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 fearHere comes trouble
And trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble
The trouble looks good to meI 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 becomeYou 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 painHere comes trouble
And trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble
But trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to meDo 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 meHere comes trouble
And trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble
But trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to meTrouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
Trouble with a capital T
Trouble looks good to meTrouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
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