

The Sundays, My Finest Hour

And the world it shows me up
My clothes they show me up
I never knew this before
My finest hour that I've ever known
Was finding a pound on the underground

And my words came stumbling out
Then I went tumbling out
I've never been hit before
And the finest hour that I've ever known
Was finding a pound on the underground

And I'll keep hoping you are the same as me
And I'll send you letters and come to your house for tea
We are who we are, what do the others know?
But poetry is not for me
So show me the way to go home

And the words came stumbling out of my mouth
And then I went tumbling out...

But I'll keep hoping you are the same as me
And I'll send you letters and come to your house for tea
We are who we are what do the others know?
But poetry is not for me so show me the way to go
Oh, I'm going home

But I'll keep hoping you are the only one
Yes and I'll send you letters, wouldn't it be such fun?
We are who we are whatever the others say
But poetry is not for me
And much as I'd like to stay
Oh, I just want to go home

You're, you're, you're too young
Should've been you, you're, you're too young
It should've been you too, you're too, you're too young
It should've been you you you're too young
You should've been safer, saner
Bribed the judge and then sat down
Ooh you're, you're, you're too young