Trouble

Kevin Devine

Trouble tracks me down
It's been dragging me around
Since my feet first touched the ground
And I'm kicking like a kid
Cause I can't get rid of it
And it's never going nowhere now

I duck dodge to my left
I slide step to my right
But it nails me every time
And I'm finished pulling fits
Yeah, I've learned to live with it
Marching steady, straight and by my side

Trouble makes no scene
She sweeps in surgical and clean
Leaves me begging on my hands and knees
And she's always on the clock
But she doesn't own a watch
Cause she wrecks me straight into my sleep

Well drift into a dream
And I'm sailing on some sea
Shooting whiskey with my Irish bride
Till Amy Goodman wakes me up
I'm alone in brooklyn, broke as fuck
With a splitting headache
And sore bloodshot eyes

And I've known trouble all my life
And I'm sick of asking why
It's like screaming at a set of dice
They're gonna role the way they role
And then you're never gonna know
So getting crazy's just a waste of time

I've just seen trouble track me down
It keeps pulling me around
Till I'm deep inside the ground
And then I'll smile in my sleep

Cause in that box I'm finally free
And ain't no trouble gonna find me now
Ain't no trouble gonna find me now
Ain't no trouble gonna find me now

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