

# My Problem Is You

Jackson Browne

To love and get away before the walls have arisen  
You've got to be free  
But to go on attempting to break into the prison  
You'd have to be me

I wait for the sun to rise over the mountain  
I wait for your touch  
I wait for your angels to carry me home  
But I wait too much

Waiting for you  
I have no problem telling right from wrong  
Fiction from what's true  
No problem telling the dream from the dawn

My problem is you  
Waiting here for you

I wanted to live in the realm of the senses  
You've got to know how  
And for some kinds of pleasure there are no defenses  
I know that now

Our love is a crackling ladder of lightning  
Our love is a fire  
Our love is a wave moving deep in an ocean  
Of need and desire

Waiting for you  
I have no problem with this crooked world  
I play the cards I drew  
No problem with the changes life has hurled

My problem is you  
Waiting here for you

I need your wonder and I need your light  
I need your tender touch to heal the night  
I need you laughing and I need you free  
And I need to lock you away deep inside of me  
Waiting for you

I have no problem telling right from wrong  
The way some people do  
I know exactly where these arms belong  
My problem is you  
Waiting here for you