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
I started something and now I'm not too sure!