King, Trouble

I'm stood in a darkened bus station
avoiding the ripped seats
customised frustration
it's question and answer time
it's make love on the street
well that's the way it goes
(that's the way it goes)
smack the world on the nose
(punch it on the nose)
your problems never get solved
by think with your crutch
I find that my trouble
it's impossible when it's insufferable
to take anymore
laugh at bad jokes with the crew
I'm trapped in unwanted conversation
love can make fools out of men
even men out of fools
stirred by a dagger in the back
someone's got over active mouth attack
jump the bus two stops early
and kick in some new car doors
I find my trouble
it's impossible
when it's insufferable
to take no more