They re gonna do you in.

```
Cant Complain
Bomb the Music Industry!
canâít complain
Eh x7999x
El 012200
D#/E x6999x
A 5776xx
F#M: 2442xx
G#/A 4776xx
B: x2444x
G#m: 466444
C#m: x46654
    D#/E A
Eh
Wake up, start running for your life.
                        D#/E
Fill the tumbler with the coffee
                                 C#m G#m
Feed the cat and hit the lights.
                                                C#m G#m
The steps are ticking counts a beat ahead of you.
The steps are keeping time.
   El G#m A
But I can t complain.
          El
                           G#m
I ve got a bed I can crawl into.
I ve got a bottle for the pain.
          C#m
                              В
I ve got a window shade I can pull right down
             G#/A
                                                   F#m
                                                        Α
When the sky fills up with clouds and it looks like rain.
               Eh D\#/E A x2
I can t complain.
      D#/E
Someone will start nipping at your heels.
Panic pumps blood through your knees
                                C#M G#m
But they don t care how you feel.
                                                 C#M G#m
The little fuckers chewing through the plastic;
```

El **G#m A** can t complain. But I ${ t El}$ I ve got a bed I can crawl into. I ve got a bottle for the pain. I ve got a window shade I can pull right down G#/A When the sky fills up with clouds and it looks like rain. Eh **D#/E A** x2 **F#m G#m** I can t complain. G#m A G#m F#m And I m sorry the things I touch, I always damage. В IIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII F#m G#m G#m A G#m And I m sorry I always act like I can t manage E D#/E E D#/E To stop the fuckers chewing through the fabric. They re gonna do me in. E G#m A But I can t complain. G#m I ve got a bed I can crawl into. Α I ve got a bottle for the pain. C#m I ve got a window shade I can pull right down G#/A F#m A E When the sky fills up with clouds and it looks like rain.