

Future Of The Left

"I Am The Least Of Your Problems"

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Woke in a ditch where the b*tches grin to the sound of
the present tense
How many sound-checks can a man ignore before he
turns
Into a shadow of himself?
I've got nothing left but an autograph and the strangest
sense of doubt
I think the name belongs to me
But someone else is living with it

I am the least of your problems
But I don't mind
I am the least of your problems
But I don't mind

Fell on myself with the tender touch and the shame of
the indiscreet
How many hand-jobs can a man enjoy till he forms into
a puddle at his feet?
I got things to say in a plastic voice that I learned on the
way to hell
Again the point of missing you
No one else will do it for me

I am the least of your problems
But I don't mind
I am the least of your problems
But I don't mind

Draw it out as long as you can bear it
Fight it out
Fight it out
Fight it out the misery is glorious

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