

## **The Sundays**

### **"My Finest Hour"**

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When the world, it shows me up  
My clothes, they show me up  
I never knew this before  
My finest hour that I've ever known

Was finding a pound on the underground

When my words came stumbling out  
And then I went tumbling out  
I've never believed before  
And the finest hour that I've ever known

Was finding a pound on the underground

And I keep hoping you are the same as me  
And I'll send you letters and come to your house for tea  
We are who we are, what do the others know?  
But poetry is not for me, so show me the way to go  
home

When the words came stumbling out of my mouth  
And then I went tumbling out here, no no no

But I keep hoping you are the same as me  
And I'll send you letters and come to your house for tea  
We are who we are, what do the others know?  
But poetry is not for me, so show me the way to go

Oh, I'm going home  
But I'll keep hoping you are the only one  
Yes, and I'll send you letters, oh, wouldn't it be such  
fun  
Oh, we are who we are, whatever the others say  
But poetry is not for me, and much as I'd like to stay  
Oh, I just want to go home

You're, you're, you're too young  
Should've been, you, you're, you're too young  
It should've been, you too, you're too, you're too young  
It should've been, you, you, you're too young  
You should've been, safer, saner  
Bribed the judge and then sat down

You're, you're, you're too young

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