

Last Years Troubles

[Suzanne Vega](#)

Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles Last 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 please Here 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 sin Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles Look 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 best Last 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
Extra Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles Trouble 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 guess Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles
Last year's troubles

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