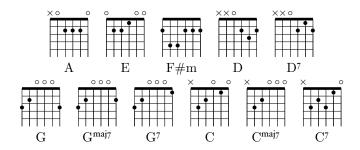
Different Class

Songbook

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Mis-Shapes



Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits.

F#m Raised on a diet of broken biscuits, oh

We don't look the same as you We don't do the things you do,

But we live around here too, oh really.

Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits,

We'd like to go to town but we can't risk

it, oh

'Cos they just want to keep us out.

You could end up with a smack in the mouth

D7

Just for standing out, now really.

Brothers, sisters, can't you see?

F#m

The future's owned by you and me.

There won't be fighting in the street.

They think they've got us beat,

But revenge is going to be so sweet.

G^{maj7} We're making a move,

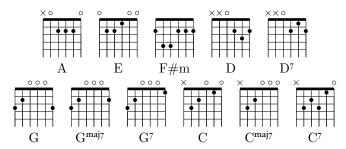
we're making it now.

We're coming out of the sidelines.

Just put your hands up — it's a raid ... C^7 yeah.

We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. Check your lucky numbers, that much money could drag you under, oh. What's the point of being rich if you can't think what to do with it? 'Cause you're so very thick. Oh we weren't supposed to be, we learnt too much at school now we can't help but see. That the future that you've got mapped out is nothing much to shout about. We're making a move, we're making it now, We're coming out of the sidelines. Just put your hands up - it's a raid. We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. Brothers, sisters, can't you see? The future's owned by you and me. There won't be fighting in the street. They think they've got us beat but revenge is going to be so sweet. We're making a move. We're making it now. We're coming out of the sidelines. Just put your hands up - it's a raid. We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. And that's our minds. Yeah.

Pencil Skirt



Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits. F#m Raised on a diet of broken biscuits, oh We don't look the same as you We don't do the things you do, But we live around here too, oh really. Mis-shapes, mistakes, misfits, We'd like to go to town but we can't risk it, oh 'Cos they just want to keep us out. You could end up with a smack in the mouth D7 Just for standing out, now really. Brothers, sisters, can't you see? F#m The future's owned by you and me. There won't be fighting in the street. They think they've got us beat, But revenge is going to be so sweet. GMai7 We're making a move,

we're making it now.

We're coming out of the sidelines. Just put your hands up - it's a raid yeah: We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. Check your lucky numbers, that much money could drag you under, oh. What's the point of being rich if you can't think what to do with it? 'Cause you're so very thick. Oh we weren't supposed to be, we learnt too much at school now we can't help but see. That the future that you've got mapped out is nothing much to shout about. We're making a move, we're making it now, We're coming out of the sidelines. Just put your hands up - it's a raid. We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. Brothers, sisters, can't you see? The future's owned by you and me. There won't be fighting in the street. They think they've got us beat but revenge is going to be so sweet. We're making a move. We're making it now. We're coming out of the sidelines. Just put your hands up - it's a raid. We want your homes, we want your lives, we want the things you won't allow us. We won't use guns, we won't use bombs We'll use the one thing we've got more of - that's our minds. And that's our minds. Yeah.