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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written by Vander Ark, Brian / Vander Ark, Brad / Dunning, A.J. / Corella, Doug / Brown, Donny
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