

# Eddie From Ohio, No Pain No Problem

A spider of bungee cords holds down your life  
on the roof of your AMC Rambler  
heading out west to less oil pastures  
like the fields that you see on the postcards  
that say wish you were here, but since you are there you just take these folks at their word  
when you move there, there's nobody there  
except a Walmart and three yogurt places

Chorus:

No pain, no problem  
I don't need a kick in the rear  
No pain over yonder  
That means there's no problem here

A network of welcomers  
all want your business  
because your new phone number's listed  
but they wait to call  
until you have supper  
and they even know you by your first name  
they say glad that you're here now give us your visa  
you just take these folks at their word  
so you unload your problems while eating your yogurt  
until you hear a dialtone

No pain, no problem  
a montra that rains in my ear  
No pain over yonder  
That means there's no problem here

A lifetime of buncles, a trophy for spelling  
some art that blew up in the kiln  
it's glued back together with elmers and tears  
it holds the pencils and looks like your uncle  
the yearbook from eighth grade  
and your old retainer  
and a slide whistle shaped like an ostrich  
then a thousand odd notes that share the same box  
all spill out like guts on the highway

you'd think that the sound of cord modulation  
creates this illusion of hope  
the end must be happy, the end must be near  
but that's not the case we have here  
sometimes we change, and sometimes we don't  
where there's a will there's a won't  
so let's have 3 cheers for our status quo

No pain, no problem  
we need to work on our cheer  
no pain over yonder  
that means there's no problem here

that means there's no problem here

no pain no problem