

# Trouble, Trouble

## Foghat

My brain is cloudy and my eyes are sore  
I told myself, I wouldn't drink no more  
A bad hangover's something I can't stand  
But here I am with a jug in my hand Whoo, whoo, trouble, trouble  
Worries on my mind  
Goin' down to the cellar  
Get some of that mellow wine I seem to ruin everything I touch  
People say it's 'cause I drink too much  
I tried to kick it but it ain't no use  
Guess, I'm a slave to that mellow juice Whoo, whoo, trouble, trouble  
Worries on my mind  
Goin' down to the cellar  
Get some of that mellow wine, yeah My brain is cloudy and my eyes are sore  
I told myself, I wouldn't drink no more  
A bad hangover's something I can't stand  
But here I am with a jug in my hand Whoo, whoo, trouble, trouble  
Worries on my mind  
Goin' down to the cellar  
Get some of that mellow wine  
Oh, take it way

Songwriters

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