

Finest Hour

The Courteeners

If I gave you my finest hour
Would you stick around?
Cause I'm sick of giving my favourite rhymes
To the girls who just leave town
One got married and one had kids,
One out-priced me in West Dids
And when I see her I try and make amends
She put her foot down in her fella's Benz

You know that I can't compete with that
I can't compete with that
Its a fact

One did one to Echo Park
With an old penpal whose now an oligarch
She sent my boxes one by one
I'll Fed-Ex his Xmas at once

And as I unpacked the Eric shirt
And The National prints from the last concert
I thought I'll probably never see that girl again

You know that I can't compete with that
I can't compete with that
Its a fact

You know that I can't compete with that
I can't compete with that
Its a fact