

I Started Something I Couldn't Finish

The Smiths

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 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 sureOK Stephen, do that again?

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