

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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