

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, Zajeździe 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!