

COMPLAINING

By Ann Martin Bowler

Chorus

Com plai ning, com plai ning, so much com plai ning. Com - plai ning, com plai ning,
 so much com plai ning. Hey, hey, hey! Don't you see, your life is how it's
 meant to be? So hey, hey, hey, what do you say? Let's make to - day a
 splen did day, a splen did day! Geck - o can't sleep, he states sad ly.
 Dung fills the path and it's fi - lth - y! Wood pec ker pecks in - ce ssant - ly, and,
 rain comes down quite end - less - ly.

Verse

Em B⁷
 Gecko can't sleep, he states sadly.
Em B⁷
 Dung fills the path and it's filthy!
Em Em
 Woodpecker pecks incessantly,
Em Em
 And rain comes down quite endlessly.

Chorus

D Am
 Complaining, complaining, so much complaining.
Em B⁷
 Complaining, complaining, so much complaining.
Em Em
 Hey, hey, hey! Don't you see,
Em Em
 Your life is as it's meant to be?
Em Em
 So hey, hey, hey! What do you say?
Em Em
 Let's make today a splendid day, a splendid day!

My head's too big, my feet are too wide.
 My nose's funny, am I cross-eyed?
 I'm way too tall, my tummy's dough,
 I'm a bit too short, will I ever grow?

From dawn to dusk, I've work to do.
 Study, pick up, make a meat stew.
 Clean the bathroom, watch my brother.
 Prep for a test, I'm coming mother!

School's not easy. I can't make the shot.
 We lost the game, oh I'm on the spot.
 My spellin's poor, my daddy's no help.
 My friends are all gone, I'm gonna yelp!

My hair's too short, it's dry and long.
 It's way too curly, oh it's just all wrong.
 I lost my blonde, this style won't do.
 It's tangled and matted, oh what shall I do?