

## Troubled

Jeff Tweedy

The silver black boot  
That cracked my front tooth  
Is a new kind of truth I'm getting used to  
Where the power lines are down  
Whipping sparks around  
Like an angel touching down and fading

I'm troubled  
Somedays I don't know  
By the time I let go  
Shadows start at my feet  
Oh I'm troubled  
But the trouble's still me

My best moments are with you  
Like a desert in bloom  
My best moments are with you

Somedays I don't know  
By the time I let go  
I'm too slow to see  
Oh I'm troubled  
But the trouble's still me