

# Morrissey, Trouble Loves Me

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