

# The Smiths, I Started Something I Couldn't Finish

The lanes were silent:  
there was nothing, no one, nothing around for miles  
I doused our friendly venture  
with a hard-faced,  
three-word gesture

I started something, I forced you to a zone and you were clearly  
never meant to go  
Hair brushed and parted  
Typical me, typical me, typical me, I started something  
...and now I'm not too sure

I grabbed you by the guilded beams  
Uh, that's what tradition means!  
And I doused another venture  
with a gesture that was absolutely vile

I started something, I forced you to a zone and you were clearly  
never meant to go  
Hair brushed and parted  
Typical me, typical me, typical me, I started something  
...and now I'm not too sure

I grabbed you by the guilded beams  
Uh, that's what tradition means!  
And now eighteen months' hard labour seems...  
... fair enough

I started something and I forced you to a zone and you were clearly  
Never meant to go  
Hair brushed and parted  
Typical me, typical me, typical me, I started something  
and now I'm not too sure

I started something  
I started something  
Typical me, typical me, typical me, typical me  
typical me, typical me, typical me  
I started something and now I'm not too sure!