

I Started Something I Couldn't Finish

The Smiths

The lanes were silent
There was nothing, no one, nothing around for miles
I doused our friendly venture
With a hard-faced
Three-word gesture

I started something
I forced you to a zone
And you were clearly
Never meant to go
Hair brushed and parted
Typical me, typical me
Typical me
I started something
...And now I'm not too sure

I grabbed you by the gilded beams
Uh, that's what tradition means
And I doused another venture
With a gesture
That was... absolutely vile

I started something
I forced you to a zone
And you were clearly
Never meant to go
Hair brushed and parted
Typical me, typical me
Typical me
I started something
...And now I'm not too sure

I grabbed you by the gilded beams
Uh, that's what tradition means
And now eighteen months' hard labour
Seems ... fair enough

I started something
And I forced you to a zone
And you were clearly
Never meant to go
Hair brushed and parted
Typical me, typical me
Typical me
I started something
And now I'm not too sure

I started something
I started something
Typical me, typical me
Typical me, typical me
Typical me, typical me
Typical me
I started something
And now I'm not too sure

Tištěno z www.typ.cz
OK Stephen? ...Do that again?

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