

# Trouble

## Cowboy Mouth

I can feel your breath on the back of my neck  
As your fingers torture my palm  
I can hear your voice whisper me mad, saying  
"Relax little boy, stay calm" I can see you simmerin' between your eyes  
With every angry word and hurt tear  
Slap me with the glove of your true love  
While you teach me the meaning of fear Here comes trouble  
And trouble is all I see  
Here comes trouble  
The trouble looks good to me I can feel your mouth beginning to purr  
Saying, "Baby's got to have some"  
Tell me what you done to you  
And everything you need to become You can watch me shiver at the tip of your touch  
You can drive me close to insane  
Teach this little guy, it's okay to cry  
While I'm learning the pleasure of pain Here comes trouble  
And trouble is all I see  
Here comes trouble  
But trouble looks good to me  
Trouble looks good to me Do you like my kinda danger?  
Do you love my kinda style?  
Am I just another stranger  
You'll get bored with after-while? Yeah, feed me fingers, dipped in whipped cream  
Let me bite what I cannot kiss  
Is there anything in this fucked up world  
That is as good or as bad as this? Here comes trouble  
But trouble is all I see  
Here comes trouble  
But trouble looks good to me Here comes trouble  
And trouble is all I see  
Here comes trouble  
But trouble looks good to me  
Trouble looks good to me Trouble looks good to me  
Trouble looks good to me  
Trouble with a capital T  
Trouble looks good to me Trouble looks good to me  
Trouble looks good to me  
Trouble looks good to me

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