

# Troubled Man

[John Mellencamp](#)

It's the wake of all evil  
A universal mess  
I've always found trouble  
Even at my best  
No hopes to get better  
'Til they put me down to rest  
I am a troubled man Anxiety and sorrow  
Underneath my skin  
Self-destruction and failure  
Have beat my head in  
I laughed out loud once  
I won't do that again  
Always traveled the hell fire road  
To chase the sweet smell of sin  
I am a troubled man  
I am a troubled man I am a troubled man  
I am a troubled man  
So many things  
Have fallen through my hands  
I am a troubled man People up on the east side  
People on the gravel road  
People of many colors  
Whose stories will never be told  
Too late came too early for me to face myself  
I am a troubled man

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