

Trouble Child

Geoffroy

Night has taken over
Fog in the streets
Missus driving faster
We're closer to the beat
The headrest slippin' off
The head I'm leaning on

We used to call each other 'lover'
We used to try to make things work
We used to call each other 'lover'
We used to try

Best we start this over
We're hanging by a thread
Been longing for an answer
Why I ought to be your man

Lost my heart to a woman, only too young
Trouble child, beauty queen, short attention span
Lost my cause, caught slippin', lost all serotonin
But love's standing in the way

We used to call each other 'lover'
We used to try to make things work
We used to call each other 'lover'
We used to try