

## Not A Problem

Black Lips

I woke up in the morning just the other day  
Found my dog beneath the Chevrolet.  
I knew things were going wrong,  
Got back home and my home is gone.  
So I grabbed my gun and walked down the street,  
I'm trying to find some enemies to meet.  
And now I'm looking, yes I mean I'm searching  
For a place with my guns in hand but

they can't tell me  
what I can and cannot do  
and I won't hold a  
cold dead hand  
they're laying on the ground  
while I smile from on top  
and see their laugh turn into a snarl.... Let me tell you what

(It's a problem)  
No, it's not a problem to me!