

# When All's Well

## Everything But the Girl

We are not true  
We are not pure  
We are not right O but still I'll steal to you at night  
Too selfish by half  
Too ugly by far  
But when your songs have been sung, come to me  
Rumors are rife  
And winter blows cold  
Reminds me of such wretched times  
And yet all the same  
I will never deign  
To think ill of you  
When all's well  
My love is like cathedral bells Amongst all the dross  
The lies and the grief  
There are so many things you just wouldn't believe  
But amongst all the dross  
The lies and the grief  
When all's well  
My love is like cathedral bells

Songwriters

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