

Howie Day, Trouble In Here

All that I wanted to say
I'll never come here again
All that I wanted to say
All gone

Spring time is always in hand
Almost as if you were there
Making a hole under me, again
Hold on

'Cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love
There's trouble in here
Hold on
Thing that I fear

Take all the love outta me
So I'd never see it again
Lost, where are we?
On a plane
Ah, yeah

'Cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love
There's trouble in here
Hold on
Thing that I fear

Ohhhh, yeah... ohhh

'Cause I couldn't make up
A thing that you say, love
There's trouble in here
Hold on
A thing that I share
Hold on
There's trouble in here
Thing that I fear

Yeah, heyy, ohh, heyy, heyy

Heyy, heyy, mmmm, oh, mmmm, oh