

The Rest Is History

Graham Parker

The way your fingers trace a pattern down my spine
The way your eyes dissolve and lock up tight with mine
The sweetness of your skin takes my love and pulls me in
All the memories that begin and end with you then fly back once
again
And the rest is not a mystery all things being equal
The best plot is a love story and here comes the sequel
And the rest is history...um hum

The sound your breathing makes when you are satisfied
The shape your body takes when you are by my side
The angle of the light strokes us in the afternoon
The way I hold on tight as if my life depended upon you
And in my way I try to be someone with affection
The future's not a certainty it's only a direction
And the rest is history...um hum...baby baby baby baby
um hum...baby baby baby baby

The way your fingers trace a pattern down my spine
The way your eyes dissolve and lock up tight with mine
The angle of the light stokes us in the afternoon
The way I hold on tight as if my life depended upon you
And the rest is not a mystery all things are equal
The best plot is a love story and here comes the sequel
And in my way I try to be something of an equal
The future's not a certainty but here comes the sequel
And the rest is history ah yeah
And the rest is history um hum
And the rest is history
Um yeah baby baby baby baby
Um...baby baby baby baby