

Proclaimers

"The Part That Really Matters"

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Don't get me wrong
Don't mind you shouting
Just think your style excludes
The part that really matters

Just grow tired
Of empty minds
Mouthing English language courses
While they struggle with the A B C of heart

The A B C of heart
The A B C of heart
The A B C of heart

[Incomprehensible]

And I confess that all I've learnt
Has been learnt a million times
With every empty heart
That ever felt a song come home

Felt a song come home
Felt a song come home
Felt a song come home

But I'd be happy
When next, I ask the time
If I find I've wasted none of mine
Listening while you wasted all of yours

You wasted all of yours
Wasted all of yours
Wasted all of yours

You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours

But don't get me wrong
'Cause I don't mind you shouting
I just think your style excludes

The part that really matters

Don't get me wrong

'Cause I don't mind you shouting

I just think your style excludes your heart

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