

The Verve Pipe, Myself

You never seen nobody as divine as
She can see reflections
In her own eyes
An admission of desire
On a handsome afternoon
Is an ovation to her ego
In her everyone is everything and
Everything is mine

Ms. Marceau
You don't need another
You'll always be your own hero
Myself Ms. Marceau
You don't need another
You'll always be your own hero

As if we're speaking in
Another language
Every word means I, me
Mine, every hello every good
no escape to the life of the average
it's an ovation to my ego
In her everyone is everything and
Everything is mine

We're very fortunate to have her here
Accounts are empty and my friends
Deserted long ago, but
She says that I'm okay, so I'm okay