

Tara McLean, Trouble With Me

The trouble with me is I keep believing in the wrong things.
Who needs to believe anyway.
I have given all. I have seen what it brings.
I wish it all away. Salvage what I can. I always ran.
Now I'm gone in a rage, now I'm gone in a rage.
The trouble with me is I put faith in everything.
Who needs hope anyway.
And now my tongue is stained with words I do not mean,
and there's nothing left to say.
My body lands in the coldest hands.
Now I'm gone in a rage, now I'm gone in a rage.
I'm gone, now you see her, now you don't.
Did you touch her, can you run,
Now she's gone in a rage.
The trouble with me is I keep believing there are better things.
Well, there just has to be.
This play of the way. The caressable stings.
It's intangible to me.
Biting in your frozen skin. Now I'm gone in a rage.
The trouble with me is I keep believing in the wrong things.