

# Problems

## 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 do They 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 problem Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem,  
Problem, problem, problem

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>