

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