

Can't Complain

Bomb the Music Industry!

Wake up, start running for your life.
Fill the tumbler with the coffee
Feed the cat and hit the lights.
The steps are ticking counts a beat ahead of you.
The steps are keeping time.

But I can't complain.
I've got a bed I can crawl into.
I've got a bottle for the pain.
I've got a window shade I can pull right down
When the sky fills up with clouds and it looks like rain.
I can't complain.

Someone will start nipping at your heels.
Panic pumps blood through your knees
But they don't care how you feel.
The little f**kers chewing through the plastic;
They're gonna do you in.

But I can't complain.
I've got a bed I can crawl into.
I've got a bottle for the pain.
I've got a window shade I can pull right down
When the sky fills up with clouds and it looks like rain.
I can't complain.

And I'm sorry the things I touch, I always damage.
And I'm sorry I always act like I can't manage
To stop the f**kers chewing through the fabric.
They're gonna do me in.