

# Trouble

Kevin Devine

Trouble tracks me down  
It's been dragging me around  
Since my feet first touched the ground  
And I'm kicking like a kid  
Cause I can't get rid of it  
And it's never going nowhere now

I duck dodge to my left  
I slide step to my right  
But it nails me every time  
And I'm finished pulling fits  
Yeah, I've learned to live with it  
Marching steady, straight and by my side

Trouble makes no scene  
She sweeps in surgical and clean  
Leaves me begging on my hands and knees  
And she's always on the clock  
But she doesn't own a watch  
Cause she wrecks me straight into my sleep

Well drift into a dream  
And I'm sailing on some sea  
Shooting whiskey with my Irish bride  
Till Amy Goodman wakes me up  
I'm alone in brooklyn, broke as fuck  
With a splitting headache  
And sore bloodshot eyes

And I've known trouble all my life  
And I'm sick of asking why  
It's like screaming at a set of dice  
They're gonna role the way they role  
And then you're never gonna know  
So getting crazy's just a waste of time

I've just seen trouble track me down  
It keeps pulling me around  
Till I'm deep inside the ground  
And then I'll smile in my sleep  
Cause in that box I'm finally free  
And ain't no trouble gonna find me now  
Ain't no trouble gonna find me now  
Ain't no trouble gonna find me now