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Howie Day "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

Springtime is always in hand Almost as if you were there Making 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, thing that I fear

Take all the love outta me So I'd never see it again Lost, where are we? On our plane, ah, yeah

'Cause I couldn't make up A thing that you say, love There's trouble in here Hold on, thing that I fear

'Cause I couldn't make up A thing that you say, love There's trouble in here Hold on, a thing that I share Hold on, there's trouble in here Hold on, thing that I fear, yeah

Hey ooh Hey yeah Hey ooh

Hey Ooh Ooh

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