

Troubled Times

by Rob Fillo

Here's a story I've heard before
Behind the eyes, behind the doors
They scream at night
To start their fight

I've never felt like this before
Emotions coming, but I'm so unsure
You bring me back for more
You bring me back

You try to run, you try to hide
Sometimes I feel like I'm gonna die

There's no time for weakness
In troubled times like these
Take one more hit of distraction
Bring a nation to her knees

Here's a place I've been before
See the faces behind the door
They scream at night
They scratch and bite

I try to run, I try to hide
Sometimes I feel like I'm gonna die

And there's no time for weakness
In troubled times like these
Take one more hit of distraction
Bring a nation to her knees

Then you kiss me, and I want more
And I remember what I'm fighting for

There's no time for weakness
In troubled times like these
Take one more hit of distraction
Bring a nation to her knees