

# Trouble

## This Providence

I'm up in arms about it  
Because I really wanna know your name  
Oh, but my mind is crowded  
With all the clever words I'll never say Yeah, I'm goin' down, down  
She's a girl that I might try to wrap my head around  
I'm crawlin' out, out, out  
Of my skin when I think about it  
So, while I'm thinkin' about it, yeah I wanna taste you  
I like what I see  
When you're lookin' at me  
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you  
Anywhere I want to  
Dirty blonde, red shoes  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you Gonna make a mess of-  
You can try to hide it  
Try to play it colder than ice cream  
Oh, but your eyes are fightin'  
Because I'm nothing like you've ever seen Yeah, I'm going down, down  
She's a girl that I might try to wrap my head around  
I'm crawlin' out, out, out  
Of my skin when I think about it  
Well, you bet I think about it, yeah I wanna taste you  
I like what I see  
When you're lookin' at me  
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you  
Anywhere I want to  
Dirty blonde, red shoes  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you Movin' on the double,  
Step into my bubble,  
Baby buys the bottle,  
Let's get into trouble  
Let's get into trouble now I wanna taste you  
I like what I see  
When you're lookin' at me  
Come closer Oh, I wanna take you

Anywhere I want to  
Dirty blonde, red shoes  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you  
Gonna make a mess of you  
I said, I'm gonna make a mess of you

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>