

Trouble Loves Me

Morrissey

Trouble loves me
Trouble needs me
Two things
More than you do
Or would attempt to
So, console me
Otherwise, hold me
Just when it seems like
Everything's evened out
And the balance
Seems serene

Trouble loves me
Walks beside me
To chide me
Not to guide me
It's still much more
Than you'll do
So, console me
Otherwise, hold me
Just when it seems like
Everything's evened out
And the balance seems serene

See the fool I'll be
Still running 'round
On the flesh rampage
Still running 'round

Ready with ready-wit
Still running 'round
On the flesh rampage - At your age!
Go to Soho, oh
Go to waste in
The wrong arms
Still running 'round
Trouble loves me
Seeks and finds me
To charlatanize me
Which is only
As it should be
Oh, please fulfill me
Otherwise, kill me
Show me a barrel and watch me scrape it
Faced with the music, as always I'll face it
In the half-light
So English, frowning
Then at midnight I
Can't get you out of my head
A disenchanted taste
Still running 'round
A disenchanted taste
Still running 'round