

**David Mead****"The trouble with henry"**

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The trouble with Henry is easy to see  
He's taking his money, he's down on his knees  
The trouble with Henry is a hunger to feed  
And a song in his head

He sweats in December, he slept through July  
He's making it better, he's catching her eye  
The trouble with henry is the kid and the wife  
In a hospital bed

He's putting on makeup, he's cooking his pills  
He's catching me later, and waiting until  
The trouble with Henry is that he probably will  
Tonight

The trouble with henry is being himself  
He wants to be shameless, he wants to be helped  
And he nearly believed me when i knew how it felt  
To be him for a day

He's putting on makeup, he's cooking his pills  
He's catching me later and waiting until  
The trouble with Henry is that he probably will  
Tonight

I've been working with Henry for all of my life  
He told me don't worry, then told me goodbye  
The trouble with Henry is a sweet summer night  
And a funny idea.....

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