

Trouble

The Ballroom Thieves

Trouble
You found me again
I struggled some to stay away
But I fit so nicely in your hand

Fight through the lie
There's no time to sharpen claws
Or shake my wings in skittish flight

Trouble takes on dull and doubtful legs says have the moon and
have the sun and sip politely from the dregs
Although you'll use my feathers for a bed I'd rather sleep in hell
than back in boring death

I'm terrified of my heart
Its hunger for whatever it may want
The way it stops and starts
Yeah it may saunter into war
Trouble doesn't keep a civil score
You use but words to speak to me
And for you I am pellucid as a shadow sea

Trouble, I will run with you again
I'll take the moon I'll take the sun wade forever in the dregs
I'll sail my beating heart away from shore
Shall it not return, I'll know that trouble stole the oar