She's Got a Problem

Marianne Faithfull

In the end will it matter that you've gone?
In the end will I go on minding that you've gone?
Will the night always seem so long?
Is it really darkest before dawn?
Will I see whiskey as a Mother in the end?In the end will I smash my brains with drinking?
Till I fall down on the floor
Will I hiccup and jabber
Saying things I never meant?Will I kiss and cry and wake to find
A sordid stranger by my bed?
Will the world shake its sensible head
And say the words that have to be said?
She's got a problemEvery problem has solution in the end
And solutions must be final
For help gets so unhelpful near the endWhen I take my last ride
Down the big dipper slide
Will I care, will it matter
If the world should say?She had a problem
She had a problem
She had a problemIn the end will it matter that you've gone?
In the end will I go on minding that you've gone?
Will the night always seem so long?
Is it really darkest before dawn?
Will I see whiskey as a Mother in the end?

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