

The Smiths, Accept Yourself (BBC)

Everyday you must say:
"So how do I feel about my life?"
Anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes
When will you accept yourself?
I am sick and I am dull and I am plain
How dearly I'd love to get carried away
Oh but dreams have a knack of just not coming true
And time is against me now

Oh who and what to blame
Anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes
When will you accept yourself, for heaven's sake?
Anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes

Everyday you must say
"Oh how do I feel about the past?"
Others conquered love but I ran
I sat in my room and I drew up a plan
Oh but plans can fall through as so often they do
And time is against me now

And there's no one left to blame
Tell me when will you
When will you accept your life?
The one that you hate
For anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes

Everyday you must say:
"Oh how do I feel about my shoes?"
They make me awkward and plain
How dearly I would love to kick with the fray
But I once had a dream and it never came true
And time is against me now
Time is against me now

And there's no one but yourself to blame
Anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes
Anything is hard to find, for heaven's sake?

Anything is hard to find
When you will not open your eyes
When will you accept yourself?
When...?