

## Smiths

# "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  
OK Stephen ? ...Do that again ?

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