

Franz Ferdinand, Mis-Shapes

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits
Raised on a diet of broken biscuits
Oh, we don't look the same as you
We don't do the things you do
But we live around here too
Oh, really

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits
We'd like to go to town but we can't risk it
Oh, 'cause they just want to keep us out
You could end up with a smack in the mouth
Just for standing out
Oh, really

Brothers, sisters, can't you see?
The future's owned by you and me
There won't be fighting in the street
They think they've got us beat
But revenge is going to be so sweet

We're making a move, we're making it now
We're coming out of the side-lines
Just put your hands up, it's a raid, yeah
We want your homes, we want your lives
We want the things you won't allow us
We want use guns, we want use bombs
We'll use the one thing we've got more of, that's our minds

Check your lucky numbers
That much money could drag you under, oh
What's the point of being rich if you can't think what to do with it?
'Cause you're so very thick

Oh, we weren't supposed to be
We learnt too much at school now we can't help but see
That the future that you've got mapped out
Is nothing much to shout about

We're making a move, we're making it now
We're coming out of the side-lines
Just put your hands up, it's a raid, yeah
We want your homes, we want your lives
We want the things you won't allow us
We want use guns, we want use bombs
We'll use the one thing we've got more of, that's our minds

(break)

Brothers, sisters, can't you see?
The future's owned by you and me
There won't be fighting in the street
They think they've got us beat
But revenge is going to be so sweet

We're making a move, we're making it now
We're coming out of the side-lines
Just put your hands up, it's a raid, yeah
We want your homes, we want your lives
We want the things you won't allow us
We want use guns, we want use bombs
We'll use the one thing we've got more of, that's our minds
And that's our minds, yeah