

# Complex Person

## 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...

Songwriters

HYNDE, CHRISSIE/SEYMOUR, ADAM Published by

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