

My Finest Hour

The Sundays

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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