

## 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...