

All this trouble in the World – the Fugitives
NIFH March 24, 2015

arr. Ali Romanow

Chorus

F	C	Dm	Bb
F	C	Dm	Bb
Bb			

Verse

F	Dm	Bb	F C
F	Dm	Bb C	F

Capo 5

C	G	Am	F
C	G	Am	F
F			

C	Am	F	C G
C	Am	F G	C

All this trouble in the world, Let it come, let it come
All this trouble in the world, Let it come, let it come

The infirm all alone by the window in their beds
The fears that are real, the doubts just in our heads
Straining to remember when we've forgotten what was said
All our problems always

Child on the playground pushed too far up in the swing
Chasing the life partner who will never wear the ring
The song that you cherish but the notes too high to sing
All our problems always

Chorus

The same old god with a hundred different names
Elevator music while the holding caller waits
A flaking painting outlived by its frame
All our problems always

Praying for the cold in the summer and for winter in the heat
Every narrow darkly lit street
Worshipping the beauty of her body but hesitating at the feet
All our problems always

Trying to leave town when the love affair is done
The bus that comes too early the train that never comes
There's 50 ways to leave you r love why can't I just find one?
All our problems always...

It is the softness of our skins against the sharp edge of a knife
It is the regiments of day versus the pleasures of the night
It is the certainty of death and the passion for this life
All our problems always