

# The Proclaimers, (Trying To Get To) The Part That

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  
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  
If I find I've wasted none of mine  
listening while you wasted all of yours