

## **Smiths, The**

### **"Accept Yourself"**

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Every day you must say  
So, how do I feel about my life ?  
Anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes  
When will you accept yourself ?  
I am sick and I am dull  
And I am plain  
How dearly I'd love to get carried away  
Oh, but dreams have a knack of just not coming true  
And time is against me now...oh  
Oh, who and what to blame ?  
Oh, anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes  
When will you accept yourself, for heaven's sake ?  
Anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes  
Every day you must say  
Oh, how do I feel about the past ?  
Others conquered love - but I ran  
I sat in my room and I drew up a plan  
Oh, but plans can fall through (as so often they do)  
And time is against me now...  
And there's no-one left to blame  
Oh, tell me when will you ...  
When will you accept your life ?  
(The one that you hate)  
For anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes  
Every day you must say  
Oh, how do I feel about my shoes ?  
They make me awkward and plain  
How dearly I would love to kick with the fray ...  
But I once had a dream (and it never came true)  
And time is against me now...  
Time is against me now...  
And there's no one but yourself to blame  
Oh, anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes  
Anything is hard to find; for heaven's sake !  
Anything is hard to find  
When you will not open your eyes

When will you accept yourself ?

When ?

When ?

When ?

When ?

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