

The Sundays, You're Not The Only One I Know

Where's the harm in voicing a doubt
You'll find me in the lavatory
And where's the harm in talking out loud
When I'm on my own
What's so wrong with reading my stars
When I'll be in the lavatory
And what is so wrong with counting the cars
When I'm all alone

You're not the only one that I know
And I'm too proud to talk to you anyway
You're not the only one that I know
And I'm far too proud to talk to you any day

So I say I'm in love with the world
And what is so wrong with voicing a doubt
When I'm on my own
It's perfectly fine to sleep in a chair
From Monday 'til Saturday
And what is so wrong with talking out loud
When I'm all alone

You're not the only one that I know
And I'm too proud to talk to you anyway
You're, you're not the only one that I know
But I'm far too proud to talk to you any day

So they rode out west to the seaside
And they gladly decided to stay
After two hours wandering outside
Ooh the sea air drove them away, yeah

You're not the only one that I know
And I'm too proud to talk to you anyway
You're not the only one that I know
And I'm far too proud to talk to you any day
You're not the only one
But I'm far too proud you're so
You're young
But I know, I know, I know, I know
I'm far too proud to talk to you any day
But if you do, don't you know
That I don't mind, no, no, no