

## Sparks

### "Complaints"

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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 too 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

Complaints, it's my department  
Complaints, it's my department

