

# 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)