

# Sparks, Complaints

Nothing in the world is perfect  
Grin and bear it silently or yell into my ear  
Complaints, it's my department  
Complaints, it's my department  
Everything you wear's too tight and clashes with the candlelight  
Just give it back, no questions asked

Nothing in the world is perfect  
Grin and bear it silently or yell into my ear  
Complaints, stereophonic  
Complaints, it's ironic  
How they chatter, how they bore us like some avant- gardish chours  
Just give it back, no questions asked

I'll dive off the mezzanine if one more points at crooked seams  
A sign of shoddy workmanship, of Asiatic hands that slipped  
Just give it back, no questions asked

Nothing in the world is perfect  
Grin and bear it silently or yell into my ear  
Complaints, there's to many hours  
Complaints, the bosses cower  
Two weeks free from all complaining, it was due to our complaining  
Take her to Spain, hear her complain

Now she says she is expecting  
That's my fault for not protecting  
Her from all the risks of passion  
She's complining, she's old-fashioned  
Just give it back, no questions asked

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