

Troublemaker

Camera Obscura

It's late, we turn the TV off
It's old, makes the sound of a salt-shaker
You want to build fires on hot days
Feel the coolness of my gaze
I'm a troublemaker

Three years in and I call to crush what remains of this love
On a cold morning of you arriving
I was struggling for survival

It's late, we turn the TV off
It's old, makes the sound of a salt-shaker, a windbreaker
You want to build fires on hot days
Feel the coolness of my gaze
I'm a troublemaker

Three years in and I call to crush what remains of this love
It's going to be one hell of a year.
Keeping secrets in water tight compartments, Dear
It's giving me the fear

I fall down like a tonne of bricks
What makes me sick won't make me quit
I fall down like a tonne of bricks
What makes me sick won't make me quit

I knew what you were talking about
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