

# 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

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