

## Question

Goldfinger

You got some question about your life  
You don't know how you'll ever make it through  
It hurts so bad but it's all you got  
You're asking me for help  
but all I got to say now is that  
You don't know what pain is  
You haven't suffered one iota  
so just stop your whining  
you don't know what pain is

Stop complaining point your finger  
I'll tell you who to blame

So pack your bags  
we're going out  
I want to show you  
just what's in this world  
Cause in the end its all you got  
memories to tell about your life  
and how you lived it

So live it good  
I know it's all that you've given

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You haven't suffered one iota  
so just stop your whining  
You don't know what pain is  
stop complaining  
point your finger  
I'll tell you who to blame