

Trouble Comes Running

Spoon

I was in a functional way
And I have my brown sound jacket
Queen of call collect on my arm
She was my calm-me-down
She was my good-luck charm
She was my good luck

Here it come running
Here it come running again
Trouble come running
Here it come running again

Well alright
I got taken away
By a heavenly host
To a heavenly place
I didn't wanna leave
I would not be swayed

But here it come running
Here it come running again
Trouble where the kids are
Here it come running
Well are you picking up?
Are you picking up what I'm putting down?
Putting down
Running, here it come running
Ah, running again

Well done
I was in a functional way
And thinking clean clean thoughts
Effort just to keep my nose on
Just trying to look straight ahead
Don't wanna tell him he's wrong
Wanna tell him he's wrong

It come running
Here it come running
Where the kids are
Here it come running again
Slaves are on the horses
Princes walk the ground like they're slaves
Here it come running
Here it come running again
Running again
Running again
Running again
Ah, running