

Stay Out of Trouble

Kings of Convenience

One, two,
One, two.

I walked around for hours,
two ten pence pieces in my hand.
I was alone and freezing,
still trying hard to understand you.

I left the others knowing
I had to work this by myself.
But now the feeling's growing,
I would be better off with their help.

So baby, what we've got,
has lately,
not been enough,
not been enough.

I wish I had your scarf still,
that once embraced,
and kept me warm.
I wish you could be with me,
in these last days when I am still hopelessly poor.

Stay out of trouble,
stay in touch.
Try not to think about me too much.