Question

Goldfinger

You got some question about your life
You don't know how you'll ever make it through
It hurts so bad but it's all you got
You're asking me for help
but all I got to say now is that
You don't know what pain is
You haven't suffered one iota
so just stop your whining
you don't know what pain is

Stop complaining point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame

So pack your bags
we're going out
I want to show you
just what's in this world
Cause in the end its all you got
memories to tell about your life
and how you lived it

So live it good
I know it's all that you've given

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You haven't suffered one iota
so just stop your whining
You don't know what pain is
stop complaining
point your finger
I'll tell you who to blame