

## Indigo Girls "Trouble"

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The trouble came around here  
Here in the south we fix somethin' to eat  
Steam risin' above the greenery  
And we welcome the strangers to eat

Alien sick growin' in these walls  
Like moss in a crack the time made  
I brush a guy in the airport, whistling, "It's a small world  
after all"  
And the prices are higher but the kids still sell  
lemonade

Get's to the point of it  
Get's to the sense of it  
I'm in a hurry to get through it

I am in trouble  
I am in trouble

A hurricane flag flappin' in a bad storm  
The same color of the spider underneath  
My nail that bit me in my dream  
And who would take out the Dominican Republic  
And send God's sweet children floating down a poison  
stream

A secret society of conference rooms  
I pledge my allegiance to the dollar  
And when the clergy take a vote, oh, the gays will pay  
again  
Yeah 'cause there's more than one kind of criminal  
white collar

So get to the point of it  
Get to the sense of it  
I'm in a hurry to get through it

One day the war will stop  
And we'll grow a peaceful crop  
And a girl can get a wife  
And we can bring you back to life

Sacks of flour and rice or poker chips  
Greasy palms or systems underhanding  
And maybe we'll take a walk on Pluto  
Yeah, we'll but be no closer to the understandin'

Get to the point of it  
Get to the sense of it  
I'm in a hurry to get through it  
Yeah

I am in trouble  
I am in trouble  
I am in trouble  
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Trouble  
Trouble  
Trouble  
Trouble

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