

Downhere, The Problem

There's got to be some reason
for all this misery
A secret evil corporation
somewhere overseas
They're pulling strings,
arranging things
It's a conspiracy

Or what about the ones who
shape the course of history?
What if we petitioned for one
grand apology?
I'll write to my prime minister
You, write your president

Everybody's wondering how
the world could get this way
If God is good, and how it could
be filled with so much pain
It's not the age-old mystery
we made it out to be
Yeah, there's a problem
with the world
And the problem with the world
is me

Some will say the devil
and his legions
They put us in a headlock
of submission
But they lost all power over me
A long, long time ago

And since I was a kid you know
I've caused a lot of hurt
And no one ever taught me how
to put myself first
It came so very naturally
But I'm not a prodigy

So I will look no further
than a mirror
That's where the offender hides
So great is my need
for a redeemer
That I cannot trust myself

No, I cannot trust myself
I dare not trust myself
So I trust in someone else

The sooner you can sing along
The sooner you can sing this song
The happier we'll be
The problem with the world is me