

# Trouble Loves Me

## Morrissey

Trouble loves me  
Trouble needs me  
Two things more than you do  
Or would attempt to  
    So, console me  
    Otherwise, hold me  
    Just when it seems like  
    Everything's evened out  
And the balance seems serene  
    Trouble loves me  
    Walks beside me  
        To chide me  
        Not to guide me  
    It's still much more  
        Than you'll do  
        So, console me  
        Otherwise, hold me  
        Just when it seems like  
        Everything's evened out  
And the balance seems serene  
    See the fool I'll be  
    Still running 'round  
    On the flesh rampage  
    Still running 'round  
    Ready with, ready-wit  
    Still running 'round  
On the flesh rampage at your age  
    Go to Soho, oh  
    Go to waste in the wrong arms  
    Still running 'round  
    Trouble loves me  
    Seeks and finds me  
    To charlatanize me  
        Which is only  
        As it should be  
    Oh, please fulfill me  
    Otherwise, kill me  
    Show me a barrel  
    And watch me scrape it

Faced with the music  
As always I'll face it  
    In the half-light  
So English, frowning  
    Then at midnight I  
Can't get you out of my head  
    A disenchanted taste  
    Still running 'round  
    A disenchanted taste  
    Still running 'round

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