

# Problem

The Dreadnoughts

Problem  
Problem

Hey, you're riding out through the day  
You wanna drink on the way  
You wanna stand up and play  
But there's a problem  
You got a hole in the floor  
It's from the second world war  
Frozen up to the core  
There's a

You're drinkin' whiskey for warmth  
At seven o'clock in the morn'  
As Damien leans on the horn  
You got a problem  
Just when you think you're away  
Just when you think it's OK  
You know what he's gonna say

Lai-lai-lai...  
Problem

You head on into the night  
Past the river of lights  
You never pass on the right  
'Cause there's a  
Into the heart of the storm  
To where the devil was born  
The waters rising and warm  
There's a  
This ain't no plug and play  
They live like this every day  
Don't fucking get in the way  
Of the problem  
So get your final release  
Up in the belly of the beast  
Young man, go East

Lai-lai-lai...  
Problem...

Nie mój cyrk. Nie moje małpy  
Nie mój cyrk. Nie moje małpy  
Fajka, Laska, piwo, kapusta  
Say it again, Zajebiście kurwa!  
Go!

Into the morning snow  
At 27 below  
With all the spirits that flow  
In your veins that still know  
History never lies  
Turn your back to the sky  
To the sky  
To the sky

Lai-lai-lai...  
Problem... fuck!