

# Big Trouble

Robert Palmer

Don't move...  
Just one false move and you're dead meat  
You know you're running out of luck  
You won't admit it when you're beat  
You see me comin' better duck  
Big trouble, I'll lay you to waste  
Big trouble, gonna pick a bone with you  
Big trouble, gonna drop the bomb, baby  
Big trouble, runnin' out of patience  
Big trouble, eat away at your nervous system  
You know I've got you in my sights  
Saw your emotions run amok  
Had an anxiety attack  
You were surprised when panic struck  
No ammunition, a war of nerves  
I'll steal your thunder  
War of attrition, watch you submerge

You're goin' under  
You need it, you lose it, you love it, you gotta have it  
I'm gonna find your breaking point  
You like to practice self-deceit  
I'll knock your nose right out of joint  
The demolition of your whole world  
War of attrition  
Big trouble, this is the right place  
Big trouble, come on, do your worst  
Big trouble, rub me up the wrong way  
Big trouble, punch a hole in your argument  
I see you're spoiling for a fight  
I'll pick you off and rub you out  
All your big talk is obsolete  
No one to hear you scream and shout  
I'll give you fire, a war of nerves  
War of attrition, the demolition of your whole world  
I'll steal your thunder

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