

# Fake Problems, Para Tu

I hate the test of coffee, and cringe at the sight of smoke.  
But now it's steaming out your ears, those drums are pounding pretty loud.  
I'm not sure what I've done, oh what have I done?  
It takes more than one to settle the dust.  
I'm ready to be willing to be part of me and you,  
and when my funds get a little stable, I'm going to buy you something new.  
You won't like it that much, but you'll appreciate the gesture  
because it's the thought that counts, and I'm always thinking of you.  
Yes, I'm always thinking of you.