

Howe Gelb

"Trouble In Here"

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All that I wanted to say...
I'll never come here again.
All that I wanted to say...
All gone.
Spring time is always in hand,
Almost as if you were there...
Make it a hole under me again.
Hold on.
'cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love,
There's trouble in here... (hold on)
A thing that I fear.
Take all the love out of me
So I'll never see it again.
Lost where are we?
On a plane... ah... yes...
'cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love,
There's trouble in here... (hold on)
A thing that I feel... yeah...
'cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love,
There's trouble in here.
A thing that I share...
There's trouble in here.
A thing that I feel...
(yeah...)
the snow falls and you can actually hear the snow
hitting the ground
I can see... obviously...

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