

# 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

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(break)

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And that's our minds, yeah