

# The Proclaimers, The Part That Really Matters

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 hearts  
the a b c of hearts, the a b c of hearts, the a b c of hearts

we'll stop in the middle just to talk about the part that really matters  
cause I mean for all your style I just don't think your getting (?)  
I just don't think your getting the idea, the idea, the idea

And I confess  
That all I've learnt  
Has been learn a million times  
By every empty heart  
That ever felt a song come home  
felt a song come home, felt a song come home yeah, felt a song come home

But I'd be 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, you wasted all of yours, you wasted all of yours

you wasted all of yours (X4)

But don't get me wrong  
Don't mind you shouting  
Just think your style excludes  
The part that really matters

Don't get me wrong  
Cuz I Don't mind you shouting  
I Just think your style excludes The part