

Here Comes Trouble

The Icicle Works

Yesterday I woke up to a storm inside my room
Rain fell from my ceiling to a Robert Johnson tune
I knew my days of lazy haze had left me far behind
You credited it to my life and left your baggage in my
mind
If I find myself in sweet content
Is your heart full of song or rent?
Here comes trouble in the shape of love
God alone knows what I'm thinking of
Here comes trouble in the shape of love, of love, of
love
It picks you up and thrills you 'til you don't know
where you are
You bounce along the high street and your head is full
of stars
Your friends start to ignore you they don't answer when
you call
They won't intrude your precious time, it's lonely when
you fall
But there's magic in your lover's smile
With your caution for a while
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