

Domestic Problems, Where

Reaching for a lighter
so you can light a smoke
It's a matter of opinion,
it's a matter of a joke
A little voice inside you
tells you all about the shame
Come and join the dancing
of the crippled and the lame

Chorus

Where oh where have you gone
Where have you
Where oh where have you gone

You wish you could describe it,
all the anger that you feel
You think that it's been made up,
it just happens to be real
You try and learn the lesson's
that can be so hard to learn
See the fire go up in flames,
the flame that never burns

Chorus

Look a little closer
now you're hoping you might find
A little bit of fire,
gently pleasant and unkind
You're really not so different,
you're practically the same
Look a little closer
at the crippled and the lame

'Bridge'

Maybe it's a matter of a opinion
Maybe it's a matter of your taste
Somehow caught up in all this confussion
I cannot seem to remember your face

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it's a matter of a joke
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tells you all about the shame
Look a little closer
now you're hoping for the flame