

## Trouble

TENDER

Whenever I'm alone I feel your ghost  
Your presence is known, I already know too much  
What you did in your past life is no business of mine  
I would join you and all, but I'm starting until we'll be fine

Can't be left alone  
We were barely home  
I could tell by the look on your face  
You were trouble  
Taking step by step  
You were something [?]  
Then you lean into me  
How dead innocent  
You were trouble  
Not all the trouble

Looking back  
I think that I loved you too much  
I was tearing you apart  
Right from the start  
We were destined to fail  
I don't know where to begin  
Look at the trouble I'm in  
I could've avoided this mess  
If I'd wanted you left  
But you got me all to yourself

Well, perhaps there is a simple answer, not an easy answer. You and I have a rendezvous with destiny. We'll preserve for our children this, the last best hope of man on Earth, or we'll sentence them to take the last step into a thousand years of darkness. We will keep in mind and remember that Barry Goldwater has faith in us. He has faith that you and I have the ability and the dignity and the right to make our own decisions and determine our own destiny