse,
like some poetic whore.
Here comes everyone.
Could you love him?
Would he love you?
Here comes everyone.