

Little Trouble (Luck Of The Draw)

Better Oblivion Community Center

Hey Little Trouble, what you doing tonight?
I got a bad thought, you can make it right
Fell on the concrete with all my might
Got up, dusted myself off, now I'm ready for the fight

Not every prodigy can age that well
Not every mannequin can stand so fucking still

When everyone's gone, you're dancing alone
When everything's done, still working the phones

For lazy tarot readings on hot June nights
Right next to that bodega's a neon sign
They'll tell you you were famous in some past life
But now you're just a Regular Joe, whose cover is blown

Well, tell me, baby, what's your biggest conceit?
Is it that you did it, or you did it with me?
I can't imagine what the problem could be
You found one song that you like, and you just play it on repeat

Not every certain death can be so brave
Not every psychopath can act so well-behaved

But what if the bomb just doesn't go off?
Still playing that song
Still dancing alone

For clumsy ballerinas with Dad's blank check
There's a place in Altadena that sounds perfect
Well, they'll let you be the swan even with missteps
And clap until your body is sore

For now it's just a matter of right place, right time
Singing "Every little thing's gonna be all right"
On some pretty college campus with skin so white
Three chords and an expensive guitar
It's the luck of the draw

Found a place to blind your darkness with bright strobe lights
No cops, no fire marshals, can dance all night
With your sad-eyed doppelgänger you look just like
Your heartbreak's not your own anymore

I'll tell you that I love you, I'll scream it twice
You ask over the music, "Did I hear that right?"

Yes, I swear I told you in some past life
Right before they counted us off
It's the luck of the draw