

# 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