

Mis-Shapes

Pulp

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits raised on a diet of broken biscuits, oh
We don't look the same as you
We don't do the things you do, but we live round 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 smash 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 side-lines
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. We're making a move...