My Finest Hour (Peel Session)

The Sundays

When the world, it shows me up
My clothes, they show me up
I never knew this before
The finest hour that I've ever known
Was finding a pound on the Underground
When my words came stumbling out
Then I went tumbling out
I've never been hit before
The finest hour that I've ever known
Was finding a pound on the UndergroundAnd 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 I went tumbling out (here, no 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 homeBut 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, as much as I'd like to stay
Oh, I just want to go homeYou'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 safe here
Bribed the judge and then sat down
Oh, you're, you're, you're too young

Songwriters
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