

Jarvis Cocker, Further Complications

In the beginning there was nothing
To be honest, that suited me just fine
I was three weeks late coming out of the womb
In no great rush to join the rest of mankind
Where there were

Further complications
Further complications in store, yeah

I was not born in wartime
I was not born in pain or poverty
I need an addiction, the needed affliction
To cultivate a personality
I need some

Further complications
Further complications in store, yeah
Your life is just a carrier bag

The enemy without has moved in somewhere else
If your parents didn't screw you up why not do it yourself?
Go fight your battles, go to a disco
You wanna suffer, go to a rock show

Do you follow me? (Follow me)
Then follow me (Follow me)
Yeah follow me (Follow me)
Then follow me
Follow me to

Further complications
That's right
Further complications in store, yeah
Your life is just a carrier bag
Oh they'll fill it and the straps will snap

I used to think that people all chose the lives they led
But so many different choices that you've got to make instead
Don't write a novel - a shopping list is better
It's a complicated boogie and I don't know any better baby

Further complications
Oh!
Further complications in store, yeah
Your life is just a carrier bag
Oh they'll fill it and the straps will snap

Further complications
Further complications
Do you follow me?