

Trials, Troubles, Tribulations

E.C. Ball and Orna Ball

Thought I had your number
Stuck in my phone
But I can't find it nowhere
And besides it's been too long
Borrowed time and ain't got a dime
Peter to pay Paul
But still I hear that whistle blow
Saying you can get through it all
Oh got no place in this old world
Shackle bound, but still I roam
Said got no place in this old world
Shackle bound, but still I roam
Runnin' from my family
Driftin' from my home
Thinking not of who I am
Thinking only of where I'm going
Young with all the answers
Found out on my own
That everything I thought I knew
Twas a lie Twined and Twisted true
Got no place in this old world
Shackle bound, but still I roam

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>