

Begging For Trouble

AFI

Just for fun, my vibrant one, grow old
With dying suns my vibrant one's grown cold

You grow cold as you wait for me in the night, as you struggle
You'll wait for me, for you asked, asked for trouble

We're not done, my trembling one, be still
'Til I come parading back in red frills with black thrills for
you

Wait for me in the night, as you struggle
You'll wait for me, for you asked, asked for trouble

Don't take tears in your dress seriously
Don't take wounds in my chest seriously and desperately, I beg
you

Wait for me in the night, as you struggle
You'll wait for me, for you asked, begged for trouble

You'll wait for me, for you asked, begged for trouble
Don't take wounds in my chest seriously
Just wait