The trouble with you
The trouble with you
You don't do what your heart wants to
You never listen to it, no, no
You never listen to it, no, no
That's the trouble
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The doctors say the blood is pumpin' through you just fine Pulse and tempo on the neon light
They can't tell you why you don't feel right
They don't know why you can't sleep at night

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So-called friends with the bad advice Smile through the day, tryin' to seem nice They don't care if you feel like this And they don't know what the trouble is

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