

Tori Amos, Trouble's Lament

Trouble needs a home, girls
Trouble needs a home.
She fell out with Satan,
Now she's on the run.
But I have found her quite straightforward
In her contracts and her deals
She warns me when danger is
Loose behind his wheels
And he is loose behind his wheels.

Don't cry baby... (baby, baby)

Trouble got evicted,
From the Devil's lair.
I wager she got betrayed
By her friend Despair.
Now the flames from Satan's tongue are charged
And licking at her heels
She whispers: "Hey Ginger, Danger's loose behind his wheels?"
And Satan knows how Danger makes you feel.
What will be will be, baby... (baby, baby)

You don't, you don't need to cry.
There are no tears in my eyes
If Danger wants to find me,
I'll let him in, he can find me.

Trouble needs a home, girls
A covert abode from Tucson to Ohio back through Tobacco road.
And she is armed and will fight for the souls of girls around the world.
Standing up to Satan,
Dancing on St. Michael's sword.
I'm on her side, in this brutal war.
Don't cry baby... (baby, baby)

You don't, you don't need to cry.
There are no tears in my eyes
If Danger wants to find me,
I'll let him in, he can find me.

Trouble needs a home, girls
Trouble needs a home.
Trouble needs a home, girls
Will you give her one?
Trouble needs a home,
Trouble needs a home