

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 A7

Trying to sing my blues away D Ebdim

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

When I'm broke I'm only hoping for more work to D
earn my pay E7

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

When I'm working I'm just wishing A7

For more time to rest and play D Ebdim

There's always something to complain about A E7 A

D D7 I know I could complain

Till that last train comes rolling in A

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

E7 Than I've ever been

A I wish I could stay home A7

And play my banjo every day D Ebdim

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

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 D

There's always something to complain about A E7

Some people just love moaning A7

With the first world problem blues D Ebdim

There's always something to complain about A E7 A

D D7 I know I could whinge and toot

Right through the hoot - of that night owl A7

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 E7 A

