

# The Trouble With Us

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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