

Problems III

The Growlers

Babe don't give up yet
When we've come this far
Remember when we met
At the old prospectors

Blindfolded acid trips
Your tiny fingertips
Piano songs off time
With teeth stains from the wine

Problems come in threes
And we beat 'em down
Its nothing when compared
To the hangovers we've shared

But rent's on time
We've got cigs and cheap red wine
Come on and share my table
And pour your heart into mine

Time can be sublime 'til its no fun
But all in all, time's treated us fine
Time can be sublime 'til its no fun
But all in all, time's treated us fine

Ain't no use to ask
Like we're mom and dad
We've done enough of that
Impressions, good and bad

Flattering copycats
Caught digging through our trash
Licking our rusty cans
Life in the frying pan

Problems come in threes
And we beat 'em down
It's nothing when compared
To the hangovers we've shared

But rent's on time
We've got cigs and cheap red wine
Come on and share my table
And pour your heart into mine

Time can be sublime 'til its no fun
But all in all, time's treated us fine
Time can be sublime 'til its no fun
But all in all, time's treated us fine

Lucid trips on joyride ships
We've lost the neon light
A lover's rise to thaw frigid times

Lucid trips on joyride ships
We've lost the neon light
A lover's rise to thaw frigid times