

Problem Child

The Cyrkle

It's a depression and childish regression
That's changing my baby before my eyes
And I see how she's frightened
By thunder and lightning
Afraid of her shadow and me

I think I'm hooked on a problem child
A mere child, a wild child
Now how'd I get hung on a problem child
A mother's child is she

She's so unstable
I've got to be able
To break her away from the scene, she's in
She's attached to her mother
There's room for no other
She acts just as though she were three

She says she adores me
And yet she ignores me
Whenever I try makin' love to her
She insists that it's wrong
And resists all along
But she wants it as badly as me

I think I'm hooked on a problem child
A mere child, a wild child
Now how'd I get hung on a problem child
A mother's child is she

I, think I'm hooked on a problem child
A mere child, a sick child
Now how'd I get hung on a problem child
A mother's child is she

I think I have troubles with a problem child
I don't know what to do, ooh...