

# Trouble

## Material Issue

Well let me tell you all a little story  
'Bout the man who lives down at the top of the stairs  
Well he worked all his life for his children and his wife  
And he opened up a little store down there Well one night late while he was lockin' the gate  
A kid came in and said  
"You know what I want" and he said "I ain't lookin' for trouble  
And I know what you came here to do  
I ain't lookin' for trouble"  
And the kid said  
"Trouble's come lookin' for you" Well I swore that I would find him  
I said that I would track him down  
And in a dirty darkened alleyway I said  
"Today is your day whatever you do don't turn around" Well he looked up to me and said that I can see  
That you know who I am and where I've been  
And he said "I ain't lookin' for trouble  
And I know what you came here to do  
I ain't lookin' for trouble"  
And I said  
"Trouble's come lookin' for you" Well I've spent four years of my life here  
In this cold gray prison cell  
With my cigarettes and my magazine  
And my life, it feels like hell Well I hear footsteps in the hall  
And I know they're takin' me away and all  
And I said, "I don't wanna die"  
And I said "I ain't lookin' for trouble  
And I know what you came here to do  
I ain't lookin' for trouble"  
And he said  
"Trouble's come lookin' for you"

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