

## Trouble

# "Arthur Brown's Whiskey Bar"

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I can see you all, sitting in a row  
Don't ask me why  
There's no place else to go  
The look on your face  
Is really quite intense  
Waiting for this life, to make sense  
Last night of the old year  
Moving the sun  
Fading power, the world is weakened  
The night has just begun  
I still have trouble, waiting in a line  
My will is gone, after all this time  
So come down, it's guaranteed  
A splendid time for all  
Arthur Brown's whiskey bar  
Forget life for a while  
Last night of the old year  
Moving the sun  
Fading power, the world is weakened  
The night has just begun  
Many souls have died here  
For what they believe in  
Summers end masks of darkness  
All hallows even  
I have a friend in so much misery  
Imagination seems to be the key  
Close the window, shades of gray  
Nothing earthly came to save the day

[repeat 2nd chorus]

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