

Adam Brand, Trouble

I play an old guitar from nine 'till half past one
I'm just trying to make a living watching everyone else have fun
I don't miss much if it happens on the dance hall floor
I said mercy look what just walked through that door
Hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E
What in the world are you doing A-L-O-N-E
Hey good L-O-O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E
I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids
Mamma had a time trying to raise nine kids
She taught me not to stare cause it was impolite
She did the best she could trying to raise me right
But mama never taught me bout nothing like Y-O-U
I Bet your mama must have been a good lookin' honey too
Hey, good L-O-O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E
You sweet talking sexy walkin' honky tonkin' baby
The men are gonna' love you, the women are gonna' hate you
Reminding them of everything they're never gonna' be
It maybe the beginning of the world war three
'Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like Y-O-U
Bet your mama must have been a good looking honey too
Hey, good L-O-O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E