

# Complaints

## Sparks

Nothing in the world is perfect  
Grin and bear it silently or yell into my ear  
Complaints, its my department  
Complaints, its my department  
Everything you wear is too tight and clashes with the candlelight  
Just give it back, no questions asked  
and nothing in the world is perfect  
Grin and bear it silently or yell into my ear  
complaints, its stereophonic  
Complaints, its ironic  
How they chatter, how they bore us  
Like some avant gardish chorus  
Just give it back, no questions asked  
Well I'll dive off the mezzanine  
If one more points at crooked seam  
A sign of shoddy workmanship  
Of asianic 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 and hear her complain  
and now she says that she's expecting  
And that's my fault for not protecting  
Her from all the risks of passion  
She's complaining, she's old fashioned  
Just give it back, no questions asked  
Complains, complaints  
Complaints, its my department  
Complaints, its my department  
Complaints, its stereophonic  
Complaints, its ironic  
Complaints, there's too many hours  
Complaints, the bosses cower

Songwriters

MAEL, RONALD D

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