

Guillemots

"I've Got a Problem /Turn the Candles"

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You're coming in my face

I've got a problem, I've got a problem
I've got a problem and the problem is you

Little fishy getting in the jiggy in the middle
He put it in my head and then he put it in the middle
He give it to me big and then he give it to me small
He comin' through the window, he comin' through the
door

He lookin' like a devil but he say his name is Jesus
He lookin' like a devil but he only want to please us

I got it in my head, he got it in his feet
We put it all together and eat the red meat
Nothin' is away
Nothin' in the way

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I'm coming home

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I've got a home

They look like friends but they taste like foes
They look like friends well they taste like foes
And fed of my, fed of me, fed of me

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I'm coming home

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I'm coming home

It comes once in a lifetime and now it's gone

Turn the candles on

Turn the candles on, I'm coming home
Coming home, coming home

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I'm coming home

Turn the candles on baby, you know I'm being serious
You know I like to joke sometimes but now is not the
joking time
I'm serious

They put a hundred people in a hole each day
A hundred people in a hole each day
I'm not going that a-way
No I'm not going that a-way

If you want to stay,
want to stay and if you want to stay, you want to stay
You better, you better, you better put your hands up for
a sky

Turn the candles on
Turn the candles on, I'm coming home
I'm coming home

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