

# 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