

Problems

Sex Pistols

1. Too many problems oh why am I here
I don't need to be me cos you're all too clear
And I can see there's something wrong with you
What do you expect me to do
At least I gotta know what I wanna be
Don't come to me if you need pity
Are you lonely you got noone
You got your body in suspension

R: Problem problem problem the problem is you

2. Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
You don't do what you want then you fade away
You won't find me working 9 to 5
Too Much fun being alive
I'm using my feet for my human machine
You won't find me living for the screen
Are you lonely all needs catered
You got your brains dehydrated

R: Problem problem...

D C A (12x)

R: Problem problem...

3. I'm a death trip I ain't automatic
You won't find me just staying static
Don't give me any orders
For people like me there is no order
Bet you thought you had it all worked out
Bet you thought you knew what I was about
Bet you thought you solved all your problems
But you are the problem

R: Problem problem...

D C A (12x)