

# Last Year's Troubles

[Suzanne Vega](#)

Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles Last year's troubles are so old fashioned  
The robber on the highway the pirate on the seas  
Maybe it's the clothing that's so entertaining  
The earrings and swashbuckling blouses that please Here we have heroes of times that have passed now  
But nobody these days has that kind of chin  
Over there the petticoats of ladies of virtue  
You can hardly tell them from the petticoats of sin Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles Look at all the waifs of Dickensian England  
Why is it their suffering is more picturesque?  
Must because their rags are so very Victorian  
The ones here at home just don't give it their best Last years troubles they shine up so prettily  
They gleam with a luster, they don't have today  
'Cause here it's just dirty and violent and troubling  
Extra Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles Trouble is still trouble and evil still evil  
Sometimes we wonder is there more now, or less?  
If we had a tool or could tally the handfulls  
Measure for measure it's the same would be my guess Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles  
Last year's troubles

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