

Not A Problem

Black Lips

I woke up in the morning just the other day
Found my dog beneath the Chevrolet.
I knew things were going wrong,
Got back home and my home is gone.
So I grabbed my gun and walked down the street,
I'm trying to find some enemies to meet.
And now I'm looking, yes I mean I'm searching
For a place with my guns in hand but

they can't tell me
what I can and cannot do
and I won't hold a
cold dead hand
they're laying on the ground
while I smile from on top
and see their laugh turn into a snarl.... Let me tell you what

(It's a problem)
No, it's not a problem to me!