Complex Person

The Pretenders

[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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