Trouble

Matt Terry

You look gold in the sunlight
Put your burning heat on me
You want it hotter every night
But you're bad for a reason
'Cause you know that I need ya
I can see that you're teasing me
You know I wanna believe ya
But you're bad for a reason

You touch my lips
I can't breathe, no
So dangerous
I can't get out
You burn my skin but it feels nice
I can't work it out 'cause

Every day you either love or hate me
Kiss goodnight, only sometimes maybe
Know exactly what to do with my body, oh
Every time I try to walk away, you
Pull me back again, straight back into
Doing the things that I don't normally do
Oh that's the trouble with you, you
That's the trouble with you
That's the trouble with you, you
That's the trouble with you

'Cause you're fixed but you're broken
So you always lean on me
You're closed but you're open
You're bad for a reason

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So dangerous
I can't get out
You burn my skin but it feels nice
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