Problems

Sex Pistols

Too many problems, why am I here?
Don't need to be me, 'cos it's all too clear
I have to see, there's something wrong with you
What do you expect me to do?At least I gotta know what I wanna be
Come to me if you need pity
Are you lonely, you got no one?
Got your body in suspensionProblem, problem
Problem, problem is youIn a death trip, 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 orderBet 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 problemProblem, problem
Problem, problem is you
Problem, problem, problemProblem, problem
Problem, problem is you
What you gonna do?
ProblemI 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
Too much fun being aliveUsing my feet for my human machine
You won't find me in the TV screen
Don't you give me any orders
For people like me, there is no orderProblem, problem
Problem, problem is you
Problem, problem, problemIn a death trip, 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 orderBet you thought you had it all worked out
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Problem, problem

Lyrics provided by