

The Problem

Lambchop

When the chimp on the tree
Shakes his fist at me
You know I love it
'Cause it means that much to me

And my nuts knows it's not
In a bid to reach the top
There is no other
'Cause it means that much to you

You'll be free to guess
Again, you'll see
And there'll be work
That they tell you to do

But if you don't care a lot
When the world just hits the spot
You'll be out again
By Christmas time next year

Just be sure when you're not
Of the 'I' that doesn't dot
When you're young
Nothings hard to pick that clean
Feel my meaning