Marcus Marr & Chet Faker, The Trouble With Us

You mumble under your breath,
I doubt you know what she said
Let's get this off your chest Right here,
right now I'm tryina make this a mess,
We're tryina run in the dark
Won't make up reasons to destroy what we're needing
‘Cause we're addicted to bleeding hearts

Got me fighting naked, nothing sacred
We're tearing paint off the walls
Nights are made of kiss & make up,
It's on the edge of emotional

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

Uh, God has a trouble with me I need the trouble with you
Uh, God has a trouble with us
I need the trouble we trust

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I see you're looking at me

You let me under your dress
But you won't show me you hide
Teach me a lesson, I guess
I still go back to the dark I'm tryina clean up the mess
Girl, I don't know where to start
Burning the seasons,
not deliberately needing
If I'd had a fire I'd burn it up heights

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