

# Soft Cell, Chips On My Shoulder

Chips on my shoulder  
More as I grow older  
Feel I owe a debt  
For the things I don't get  
I only miss out  
(Well I was there before)  
I sit in a corner  
Sit on the floor

Chorus:  
Misery  
Complaints  
Self Pity  
Injustice  
Chips on my shoulder

There's no time for fun time  
It's sit and complain time  
I'll talk about famine  
While cooking the dinner  
Don't you feel guilty  
Don't you feel pity (No)

While my head gets fatter  
And the starving get thinner

Chorus

I should have told her  
I've chips on my shoulder  
I'm making a stand  
While I sit on my arse  
Fish and chip supper  
While those in the gutter  
Can't have a good time  
Fun's just a farse

Misery  
Complaints  
Self Pity  
Injustice  
Chips on my shoulder  
Chips on my shoulder

Now sing it