

# My Little Problem

## The Church

You must have heard about my little problem  
Ah come on, you must have heard about it  
It's no ordinary problem  
Look in my eyes, there can be no doubt about it  
And of course it gets worse at night  
It gets late, things start to change  
Clock is stopped, thermometer is bulging  
Hot late night bound to make us estranged  
Soft dead moon all over your shoulders  
Cold shadow in the glare of the glow  
Factory billboards on outskirts of city  
Shine down new attractions to the traffic below

Remember this day  
Remember this room  
Remember this singer singing  
I'll remember you  
A sudden flash  
A sudden light  
Abandoning the afternoon as it sinks into the night

Fluorescent bedroom flicker starts to teach me to wonder  
I hear a mandolin in the springs  
Out the wardrobe floats the hint of a rumor  
Dressed in your beloved's finest things  
Can you hear the voices that are constantly talking  
Am I only one to succumb to their roar  
Well I know the form it is taking  
It's not making sense anymore  
The way you say you just wanna help me  
The way your clinging is slinging me under  
The strength I need already denied me  
Your big ideas and your little wonder

Some people don't come over because of the problem  
I heard the top guy won't answer his phone  
I wonder if he has the same kind of problem  
A little difficulty of his own  
So take this plastic and rent me some wheels  
Or maybe I'll try to fly  
No reservations, I'll see how it feels  
When I'm over your house up in the sky  
And when the sun is squeezing through the blinds  
You will be far away  
Deep afternoons seeing the moon would have shined  
Deep in your dream I hear you say  
Have you heard about my little problem  
I just know that it isn't a secret  
It's just a very ordinary problem  
The secret doesn't matter if you keep it or leak it