

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 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 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 sure Okay, Stephen? Do that again?

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