

# 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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so you can light a smoke  
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it's a matter of a joke  
A little voice inside you  
tells you all about the shame  
Look a little closer  
now you're hoping for the flame