Mis-shapes

Pulp

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits
Raised on a diet of broken biscuits, oh
We don't look the same as you
And we don't do the things you do
But we live around here too, oh really
Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits
We'd like to go to town but we can't risk it, oh
'Cos they just want to keep us out
You could end up with a smack in the mouth
Just for standing out, oh really
Brothers, sisters, can't you see?
The future's owned by you and me
There won't be fighting in the street
They think they've got us beat
But revenge is going to be so sweet
We're making a move, we're making it now
We're coming out of the sidelines
Just put your hands up, it's a raid yeah
We want your homes, we want your lives
We want the things you won't allow us
We won't use guns, we won't use bombs
We'll use the one thing, we've got more of
That's our minds
Check your lucky numbers
That much money could drag you under, oh
What's the point of being rich
If you can't think what to do with it
'Cos you're so bleeding thick

Oh, we weren't supposed to be
We learnt too much at school
Now we can't help but see
That the future that you've got mapped out is
Nothing much to shout about
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That's our minds, yeah
And that's our minds, yeah

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