

Brooke Miller

"Trouble Where You Seek It"

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The plot gets thicker and it always goes astray
You're never holding in your hands a particular play
You're not satisfied with the taste or smell
And it's not what you ordered, well

There's a good chance some body else has got it made
Well, there's trouble where you seek it
You see it in store windows
And the box is twice as big as the item

There's a spotlight shining from the corner both night
and day
Some gather round and paw the glass
Others who know better pass
And they whisper to themselves, they'll never find their
way

With stars in their eyes, they'll never find their way

There's trouble where you seek it
You don't have to go sneaking around
To find they've found you out by now
There's trouble where you seek it

You're opening cans with your teeth
Chewing on the grizzle, trying just to have some cake
Toying with intentions, undoing what you make
It's hard to chew the fat, harder to swallow
Under every bit of bone is the last bit of marrow
There's trouble where you seek it

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