

Lovers

Ben Lee

To all the lovers you remember
To all the lovers that you don't
To all the lovers that told you
They were taking you home

To all the lovers who kissed you
To all the lovers that you touched
To all the lovers that were gentle
To those that were rough

There goes Charlotte with a boombox
There goes Steven with his cane
To all the lovers that left you
Just a little bit changed

There goes Lisa with her motorcycle
There goes Ian with his gun
To all the lovers that were in loves
For a whole lot of fun

To all the lovers who would doubt you
To all the lovers that believed
This is a song for all the lovers
That brought you to me

There goes Angie she's a sculptor
There goes Edward he's from France
To all the lovers that would spin you
When you wanted to dance

To all the lovers that you hate now
And to the ones who became friends
This is a song for all the lovers
Who taught you things end

To all the lovers that you mentioned
And the secret ones you keep
This is a song for all the lovers
That brought you to me

This is a song for all the lovers
That brought you to me