

# Untitled

Thomas Dybdahl

I Need Love, Baby Love, Not Trouble  
Run like hell bitterness found  
my love's gone bad god is dead now I'm weary  
always on time, always in place,  
to put a big smile on your face but no more  
snap your fingers one more time I cut you up  
and leave you dying all for one  
but one for me  
my face is pale  
my eyes don't see

I need love, baby love, and not trouble  
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