

The Pretenders

"Complex Person"

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[Chorus:] I'm a very very complex person I try to improve but you see how I worsen I'll do anything to make you adore me, or deplore me, but never ignore me I got senses that I cannot control My stomach's like a bottomless hole My desires command me like a slave I'm a knave, I can hardly behave [Chorus] I'm a peacenik but I'm going off to war, I couldn't even tell you what I'm really fighting for. It seems right; at least it doesn't seem wrong I'm a mixed-up, fucked-up singer of a song [Chorus] I refuse to keep a gun in my purse Imagine if I was feeling perverse The builders and the workers when they whistle and they shout I'd like to give them something to shout at me about [Chorus] I'm a very very complex person I'm a very very complex person Anyway I got a plan to give it all away I won't need a suitcase on judgment day I'm a very very complex person...

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