

Question

Goldfinger

You got some question about your life
You don't know how you'll ever make it through
It hurts so bad but it's all you got
You're asking me for help
But all I got to say now is that You don't know what pain is
You haven't suffered one iota
So just stop your whining
You don't know what pain is
Stop complaining point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame So pack your bags we're going out
I want to show you just what's in this world
'Cause in the end its all you got
Memories to tell about your life
And how you lived it so live it good
Well I know it's all that you've given You don't know what pain is
You haven't suffered one iota
So just stop your whining
You don't know what pain is
Stop complaining point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame
Blame, blame, blame, blame You got some question about your life
And ya, you don't know how you'll ever make it through
It hurts so bad but it's all you got, yeah
You're asking me for help but all I got to say is fuck you
So live it good, I know it's all that you've given You don't know what pain is
You haven't suffered one iota
So just stop your whining
You don't know what pain is
Stop complaining point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame You don't know what pain is
You haven't suffered one iota
So just fuck your whining
You don't know what pain is
Stop complaining point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame

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