Last Years Troubles

Suzanne Vega

Last year's troubles
Last year's troublesLast year's troubles are so old fashioned
The robber on the highway the pirate on the seas
Maybe it's the clothing that's so entertaining
The earrings and swashbuckling blouses that pleaseHere we have heroes of times that have passed now
But nobody these days has that kind of chin
Over there the petticoats of ladies of virtue
You can hardly tell them from the petticoats of sinLast year's troubles
Last year's troublesLook at all the waifs of Dickensian England
Why is it their suffering is more picturesque?
Must because their rags are so very Victorian
The ones here at home just don't give it their bestLast years troubles they shine up so prettily
They gleam with a luster, they don't have today
'Cause here it's just dirty and violent and troubling
ExtraLast year's troubles
Last year's troublesTrouble is still trouble and evil still evil
Sometimes we wonder is there more now, or less?
If we had a tool or could tally the handfulls
Measure for measure it's the same would be my guessLast year's troubles
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Last year's troubles

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