Ain't You Trouble

Gary Primich

I heard about your racket,
From a friend of mine in town.
Said you are the Queen of Spades,
And throwinâ€™ jokers down.

Chorus:
Ainâ€™t you trouble baby.
Ainâ€™t you trouble baby.
Lord I swear your name is trouble,
You know Iâ€™m sure we met before.

I could sit for hours
And gaze into your pretty eyes.
Windows to your soul
Are just a thinly veiled disguise.

(Chorus)
(Guitar solo)

Iâ€™ve been runninâ€™ from you
Ever since the day we met.
And everytime I see you
I smell fear and sense regret.

(Chorus)
(Harp solo)

The twisted path I walk
Is where you took my hand and led.
And I could eat my words for years
Inside your sticky web.

(Chorus)
(Harp ending)

Lyrics submitted by Chris Balding.

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