

## The 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 guided 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 guided beams  
Uh, that's what tradition means  
And now eighteen months' hard labor  
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

Okay, Stephen? Do that again?

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