Trouble

American Authors

We grow apart just to be on our own
And we walk right next to all that we have known
Give me your hand, we can climb further up
And we climb the trees and the forest seems to be bigger now
Oh we had so much moreI knew she was trouble from the first kiss
I could tell that something wasn't right with you, with youWe take our time, to see what is up ahead
But we're scared of the past and what is left
We'll stay inside and never let out our hands
And we'll pretend that the world, it will never end
No, it will never endI knew she was trouble from the first kiss
I could tell that something wasn't right with you, with you
(One, two, three, four)
I could feel it blowing in the night wind
I could tell that something wasn't right with you, with youWhy don't you come back down so we can turn it around
Why don't you ever know just to let it go
'Cause nothing comes around for you
So bring me back from one to two
And tell me what else I could doI knew she was trouble from the first kiss
I could tell that something wasn't right with you, with you
(One, two, three, four)
I could feel it blowing in the night wind
I could tell that something wasn't right with you, with youWhy don't you come back down so we can turn it around

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