

Troubled Man

John Mellencamp

It's the wake of all evil
A universal mess
I've always found trouble
Even at my best
No hopes to get better
'Til they put me down to rest
I am a troubled man

Anxiety and sorrow
Underneath my skin
Self-destruction and failure
Have beat my head in
I laughed out loud once
I won't do that again
Always traveled the hell fire road
To chase the sweet smell of sin
I am a troubled man
I am a troubled man

I am a troubled man
I am a troubled man
So many things
Have fallen through my hands
I am a troubled man

People up on the east side
People on the gravel road
People of many colors
Whose stories will never be told
Too late came too early for me to face myself
I am a troubled man

I am a troubled man
I am a troubled man, oh Lord
I won't do anything but hurt you if I can
I am a troubled man