

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