

**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)