

The Trouble With Us (feat. Chet Faker)

Marcus Marr

You mumble under your breath
I doubt you know what she said
Let's get this off of your chest
Right here, right now
I'm tryna make this a mess
We're tryna run in the dark
We're makin' reasons to destroy what we needed 'cause we're addicted to bleeding hearts
Got me fighting naked, nothing sacred
We're tearing paint off the walls
Nights are made of kiss and make up
It's on the edge of emotional
I see that look in your eyes
Heartbeats get in the way
I see that look on your face
I can't take it away
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
(I see you looking at me)
You let me under your dress
But you won't show me your heart
Teach me a lesson, I guess
I still go back to the dark
I'm tryna clean up the mess
Girl, I don't know where to start
We're in the season of deliberately needing a fire to burn in our hearts
Got me fighting naked, nothing sacred
We're tearing paint off the walls
Nights are made of kiss-and-make-up
It's on the edge of emotional
I see that look in your eyes
Heartbeats get in the way,
I see that look in your face, I can't take it away
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
Ooh, God, that's the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Listen, baby, ooh, God, that's the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
I see you looking at me

And you just don't know who to thank

Songwriters

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