

The Part That Really Matters

The Proclaimers

Don't get me wrong
Don't mind you shouting
Just think your style excludes
The part that really matters Just grow tired
Of empty minds mouthing
English language courses
While they struggle with the a be see of heart And I confess
That all I've learnt
Has been learnt a million times
By every empty heart That ever felt a song come home
But I'd be happy
When next I ask the time
I find I've wasted none of mine
listening while you wasted all of yours.

Songwriters

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