## **The Problem**

Downhere

There's got to be some reason for all this misery A secret evil corporation somewhere overseas They're pulling strings, arranging things It's a conspiracy

Or what about the ones who shape the course of history What if we petitioned for one grand apology? I'll write to my prime minister You, write your president

Everybody's wondering how the world could get this way If God is good, and how it could be filled with so much pain It's not the age-old mystery we made it out to be Yeah, there's a problem with the world And the problem with the world is me

Some will say the devil and his legions They put us in a headlock of submission But they lost all power over me A long, long time ago

And since I was a kid you know I've caused a lot of hurt And no one ever taught me how to put myself first It came so very naturally But I'm not a prodigy

So I will look no further than a mirror That's where the offender hides So great is my need for a redeemer That I cannot trust myself No, I cannot trust my self I dare not trust myself So I trust in someone else

The sooner you can sing along The sooner you can sing this song The happier we'll be The problem with the world is me