

# Trouble Where You Seek It

**Brooke Miller**

The plot gets thicker and it always goes astray  
You're never holding in your hands a particular play  
You're not satisfied with the taste or smell  
And it's not what you ordered, wellThere's a good chance some body else has got it made  
Well, there's trouble where you seek it  
You see it in store windows  
And the box is twice as big as the itemThere's a spotlight shining from the corner both night and day  
Some gather round and paw the glass  
Others who know better pass  
And they whisper to themselves, they'll never find their way  
With stars in their eyes, they'll never find their wayThere's trouble where you seek it  
You don't have to go sneaking around  
To find they've found you out by now  
There's trouble where you seek it

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