

## Issues

## Violent Femmes

Why you coming round?  
Why you coming here?  
You tell me that I'm worthless as I turn to get us a beer  
You're living at the top  
I'm dying underneath  
I don't need anyone at my grave laying their wreath  
So don't insist

You tried to tell me 'bout your issues  
I don't need to know about them anymore  
Your issues  
And why you're standing in my kitchen door  
I don't want to talk about it  
I don't care  
But what's that glistening in your stare?

They say the world is round  
Will you have another beer?  
Killing time all the time isn't what brings you here  
Life is at the top  
Death is underneath  
So I don't want anyone digging up from beneath  
Darling, insist[?]

Do not tell me about your issues  
Oh god you're gonna talk about them more and more  
I'll get some tissues  
Cause soon you'll be crying on my kitchen floor  
I don't need to talk about it I don't care  
But what's this hovering in the air?

How can you be so cruel?  
How am I just a fool?

Cause I'm glad you came around  
So good you stopped by here  
It was really pointless but it proved to bring us more near  
Now you're in the top  
And I am underneath  
What the fuck's going on? I know this will bring us grief  
But I can't resist

You and your issues  
I wish I didn't have to hear them anymore  
But they're your issues  
So now as were lying on my kitchen floor  
Go ahead and talk about it I don't care  
While I'm running my fingers all through your hair