

X**"What's Wrong With Me?"**

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Downtown Germany
Yeah, people there fucked with me
Downtown Hollywood
I'd shoot 'em down if I could

What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
It ain't none of your god-damned business

You know, downtown Birmingham?
Yeah, we still get the upper hand
Downtown Paris, France
They only give us half a chance

What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
It ain't none of your god-damned business

Downtown NYC
Funny how dem people be
Downtown Baltimore
Is crowded with pimps and whores

What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
It ain't none of your god-damned business

Downtown Nashville
Poor man's poppin' pills
Downtown reimenes
We're put of gas by the sea

What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
What's wrong with me?
It ain't none of your god-damned business

{What's that on your shoulder?
What?

That on your shoulder?
That's my head
Uh, is that the root of all your problems?
No
Then what is your problem?
What?
Well, I wouldn't say I've got
What you call a chip on my shoulder
No
There's just some people that I can't get along with
No
I mean I've tried and then I've really tried
Yeah
And it never seems to work out, honey
Well, what are we going to say to these people?
There's a big, ugly city out there
You wanna see it?
Yeah, I wanna see it
Well then look through my eyes and you can see it}

What's wrong with me?
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