

# Reverend Girl

## The Verve Pipe

We are for today  
We are for the moment

We are a crusade  
But we are invalid

1 A.M. rummaging  
Stained my hands on her antique  
2 A.M.

Reverend girl

And I am so indifferent  
And I am whatever

3 A.M. cellophane  
suffocates my favorite things  
4 A.M.

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 the window pane  
Before the thunder shook us  
She could always smell the rain

A year is dissipating  
Another hail cannot disdain  
Nevermind the thunder  
Now my lover smells like  
Now my lover smells like  
Now my lover smells like rain

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