

# Nobody Knows My Trouble

Ryan Bingham

I've been carrying my trouble  
In this pack strapped to shoulder  
Ever since I was a baby  
I've been running from everything I know  
Don't you tell me about my trouble  
'Cause nobody knows about my trouble  
Nobody knows about my trouble  
Except for my baby and me

I was born a cowboy  
Way out west in New Mexico  
Time's were tough, we had to let it go  
We moved to town but they couldn't move it out of me  
It was way down in my blood  
Thicker than anyone understood  
Nobody thought that I ever would  
Get away with the trouble in me

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Well it didn't take too long  
For the pills and the bottom of a bottle  
To dig a deep grave with a shovel  
And bury everything that a young boy needs  
But I found me a guitar  
One lonely night in a border town  
My pain, I started to right it down  
But it wouldn't stay away from me

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So I got the hell out of there  
Made my way up to the big town  
Checked myself into the lost and found  
What do you know, my baby come for me  
Now I'm living the good life  
Away from all of the bad advice  
I take every day like it's a paradise  
So people stay away from me

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