

# Trouble

Jon Brion

Here's the face of trouble  
It's the face I wear  
And it may invite you in  
But I won't go there

Here's a working model  
That generates despair  
And this baby cranks it out  
And it will take you out  
And I won't care

It's a beauty

It's the mark of someone  
Who's beyond repair  
He'll refuse to help himself  
Thinking only of himself  
And though he isn't by himself  
Well it's your job now

There's a conversation  
We're about to have  
And it's full of twists and turns  
Half truths and vague concerns  
From one who never learns  
To one who never learns  
And I never learn

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