

Over And Done With

The Proclaimers

This is the story of our first teacher
Shetland made her jumpers
And the devil made her features
Threw up her hands when my mum said our names
Embroidered all her stories with slanderous claims
it's over and done with

This is the story of losing my virginity
I held my breath and the fey held a trinity
People I'm making no claims to no mystery
But sometimes it feel like
My sex lifes all history
I'm not saying these events didn't
Touch our lives in any way
But, ah, they didn't make the impression
That some people say

This is the story of watching a man dying
The subjects unpopular
But I don't feel like lying
When I think of it now I acted like a sinner
I just washed my hands
Then I went for my dinner.