

Problem

Coin

Like we're too hot
Chase!

Light me like a cigarette
And watch me burn away
I'm rivaled by a single thread
My own worst enemy
Now I'm in love with anyone
Anyone in love with me
I bite the hand that drops the bomb
Then blame it all on Joey

Smile on my face
Slithering like a snake
Like Mom would always say
"You can't trust the TV"
Garbage on my plate
Spitting up all my shame
Everything is great
And then you die

My problem's everybody's problem
I think I'm the problem
I've got a problem with that
I got blue ones
Blame it all on you ones
1992 ones
I guess you give what you get
Ah, yeah

Wash it down with cinnamon
And I'll tell you what I think
Mm, I took my vitamins
But I still feel obsolete
I sh-should've been famous
About an hour or two ago
But I die when I get recognized
And cry a little when I don't

Smile on my face
Slithering like a snake
Yeah, Mom would always say
"You can't trust the TV"
Garbage on my plate
Spitting up all my shame
I call it how it breaks
My oh my

Oh, my problem's everybody's problem
I think I'm the problem
I've got a problem with that
I got blue ones
Blame it all on you ones
1992 ones
I guess you give what you get
Ah, yeah

Let me sing it loud
Let me break it down
Let me build it up
Then I'll cut it out

Ah, is this getting easier
Or am I just getting older?
My eyes are just getting sleepier
I'm just getting sober
I feel a little sleazier
I do it for the culture
I'm not a cover for a creature
Baby, I'm a vulture

Woo-ooh, ah-ooh
Woo-ooh, ah-ooh
Woo-ooh, ah-ooh
Woo-ooh, ah-ooh