

Sex Pistols, The "Problems"

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Too many problems,
Oh why I am here?
I need to be me 'cos,
You're all too clear!
And I can see,
There's something wrong with you!
But what do you expect me to do?
At least I gotta know what I wanna be,
Don't come to me if you need pity!
Are you lonely?
You got no one!
You get your body in sus-pen-sion,

That's a Problem,
Problem,
Problem.
The problem is you!

Eat your heart out,
on a plastic tray,
You don't do what you want,
And tou'll fade away
You won't find me,
Working nine to five
It's too much fun,
A being alive!
I'm using my feet for,
My human machine.
You won't find me living for the screen!
Are you lonely,
all needs catered.
You've got your brains dehydrated!

Problem,
Problem,
Problem.
The problem is you!
Oh whatcha gonna do?!
Problem!

(Quirky-like)Problem.

(Guitar Break)

Problem,
Problem,
Problem.
The problem is you!
Oh whatcha gonna do?!
Where's your Problem?!
The problem is you!
Problem!

I'm a death grip(?)
But I ain't automatic.
You won't find me,
Just staying static.
Don't you give me any orders.
For people like me,
There is no order!
Bet you thought you had it all worked out?!
Bet you thought you knew what I was about?!
Bet you thought you solved all your problems?!
But you are the prob-lem!

Problem,
Problem,
Problem.
The problem is you!
Oh watcha gonna do?!
With your problem!
I'll leave it to you!
A Problem!
The problem is you!
You've got a problem!
Oh watcha gonna do!

They know a doctor,
Gonna take you away!
They'll take you away an',
They'll throw away the key.
They don't want you,
And they don't want me.
You've got a problem,
The problem is you!
Problem!
Oh watcha you gonna do?!
Problem!
Oh you've got a problem!
A Problem!
Oh you've got a problem!
A Problem!

Problem (X14+)

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