

T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Travis Tritt

Well I play an old guitar from nine till half past one
I'm just tryin' to make a livin' watching everybody else havin' fun
Well I don't miss much if it happens on a dancehall floor
Mercy look what just walked through that door Well hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E
Tell me what in the world
You doin' A-L-O-N-E
Yeah say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G
Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids
Mama had a time tryin' to raise nine kids
She told me not to stare cause it was impolite
She did the best she could to try to raise me right Cause mama never told me 'bout nothin' like why-O-you
Bet your mama musta been another good lookin' honey too
Hey good L double O-K-I-N-G
Well I smell T-are-O-you-be-L-E Well a sweet talkin', sexy walkin', honky tonkin' baby
The men are gonna love ya and the woman gonna hate ya
Remindin' them of everything they're never gonna be
May be the beginning of a world war three Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like why-O-you
I bet your mama musta been another good lookin' mama too
Hey say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G
Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E I said hey
I said hey
I said hey
I said hey
I said hey
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Songwriters

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