

The Man Who Told Everything (Summer Version)

Doves

Get out of bed, pick up the phone, time to tell the press
Say to myself, I can't do no one else, there's a whole world outside
I'm gonna tell it all, I'm gonna sell it all, I'm gonna sell
Get out of bed, come out and sing, blue skies ahead, the man who told
everything
And I feel, like I'm losing my head, I didn't mean to stay
Lives have been wrecked and I've picked up my cheque, catch a plane out of here
I'm gonna get out of here, I'm gonna get out of here, I'm gonna sell

Songwriters

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