

TROUBLE

G

Well, I play an old guitar from nine till half past one,
I'm just tryin to make a living
 watching everybody else havin fun.
Well, I don't miss much if it happens on the dancehall floor,
Mercy, Look what just wkld thr tht door

Well, hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E,
Tell me wht n th world you doin' A-LONE
Yeah, Say HEY good L-double-O-K-I-N-G,
Well, I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E.

- > I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids,
- > Mama had a time tryin to raise nine kids,
- > She told me not to stare cause it was impolite
- > She did the best she could to try to raise me right,

Cause Mama never told me bout
 (world ain't ready for) nothin like Y-O-U,
Bet your mama must a been another good looking honey too,
Well, hey good L-double-O-K-I-N-G,
Well, I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E.

... lead ...

- > Well a sweet-talking sexy-walking honky-tonkin baby,
- > The men are gonna love ya & the women gonna hate ya,
- > Remindin them of everything they're never gonna be,
- > May be the beginning of a World War Three,

[to the Mark]