

# Trouble

Robert Palmer

You yelled "hey"  
When your car wouldn't start  
Got real nervous, started to eat your heart out  
You're so fat, your shoes don't fit on your feet  
You got trouble  
And it's tailor made, mama lay down your head in the shade  
Coz your eyes are tired and your feet are too  
And you wish the world was as tired as you  
Well I write a letter and I send it today  
And put all the trouble in it you had today, had today You yelled "hey"  
When your stove blew up  
Upset, why yes  
The footprints on your ceiling are almost gone  
And you're wondering why  
Mama lay your head down don't you  
Your eyes are tired and your feet are too  
And you wish the world was as tired as you  
Well I write a letter and I send it away  
And I put in it all the trouble you had today, had today  
All the trouble in it Well your telephone rang and you weren't home  
You forgot about this and you forgot about that  
Got to get to what you're doing  
Goodbye click that so and so  
You're an islander on your own, on your own

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