Modwheelmood, Problem Me

Come with me
Staying here would change what you should be
A parody of all the things that you supposed to be
Let it go
Even when it hurts like you don't know
Reality: It's never quite the sweetest ride, you see
And then you hide- red wine, old times, no time, cash flies
This time, I might blow into smithereens
Like Jack, come back Christmas, where you've been?
Relax, tell me what's the worry
Who's the problem me?

(repeat)

(last time, repeat 'who's the problem, me' three times)