

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

Intro: 8 measures

Well, I play an old guitar from a nine till a-half past one
I'm just trying to make a livin watchin everybody else havin fun
Well, I don't miss much if it happens on the 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 are you doin A-L-O-N-E?
Say hey good L-double-O-K-I-N-G. Yea, 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 trying to raise nine kids
She told me not to stare cause it was impolite
She did the best she to could try to raise me right

But mama never told me 'bout nothin like Y-O-U
Bet your momma must a been another good looking honey too
Well, hey good L-double-O-K-I-N-G. Well, I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Interlude: 16 measures

Well you're a sweet talkin' sexy walkin, honky-tonkin' baby
The men are gonna love ya, and the women gonna hate ya
Remindin' them of everything they're never gonna be
It may be the beginnin' of a world war three

Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like a Y-O-U
Bet your momma must a been another good looking momma too
Hey, I 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.
Stop I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E