Trouble

Limbeck

It doesn't matter what you say

If you say it in distortion

Like telling a crowd "I'm gonna try you out..."

I don't like it

I don't know if you and I get each other

But I'm tired of talking

My patience is used up

And I'm feeling worn out

The wind keeps blowing the dust in my face

And re-arranging my hairdo

And you're going your way

But I really don't care about that

Because I went my way when I was you

The future's a blank page

I don't know if you and I get each other

But I'm tired of talking

I'm in trouble. I've been here for a while

Someone's coming. I see 'em on the rise

And who knows where all the people have gone

All I know is that I want to go home

I'm in trouble. I've been here for a while

Someone's coming. I see 'em on the rise

It's nothing but trouble, but my glass is looking fine

I see 'em coming, and it makes me realize

I am just fine, I've been here for a while

Someone's coming, I see 'em on the rise

It's nothing but trouble, but my glass is looking fine

I've been here for a while

I'll be just fine.

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