## **Sex Pistols - Problems**

```
Tom: D
                                                               Are you lonely all needs catered
Intro: D C A x 4
                                                               You got your brains dehydrated
verse
                                                               chorus
D
        С
                       Α
Too many problems oh why am I here
                                                                solo: D C A x12
I don't need to be me cos you're all too clear
And I can see there's something wrong with you
                                                               chorus
What do you expect me to do
At least I gotta know what I wanna be
                                                               third verse
Don't come to me if you need pity
                                                               I'm a death trip I ain't automatic
Are you lonely you got noone
                                                               You won't find me just staying static
                                                               Don't give me any orders
You got your body in suspension
                                                               For people like me there is no order
chorus
                                                               Bet you thought you had it all worked out
       В
                                                               Bet you thought you knew what I was about
               С
Α
Problem problem problem The problem is you
                                                               Bet you thought you solved all your problems
D C A (repeat as needed)
                                                               But you are the problem
second verse
                                                               chorus
Eat your heart out on a plastic tray
                                                               outro:
You don't do what you want then you fade away
                                                               D C A x 12 (w/ad-lib)
                                                               Α
```

You don't do what you want then you fade av You won't find me working 9 to 5 Too Much fun being alive I'm using my feet for my human machine You won't find me living for the screen

## Acordes



Contribuição: