

Problems

Van Morrison

Problems, problems, problems all day long
Will my problems work out right or wrong?
My baby don't like anything I do
The preacher seems to feel the same way too

Worries, worries, pile up on my head
Woe is me, I should have stayed in bed
Can't drive the car 'cause the brakes don't work that good
My love life just ain't swinging like it should

Problems, problems, problems
They're all on account of me loving you like I do
Problems, problems, problems
They won't be solved until I'm sure of you, you, you

Problems, problems, problems all day long
Will my problems work out right or wrong?
My baby don't like anything I do
The preacher seems to feel the same way too

Worries, worries, pile up on my head
Woe is me, I should have stayed in bed
I can't use the car 'cause the brakes don't work that good
My love life just ain't swinging like it should

Problems, problems, problems
They're all on account of me loving you like I do
Problems, problems, problems
You can solve my problems with a love that's true