

I Am The Least Of Your Problems

Future of the Left

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