

Trouble Loves Me

Morrissey

Trouble loves me
Trouble needs me
Two things more than you do
Or would attempt to So, console me
Otherwise, hold me
Just when it seems like
Everything's evened out
And the balance seems serene Trouble loves me
Walks beside me
To chide me
Not to guide me
It's still much more
Than you'll do So, console me
Otherwise, hold me
Just when it seems like
Everything's evened out
And the balance seems serene See the fool I'll be
Still running 'round
On the flesh rampage
Still running 'round Ready with, ready-wit
Still running 'round
On the flesh rampage at your age
Go to Soho, oh
Go to waste in the wrong arms
Still running 'round Trouble loves me
Seeks and finds me
To charlatanize me
Which is only
As it should be
Oh, please fulfill me
Otherwise, kill me Show me a barrel
And watch me scrape it
Faced with the music
As always I'll face it In the half-light
So English, frowning
Then at midnight I
Can't get you out of my head A disenchanted taste
Still running 'round
A disenchanted taste

Still running 'round

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