

## Downhere "The Problem"

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There's got to be some reason for all this misery  
A secret evil corporation somewhere overseas  
They're pulling strings, arranging things  
It's a conspiracy

Or what about the ones who shape the course of history  
What if we petitioned for one grand apology?  
I'll write to my prime minister  
You, write your president

Everybody's wondering how the world could get this  
way  
If God is good, and how it could be filled with so much  
pain  
It's not the age-old mystery we made it out to be  
Yeah, there's a problem with the world  
And the problem with the world is me

Some will say the devil and his legions  
They put us in a headlock of submission  
But they lost all power over me  
A long, long time ago

And since I was a kid you know I've caused a lot of hurt  
And no one ever taught me how to put myself first  
It came so very naturally  
But I'm not a prodigy

So I will look no further than a mirror  
That's where the offender hides  
So great is my need for a redeemer  
That I cannot trust myself  
No, I cannot trust my self  
I dare not trust myself  
So I trust in someone else

The sooner you can sing along  
The sooner you can sing this song  
The happier we'll be  
The problem with the world is me

