

## **Fake Problems**

### **"Heat On The Feet"**

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Stick to what you know baby,  
it's not the end of the world just yet.  
When opportunity screams your name,  
you have only yourself to blame.

It's every man for himself tonight,  
we're growin' out of these old clothes.  
The other coast, it calls my name,  
but I just want to stay at home.

You're dressed in white standing by the altar,  
I'm at some junkies home on South State St.  
sleepin' on the floor. And that phone keeps a-ringin',  
door bell's a-buzzin' alright. But loud noises like

sirens don't really wake me up no more.

It's every man for himself tonight,  
we're growing out of these old clothes.  
The alarm clock radio plays my song,  
but I just want to stay asleep.

It goes around in a circle, it'll come back again.  
The more I can learn the more I'm sure we can win,  
you've gotta take some chances to progress in life.  
It's me on my own, I hunt for myself tonight

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