

## Michael Trent

### "Complicated Type"

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He was a sweet, boy  
Never mean to cause no trouble  
Couldn't help but be polite  
He probly learned it from his mother  
He's a complicated type  
A complicated type  
Complicated type

Grew up real fast  
Just like Carolina  
He hid his drugs under his bible  
Mixed his whisky with his wine  
He had a sparkle in his eye  
Like just before you cry  
Like right before you cry

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

It was a long night  
He'd been sittin at the bar  
When they turned off all the lights  
He started lookin for his car  
But when his eyes began to gleam  
And the lights started to stream  
Well he slipped into a dream  
Well now while most  
Folks dream of money, love, and hope  
His were of violent, crashing waves  
And bodies swinging, tied to ropes  
While his whole family laughed aloud  
Hovering above a crowd  
Who, for hell, was screamin out

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Well of nobody, there's nothing I can do  
To bring anyone back to life  
But I know that I should try to tell the truth  
And to fight for the right side

When he came to

As if he'd been dead for years  
And the wind was blowin hard  
Both his eyes were full of tears  
But a change had taken place  
You could see it on his face  
Man you could see it on his face

And on the way home  
He found a bottle in the road  
And thought of all the explanations  
That he felt that he was owed  
And as he kicked it down the street  
He felt lighter on his feet  
And he couldn't help but sing

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

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