I Need Love, Baby, Love, Not Trouble

Thomas Dybdahl

Run like hell, when bitterness finds me,
love is going bad, God is dead, now I'm weary.
You're always on time, always in place,
put a big smile, on your face, but no more.
You snap your fingers one more time,
I cut you up, and leave you dyin',
an' all for one, but one for me,
me face is pale, my eyes don't see.

I need love, baby love, and not trouble. x4
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I need love, baby love, and not trouble. x4
I need love, baby love, and not trouble. x3 (+ some
troubles)(feel the beat)