

Troubleman Unlimited

Titus Andronicus

You tryna rob me but I ain't got nothing, man
How you gon rob me? There's nothing to take
You better back up off me or I'll give you something, man
I'll give you a piece of the thing that I make
And that's trouble, man

Summertime judge came to bust my bubble – now I got trouble
If the summer should fall, I would fall right along with it into the puddle
With nothing for company but leaves as I bawl
Out for someone to function as some kind of buffer
Between me and my ugly side – it's too close to call
Out for anyone but the one love out the hundred
Who could love me for what I am under it all

Y'see, I used to be my father's son – now I'm howling at the moon
I ain't really trying to bother no one, but I might be soon
And I'll be smelling like an elephant when I come in the room
Because they used to call me "Daddy's Boy"
But now that's "Trouble" to you

My trouble, man, is that I'm too damn stubborn
Like plates in the cupboard, I am stuck in my ways
But a couple of days of vacation would make a significant difference
I'm listening to radio stations from eight states away
In the vacant sub-basement on Main Street
The tasers will spray in my face
And I'll say, "It's a great way to meet people"
Treat 'em like sheep and a sweater they'll make

Y'see, I used to be the problem child – I'm only my own problem now
Now I find that I'm the same old wise guy they rightly threw out
That's why I find it hard to smile sometimes when I'm in the crowd
Because I used to be the problem child
I used to be the problem child but now I am the Troubleman

I am Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
I'm nothing but Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
Nothing but Troubleman
And I am looking for trouble, man
I am looking for trouble, man
I am looking for trouble, man
I am looking for trouble

Looking for trouble, man
Looking for trouble, man
Looking for trouble, man