

## Kevin Devine "Trouble"

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Trouble tracks me down  
It's been draggin me around  
Since my feet first touched the ground

And I'm kickin like a kid  
Cause I can't get rid of it  
And it's never going nowhere now

I duck-dodge to my left  
I slide-step to my right  
But it nails me every time

And I'm finished throwin fits  
Yea, I've learned to live with it  
Marching steady, straight, and by my side

And trouble makes no seam  
Just sweeps in surgical and clean  
Leaves me begging on my hands and knees

And she's always on the clock  
But she doesn't only watch  
Cause she wrecks me straight into my sleep

When I drift into a dream  
And I'm sailing on some sea  
Shootin' whiskey with my Irish bride

Til evening, Goodman wakes me up  
I'm alone in Brooklyn broke as fuck  
Splitting headache and some bloodshot eyes

And I've known trouble all my life  
And I'm sick of asking why  
It's like screaming at a set of dice

They're gonna roll the way they roll  
And man you're never gonna know  
So gettin' crazy's just a waste of time

I just see trouble track me down  
It keeps pushin' me around

Til I'm deep inside the ground

And then I'll smile in sleep

Cause in that box I'm finally free

And ain't no trouble gonna find me now

No oh oh, ain't no trouble gonna find me now

Ain't no trouble gonna find me now

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