

## Problem is

Dub Pistols

The problem is  
The problem is  
The future is not what it was

The problem is  
The problem is  
You kill my cat, I'll kill your dog

I'm spitting blood  
I'm counting sheep  
I'm dressed for dinner  
I want to eat  
I want the placemat  
Placed out neat  
I want the waiter to kiss my feet

I don't care which way the wind is blowing  
I have no idea which way I'm going  
I'm getting down on the up and down  
I'm getting down on the up and down

The problem is  
The problem is  
Some people wise  
Some otherwise

The problem is  
The problem is  
I say I'm fine  
But I'm really going blind

I don't care which way the wind is blowing  
I have no idea which way I'm going  
I'm getting tired of the up high low [???)  
I'm getting tired of the up high low [???)

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