

The Trouble With Us
Chet Faker

(Em D C Am7 D)

You mumble under your breath
I doubt you know what you said
Let s get this of of your chest
Right here, right now

I m tryna make this a mess
We re tryna run in the dark

We re makin reasons to destroy our believing
Cuz we re addicted to bleeding hearts

Got me
Fighting making nothing sacred
We re tearing paint of the walls
Nights are made of kiss and makeup
It s on the edge of emotional

I see that look in your eyes
Heartbeats get in the way
I see that look in your face
I can t take it away

Ooh, God
That s the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Ooh, God
That s the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
[x2]

(I see you looking at me)

You let me under your chest
But you won t show me your heart
Teach me a lesson I guess
I still go back to the dark

I m tryna clean up the mess
Girl I don t know where to start

Were in the season of deliberately needing
A fire to burn in our hearts

Got me
Fighting making nothing sacred

We're tearing paint off the walls
Nights are made of kiss and makeup
It's on the edge of emotional

I see that look in your eyes
Heartbeats get in the way
I see that look in your face
I can't take it away

Ooh, god
That's the trouble with me
I need the trouble with you
Ooh, god
That's the trouble with us
I need the trouble with trust
[x2]

(I see you looking at me
And now I don't know who to believe)