

# The Trouble With Love Is

Words & Music by Evan Rogers, Carl Sturken & Kelly Clarkson

$\text{♩} = 60$

F

A7

B $\flat$

D $\flat$  4fr

B $\flat$

N.C.

N.C.

Fadd9

A7

4

3

4

1. Love can be a ma - ny splen - dored thing, can't\_ de - ny the joy\_\_\_ it brings:\_  
2. Now I was once a fool, it's true, I played the game by all\_\_\_ the rules;

**B<sup>b</sup>add9**

**D<sup>b</sup>**

**E<sup>b</sup>**

4

a doz - en ros - es, dia - mond rings, \_\_\_\_\_ dreams for sale \_\_\_\_\_ and fai - ry tales \_\_\_\_\_  
 but now my world's a deep - er blue, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sad - der but I'm wis - er too. \_\_\_\_\_

**Fadd9**

**A7**

It-'ll make\_ you hear a sym - pho - ny, \_\_\_\_\_ and you just\_ want the world\_ to see, \_\_\_\_\_  
 I swore I'd nev - er love a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ I swore my heart would nev - er mend,

**B<sup>b</sup>**

3

but, like\_ a drug that makes \_\_\_\_\_ you blind, \_\_\_\_\_  
 said love was - n't worth the pain, \_\_\_\_\_

**C<sup>7</sup>sus4**


**C<sup>7</sup>sus4**

**F**


N.C.




3 3

it -'ll fool you\_ ev - 'ry - time. \_\_\_\_\_ } The trou - ble with love \_\_\_\_\_ is \_\_\_\_\_ it can  
 but\_ then I hear it call my\_ name. \_\_\_\_\_ }

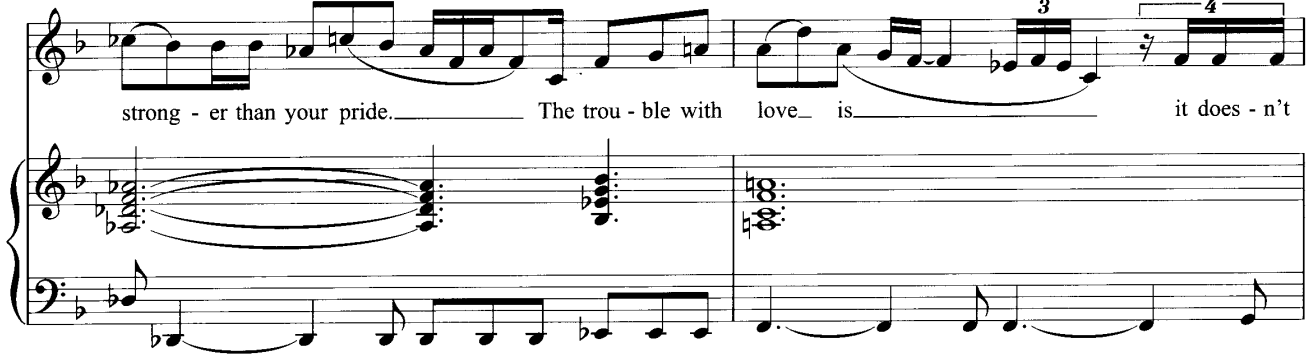
A7  B<sup>b</sup> 

tear you up in - side, \_\_\_\_\_ make your heart be - lieve a \_\_\_\_\_ lie. \_\_\_\_\_ It's



D<sup>b</sup>  E<sup>b</sup>  F 

strong - er than your pride. \_\_\_\_\_ The trou - ble with love\_ is \_\_\_\_\_ it does - n't



A7  B<sup>b</sup> 

care how fast you fall, \_\_\_\_\_ and you can't re - fuse\_ the call. \_\_\_\_\_ See, you've



1. D<sup>b</sup>  N.C.  B<sup>b</sup>  N.C.  2. D<sup>b</sup>  N.C.  B<sup>b</sup>  N.C. 

got no say at all, \_\_\_\_\_ oh. \_\_\_\_\_ got no say at all. \_\_\_\_\_



A<sup>7</sup> Dm

Ev - 'ry - time I turn a - round, I think I've got it all fig - ured out. <sup>3</sup>

A<sup>7</sup> Dm

My heart keeps call - ing, and I keep on fall - ing ov - er and ov - er a - gain.

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>

This sad sto - ry al - ways ends the same: me stand - ing in the pour - ing rain.

G<sup>7</sup>/B C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup> N.C. C<sup>7</sup>sus<sup>4</sup>

It seems, no mat - ter what I do, it tears my heart in two. <sup>3</sup> The trou - ble with

*D.S. repeat chorus to fade*