

Something To Complain About John Flanagan

A A7 D Ebdim A E7 A E7

A I wish I could stay home A7

And play my banjo every day

But there's always something to complain about E7

Instead I'm back here at the coal face

Trying to sing my blues away

'Cause there's always something to complain about A

When I'm broke I'm only hoping for more work to
earn my pay

'Cause there's always something to complain about E7

When I'm working I'm just wishing

For more time to rest and play

There's always something to complain about A

D I know I could complain D7

Till that last train comes rolling in

But in truth I know I'm happier darlin'

E7 Than I've ever been

A I wish I could stay home A7

And play my banjo every day

But there's always something to complain about

Instrumental

A A7 D Ebdim A E7
A A7 D Ebdim A E7 A
D D7 A B7 E7
A A7 D Ebdim A E7 A

A Some people have real problems A7

They don't get to pick and choose

There's always something to complain about E7

A Some people just love moaning A7

With the first world problem blues

There's always something to complain about

D I know I could whinge and toot D7

Right through the hoot - of that night owl

B7 I know there's nothing wrong

E7 I'm just a dog that loves to howl

A I'm a straight middle-class white man A7

D Able-body, able mind Ebdim

A And yet I'll find something to complain about E7 F#m B7

A I'll find something to complain about

