

Proud To Be A Problem

Tom MacDonald

We've all be hooked on something
Coffee, Cocain and Zigarettes
And we've all been ask to sell our souls
For a nicer office and a bigger check

And we've all been at the bottom
At the lights been cut off
Barely paying rent
And we've all been in love with someone
Who said they'd stay but they up and left

And we don't ask for help
We don't cry no tears
We no walking trough hell
It can take some years
But we don't blame no one
Cause it may be our fault
We're maybe all the names that we're been called

And maybe we're losers, maybe we're wrong
Maybe we're bad guys and they knew it all along
Or maybe we're perfect, but probably not
Either way babe I'm just proud to be a problem they can't solve

And we've all been hooked on something
Pills or beer or mobile phones
And we've all done things that we regret
To avoid laying alone
And lord we've had some bad days
Depressed natures so drunk and stoned
And we've all had nights when we go to sleep and don't wanna live no more

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We don't cry no tears
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And we ain't afraid of hard times, hard times pass
There will be dark nights but they don't ever last
We ain't waiting for sunlight
We're pouring our gas
We're proud to be the problems light the match

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