

# 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