You Gotta Problem

[Toni Basil](#)

Pity you
You're telling me
you've got a problem
A nervous sort of contraction
A mindless kind of reaction
You never get no satisfaction

Here's to you
I know you really got a problem
A nasty kind of reaction
A dangerous sort of destruction

That makes it difficult
Makes it hard to reach
Takes it all away
From what you have in mind
Yeah yeah yeah

Here's to you
I know you really got a problem
A dangerous kind of distraction
A mindless sort of reaction
You never get no satisfaction
A nasty sort of contraction
A dangerous kind of destruction

But there's some big fat point
That you seem to be missing
And it's driving you to distraction
But it doesn't seem
To stop you in the least
Or halt this obsession
that's got you going back

Week after week
Day after day
Hour after hour
From where you came
For more of the same

Yeah, yeah

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That you seem to be missing
And it's driving you to distraction
But it doesn't seem
To stop you in the least
Or halt this obsession
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Day after day
Hour after hour
From where you came
For more of the same
Yeah, yeah

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon