

# Travis Tritt, Trouble

Well, I play an old guitar from a nine till a half past one  
I'm just tryin' to make a livin' watchin' 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...  
Yeah

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 musta been another good lookin' honey, too

Yeah  
Hey, good L double O-K-I-N-G  
Well, I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E...

Yeah  
Yeah

Well, you're a sweet talkin', sexy walkin', honky tonkin' baby  
The men are gonna love ya and the woman gonna hate ya  
Remindin' them of everythin' they're never gonna be  
Maybe the beginning of a world war three  
Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like Y-O-U  
I bet your mama musta 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 (x5)

Oh, I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E...  
Yeah

Whoo