

Marianne Faithfull, She's Got A Problem

In the end will it matter that you've gone?
In the end will I go on minding that you've gone?
Will the night always seem so long,
Is it really darkest before dawn?
Will I see whiskey as a mother in the end?

In the end will I smash my brains with drinking
Till I fall down on the floor,
Will I hiccup and jabber,
Saying things I never meant?
Will I kiss and cry and wake to find
A sordid stranger by my bed?
Will the world shake its sensible head
And say the words that have to be said:
"she's got a problem."

Every problem has a solution in the end
And solutions must be final
For help gets so unhelpful near the end.

When I take my last ride
Down the big dipper slide,
Will I care, will it matter
If the world should say:
"she had a problem."

She had a problem.
She had a problem.

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In the end will I go on minding that you've gone?
Will the night always seem so long,
Is it really darkest before dawn?
Will I see whiskey as a mother
In the end?