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 B C of heart
The A B C of heart
The A B C of heart
The A B C of heart
[Incomprehensible]And I confess that all I've learnt
Has been learnt a million times
With every empty heart
That ever felt a song come home
Felt a song come home
Felt a song come home
Felt a song come home
But I'd he happy
When next, I ask the time
If I find I've wasted none of mine
Listening while you wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
Wasted all of yours
Wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
You wasted all of yours
But don't get me wrong
'Cause I don't mind you shouting
I just think your style excludes
The part that really matters
Don't get me wrong
'Cause I don't mind you shouting
I just think your style excludes your heart

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