

Troubled Son

Miles Kane

So you wanted happiness, oh
Well I'm not one to second guess
I oughta get myself in check, oh
Before I'm left alone again

As I caught my own reflection
We were just making conversation to pass the time
I never doubted my dependence
But now it's retrospective, let's draw the line

I'm a troubled son
I come undone
Then I cut and run
I'm a troubled son

Maybe there's a time or place, oh
For me to set the record straight
Maybe I could save some face, oh
I need to feel safe

In this darkness I remain
I'm still standing in the rain
Do you hear my call?
As it echos through my veins
And a lifetime of mistakes, just see my fall

I'm a troubled son
I come undone
Then I cut and run
I'm a troubled son

I'm sick and I'm tired of second guessing
Maybe in time, I'll learn my lesson
I've said some things, I made a mess
And I'm facing my sins, this life is precious
I'm sick and I'm tired of second guessing
Maybe in time, I'll learn my lesson
I've said some things, I made a mess
And I'm facing my sins tonight

I'm a troubled son
I come undone
Then I cut and run
I'm a troubled son

I'm a troubled son
I come undone
Then I cut and run
I'm a troubled son

I'm a troubled son
(I'm sick and I'm tired of second guessing)
I'm a troubled son
(Maybe in time, I'll learn my lesson)
I'm a troubled son
(I've said some things, I made a mess)
I'm a troubled son

(And I'm facing my sins tonight)
I'm a troubled son