

Problems (Electric Circus Manchester 9-Nov-76)

Sex Pistols

Too many problems
Oh why am I here
I need to be me
'Cause you're all too clear
And I can see
There's something wrong with you
But 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 no one
You get your body in suspension
That's no problem, problem
Problem, the problem is you Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
You don't do what you want
Then you'll fade away
You won't find me working
Nine to five
It's 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 your needs catered
You got your brains dehydrated Problem, problem
Problem, the problem is you
What you gonna do Problem
Problem Problem, problem
Problem, the problem is you
What you gonna do with your problem
The problem is you
Problem I ain't equipment, I ain't automatic
You won't find me just staying static
Don't you 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'd solved all your problems
But you are the problem Problem, problem
Problem, the problem is you
What you gonna do with your problem
I'll leave it to you

Problem, the problem is you
You got a problem
What you gonna doThey know a doctor
Gonna take you away
They take you away
And throw away the key
They don't want you
And they don't want me
You got a problem
The problem is you
Problem, what you gonna do
Problem, I'll leave it back,
I have a problem, you got a problemProblem, problem,
Problem, problem, problem

Songwriters

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