

Trouble With The Sweet Stuff

Billy Idol

Wanna give it up, gotta give it up
Can't give it up Oh, mama, oh, oh
The money's run out
And I'm a hungry man
Oh, mama, ooh
You see, I, I'm a hurtin' man I was just a boy when they told me
God loves ya, you're insane
Here I am, pistol in my hand
Judge and jury, one the same I got, trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
I got, trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
And I'm never ever gonna shake it, shake it
Trouble with the sweet stuff
Trouble with the sweet stuff Ooh, bang bang, they shot me down
Caught me robbin' the bank again
Say I'm crazy, I'm a desperate man
Not right Daddy's in the junk shop alley babe
Tryin' to some that stuff
I said I can't believe it I got, trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
I got, trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
And I'm never ever gonna shake it, shake it Don't wanna give it up
Don't wanna give it up, yeah
Shake it, gotta give it up
Don't wanna give it up
Don't wanna give it up Trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
Mommy's in the graveyard
Pushed her oh so long
Baby ain't cryin'
Cradles cold, long gone And me mama, mama
Yes, when the situation breaks down
You've got trouble, trouble Bang bang, shot me down
Caught me robbin' the bank again
I ain't crazy, baby, oh yeah
I'm a desperate man Daddy's in the junk shop alley babe
Tryin' to some that stuff and me
Never gonna shake it, baby, yeah Trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
I got trouble with the sweet stuff, oh yeah
Trouble with the sweet stuff, baby
And I'm never, never, never, never, ever
Gonna shake it I want trouble with the sweet stuff, yeah

Believe me, baby
Can't give it up, come on and shake itDaddy's in the junk shop alley babe
Tryin' to smoke that stuff, oh yeah
Yeah, gonna shake it
Can't give it up, can't give it upDo you feel pain
The same way I feel pain, babe
Breathe the same air
I gotta give it up, wanna give it up
Can't give it up, gotta give it upGive it up
Give it up
Give it up
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