

Problems

Sex Pistols

intro: **D C A** x 4

verse

D C A

Too many problems oh why am I here
I don t need to be me cos you re all too clear
And I can see there s something wrong with you
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 noone
You got your body in suspension

chorus

A B C

Problem problem problem The problem is you
D C A (repeat as needed)

second verse

Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
You don t do what you want then you fade away
You won t find me working 9 to 5
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 needs catered
You got your brains dehydrated

chorus

solo: **D C A** x12

chorus

third verse

I m a death trip I ain t automatic
You won t find me just staying static
Don t 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 solved all your problems
But you are the problem

chorus

outro:

D C A x 12 (w/ad-lib)

A

Contribuição: ()