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.