

Trouble

Ruby Fields

I'm young, you're all old
Never do what I'm told
I'm trying to be a part
Of this world, a head start

It's hard, I'm lonely
Or maybe, I'm toey
I'm done, I'm tired
Give us a beer, just got fired

Well, my life's pretty shit
But I don't mind being alone
It makes it easy when I never have a phone
And I've got needs and wants similar to your own
But I know

That I'm just too much trouble
Trouble
Trouble

I'm gross, bacterial
Not wife material
Don't want romantic dates
Just a root, a best mate

A dirty truck
A comfy swag
A big dog
Some trackie-dacks
Pretty busy so I'm not fussed
Don't need love just something, that's enough

Well, maybe its because I give it up too soon
I don't like waiting, cut to chasing, yeah, that's true
You only date super models so we'll stay friends
That's fine they're cool I'll just never be one of them

I'm too much trouble
Trouble
Trouble
Trouble

I try remind myself
That its good for mental health
To not care to think I'm hot
But I can't have sex unless the lights are off
And I'll play to heaps of crowds
But I'm anxious, I'm a coward
Forgot to shave, now I've got stubble
Because smooth legs are too much trouble