Trouble

Indigo Girls

The trouble came around here
Here in the south we fix somethin' to eat
Steam risin' above the greenery
And we welcome the strangers to eat
Alien sick growin' in these walls
Like moss in a crack the time made
I brush a guy in the airport, whistling, "It's a small world after all"
And the prices are higher but the kids still sell lemonade
Get's to the point of it
Get's to the sense of it
I'm in a hurry to get through it
I am in trouble
I am in trouble
A hurricane flag flappin' in a bad storm
The same color of the spider underneath
My nail that bit me in my dream
And who would take out the Dominican Republic
And send God's sweet children floating down a poison stream
A secret society of conference rooms
I pledge my allegiance to the dollar
And when the clergy take a vote, oh, the gays will pay again
Yeah 'cause there's more than one kind of criminal white collar
So get to the point of it

Get to the sense of it
I'm in a hurry to get through it
One day the war will stop
And we'll grow a peaceful crop
And a girl can get a wife
And we can bring you back to life
Sacks of flour and rice or poker chips
Greasy palms or systems underhanding
And maybe we'll take a walk on Pluto
Yeah, we'll but be no closer to the understandin'
Get to the point of it
Get to the sense of it
I'm in a hurry to get through it
Yeah
I am in trouble

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