

Trouble With Me

Woodward, Lucy

Thinking that I want you,
And you know that I coulda got what I want,
Anybody feel that,
When you know,
But your heart lets it go 'til it's all gone,
It's not like I don't see it,
When it's coming on,
Still I feel like I don't belong

The trouble with me is,
I'm the sum of the parts of something wild,
It's a little big thing,
And I know it,
The trouble with me,
Is I got the heart of nobody's child,
But I don't wanna be free,
That's the trouble with me

Thinking that you know me,
But it's just when you think that,
You know it,
You're wrong,
Wishing you could show me how to stay,
But I can't anyway,
Not this song,
Don't you know that I get weary,
I get so lonely but it's just no use at all

You try to make sense of it you try,
But it's not really me who's saying goodbye,
It's like I got some kinda split personality,
You know nothing ever gets control of me like this,
What can I do?

Thinking that I want you,
And you know that I coulda got what I want