

# Something To Complain About

## John Flanagan

A A7 D Ebdim A E7 A E7

I wish I could stay home

And play my banjo every day

But there's always something to complain about

Instead I'm back here at the coal face

Trying to sing my blues away

'Cause there's always something to complain about

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

'Cause there's always something to complain about

When I'm working I'm just wishing

For more time to rest and play

There's always something to complain about

I know I could complain

Till that last train comes rolling in

But in truth I know I'm happier darlin'

Than I've ever been

I wish I could stay home

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

Some people have real problems

They don't get to pick and choose

There's always something to complain about

Some people just love moaning

With the first world problem blues

There's always something to complain about

I know I could whinge and toot

Right through the hoot - of that night owl

I know there's nothing wrong

I'm just a dog that loves to howl

I'm a straight middle-class white man

Able-body, able mind

And yet I'll find something to complain about

I'll find something to complain about

