

The Church, My Little Problem

You must have heard about my little problem
Ah come on, you must have heard about it
It's no ordinary problem
Look in my eyes, there can be no doubt about it
And of course it gets worse at night
It gets late, things start to change
Clock is stopped, thermometer is bulging
Hot late night bound to make us estranged
Soft dead moon all over your shoulders
Cold shadow in the glare of the glow
Factory billboards on outskirts of city
Shine down new attractions to the traffic below

Remember this day
Remember this room
Remember this singer singing
I remember you
A sudden flash
A sudden light
Abandoning the afternoon as it sinks into the night

Fluorescent bedroom flicker starts to teach me to wonder
I hear a mandolin in the springs
Out the wardrobe floats the hint of a rumor
Dressed in your beloved's finest things
Can you hear the voices that are constantly talking
Am I the only one to succumb to their roar
Well I know the form it is taking
It's not making sense anymore
The way you say you just wanna help me
The way your clinging is slinging me under
The strength I need already denied me
Your big ideas and your little wonder

Some people don't come over because of the problem
I heard the top guy won't answer his phone
I wonder if he has the same kind of problem
A little difficulty of his own
So take this plastic and rent me some wheels
Or maybe I'll try to fly
No reservations, I'll see how it feels
When I'm over your house up in the sky
And when the sun is squeezing through the blinds
You will be far away
Deep afternoons seeing the moon would have shined
Deep in your dream I hear you say
Have you heard about my little problem
I just know it isn't a secret
It's just a very ordinary problem
The secret doesn't matter if you keep it or leak it