

# 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.

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?