

Sex Pistols "Problems"

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Too many problems
Oh why am I here
I don't need to be me
'Cos you're all too clear
Well 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 suspension
That's no problem problem
Problem the problem is you

Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
You don't do what you want
Then you'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 your needs catered
You got your brains dehydrated

Problem problem
Problem the problems is you
What you gonna do

Problem problem
Problem the problems is you
What you gonna do with your problem
In a death trip I ain't automatic
You won't find me just staying static
Don't 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'd
Solved all your problems

But you are the problem

Problem problem

Problem the problem is you

What you gonna do with your problem

I'll leave it to you

Problem their problem is you

You got a problem

Oh what you gonna do

They know a doctor

Gonna take you away

They take you away

And throw away the key

They don't want you

And they don't want me

You got a problem

The problem is you

Problem the problem is you

What you gonna do

Problem problem problem

Problem problem problem

Problem problem problem

Problem problem problem

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