

T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Brock Wade

Well, I play an old guitar from nine till a half past one
I'm just tryin' to make a livin' watching everybody else havin' fun
Well, I don't miss much if it happens on a dance hall floor
Mercy, look what just walked through that door
Well, hello T R O U B L E
Tell me what in the world you doin' A L O N E
Yeah, say hey good L double O K I N G
Well, I smell T R O U B L E
I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids
Mama had a time tryin' to raise nine kids
She told me not to stare 'cause it was impolite
She did the best she could to try to raise me right
'Cause mama never told me 'bout nothin' like Y O U
Bet your mama must've been another good lookin' honey too
Hey, hey, good L double O K I N G
Well, I smell T R O U B L E
Well, a sweet talkin', sexy walkin', honky tonkin' baby
The men are gonna love you and the woman gonna hate you
Remindin' them of everything they're never gonna be
May be the beginning of a world war three
'Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like Y O U
I bet your mama must've been another good lookin' mama too
Hey, say hey good L double O K I N G
Well, I smell T R O U B L E
I said hey, I said hey
I said hey, I said hey
I said hey, I smell T R O U B L E

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