

# Troublemaker

Camera Obscura

It's late, we turn the TV off  
It's old, makes the sound of a salt-shaker  
You want to build fires on hot days  
Feel the coolness of my gaze  
I'm a troublemaker

Three years in and I call to crush what remains of this love  
On a cold morning of you arriving  
I was struggling for survival

It's late, we turn the TV off  
It's old, makes the sound of a salt-shaker, a windbreaker  
You want to build fires on hot days  
Feel the coolness of my gaze  
I'm a troublemaker

Three years in and I call to crush what remains of this love  
It's going to be one hell of a year.  
Keeping secrets in water tight compartments, Dear  
It's giving me the fear

I fall down like a tonne of bricks  
What makes me sick won't make me quit  
I fall down like a tonne of bricks  
What makes me sick won't make me quit

I knew what you were talking about  
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