

Trouble

Jon Brion

Here's the face of trouble
It's the face I wear
And it may invite you in
But I won't go there

Here's a working model
That generates despair
And this baby cranks it out
And it will take you out
And I won't care

It's a beauty

It's the mark of someone
Who's beyond repair
He'll refuse to help himself
Thinking only of himself
And though he isn't by himself
Well it's your job now

There's a conversation
We're about to have
And it's full of twists and turns
Half truths and vague concerns
From one who never learns
To one who never learns
And I never learn

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