

# My Finest Hour

## The Sundays

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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