

## Your Complex

Ned's Atomic Dustbin

Don't go telling me, it's gone wrong  
Don't go telling me, on the phone  
'Cause the only voice I hear is, my own  
So, don't go telling me, it's gone wrong  
That don't rub with me, I know better

Don't go telling me, it's gone wrong  
And for Christ's sake, oh  
For Christ's sake not on the phone  
'Cause the only voice you'll hear is your own  
So don't go telling me on the phone  
That don't rub with me, I know better

How can we be so scared, so little words  
I know better, I think I know better  
And it's not so complicated, it's not so complicated  
It's not so complicated, is it?

There's a wire of tension, between you and me  
Why can't we disagree to agree?  
That don't rub with me, I know better