

# Black, Blonde Trouble

She's the kind could clean you out  
And strip your cloths, blow-up your house  
Stand you naked in the rubble  
Blonde trouble  
Making promises with your fingers crossed  
Counting the cost of the things you've lost  
Count the cost of the things unfound  
Blonde trouble  
She's like the driving force of fate  
A mirror thrown from a speeding train  
An elastic rope that's drawn between two points  
Her voices would have lied to you  
But the eyes say something different  
She says I think I love you  
But it's not the thought that counts  
Roll a six cause you know you can  
Stare down the barrel of a loaded gun  
Move to a place that seems remote  
She's the kind could clean you out  
And strip your cloths, blow-up your house  
Stand you naked in the rubble  
Blonde trouble