

Problems, Problems

Ray Charles

Well, well, problems, problems, problems all day long
Y'all know I got them to the end
Where my problems, where I got right or wrong?
Lord knows I don't know
Because, you see, my baby, she don't like anything I do
Oh, man, you're kidding
Oh, no, no
And my mother seemed to feel the same way, too
What they doing?
Oh, they pressing on me

Tell you where it is, where it is
Pile up, pile up on my head
Oh, yeah, they do
And I want to say, oh, boy, it's me
I should have stayed in bed
I don't know why I got up this morning
It didn't do me no good
Because I can't get to court
Y'all know my, my safe been so good
And you know that's bad news
Oh, and my love life just ain't swinging
I can't show it
Out of class got me worried

That's why I got problems
Yeah, problems, problems
And, girl, it's all on the kind of mind of loving you like I do
Woo, woo, woo, woo
Yeah, you give me problems
I got problems
All right
Problems
Don't you know they won't be solved till I'm sure of you
Oh, no, no, babe
And you can solve my problems with love
That's true
Now, come over here, babe

Sit down
Move it closer
Feel me
Now, don't be ashamed
Touch me
What I'm trying to say is put your hands all over me
Uh-huh
Like that
That's what I mean
Oh
I like
I love
Oh, thank the Lord for the sense of touch
Uh-uh
Wait a minute, babe
Can't take it no more
You see, my blood pressure is running wild
Woo!

I'm gonna be crazy, man
Yeah, yeah