

Something To Complain About John Flanagan

A A7 D Ebdim A E7 A E7

A A7
I wish I could stay home

D
And play my banjo every day

A E7
But there's always something to complain about

A A7
Instead I'm back here at the coal face

D Ebdim
Trying to sing my blues away

A E7 A
'Cause there's always something to complain about

A A7 D
When I'm broke I'm only hoping for more work to
earn my pay

A E7
'Cause there's always something to complain about

A A7
When I'm working I'm just wishing

D Ebdim
For more time to rest and play

A E7 A
There's always something to complain about

D D7
I know I could complain

A
Till that last train comes rolling in

B7
But in truth I know I'm happier darlin'

E7
Than I've ever been

A A7
I wish I could stay home

D Ebdim
And play my banjo every day

A E7 A
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 A7
Some people have real problems

D
They don't get to pick and choose

A E7
There's always something to complain about

A A7
Some people just love moaning

D Ebdim
With the first world problem blues

A E7 A
There's always something to complain about

D D7
I know I could whinge and toot

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

D Ebdim
Able-body, able mind

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

A E7 A
I'll find something to complain about

