

Limbeck

"Trouble"

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It doesn't matter what you say
If you say it in distortion
Like telling a crowd "I'm gonna try you out..."
I don't like it
I don't know if you and I get each other
But I'm tired of talking
My patience is used up
And I'm feeling worn out
The wind keeps blowing the dust in my face
And re-arranging my hairdo
And you're going your way
But I really don't care about that
Because I went my way when I was you
The future's a blank page
I don't know if you and I get each other
But I'm tired of talking
I'm in trouble. I've been here for a while
Someone's coming. I see 'em on the rise
And who knows where all the people have gone
All I know is that I want to go home
I'm in trouble. I've been here for a while

Someone's coming, I see 'em on the rise

It's nothing but trouble, but my glass is looking fine

I see 'em coming, and it makes me realize

I am just fine, I've been here for a while

Someone's coming, I see 'em on the rise

It's nothing but trouble, but my glass is looking fine

I've been here for a while

I'll be just fine.

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