

Smiths, The

"I Started Something I Couldn't Finish"

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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 guilded 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 guilded 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!

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