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 reallyMis-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 reallyBrothers, 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 sweetWe'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 livesWe 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 mindsCheck 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 thickOh, 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 aboutWe're making a move, we're making it now

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That's our minds, yeah

And that's our minds, yeah

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