

# Trouble

[Ryan Adams](#)

Trouble, I hear the clock tick in the room  
The walls will crumble, and you're holding the match to the fuse  
There's something I thought just got, nothing else to say  
I've been on the beats since yesterday  
There's something loose, either way Hey, we might as well be dead and be gone  
If we don't belong here  
Hey, the year and the day  
That it lands on my face  
Like I'm out of my sense  
Yeah, and all the trouble I'm in  
Trouble I'm in I feel you watch me cross the room  
Another summer, in the palms of the core of doom  
Put my hand through the mirror like I'm guard alone  
Seven years bad luck is better than none  
Following the good back into the gone Hey, we might as well be dead and be gone  
If we don't belong here  
Hey, it's the year and the day  
That it lands on my face  
Like I'm out of my sense  
Yeah, and all the trouble I'm in  
Umm all the Trouble  
Umm, and all the trouble I'm in I see my brother, he's waiting in line for his turn  
I'm not as humble, I know everything here is gonna burn  
Sometimes I just got nothing else to say  
I've been on the beats since yesterday  
There's something loose, either way Hey, we might as well be dead and be gone  
If we don't belong here  
Hey, it's the year and the day  
That lands on my face  
Like I'm out of my sense  
Yeah, and all the trouble I'm in  
Yeah, all the trouble  
Yeah, and all the trouble I'm in  
Hey, all the trouble  
All the trouble I'm in

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