

Problems

Tribe Society

I'm used to being up when the world sleeps
Used to close my eyes but can never dream
I never read the weather cause the world's cold
And I don't want the gold without the rainbow

Cause I got problems
I got problems
Only down cause I like the view
I got problems
I got problems
Well this ain't good to sing the blues

Love is like traffic on an open road
I'm trying to keep going, it's impossible
And if I wake up and wear the same clothes
At least I'll look good at my funeral

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