

Trouble, Trouble

Marshall Ford Swing Band

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

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