

Billy Gilman, Shamey, Shamey, Shame

I sleep with one eye open and
One foot on the floor and
When I see that the coast is clear
I slip right out the door

Some folks think I'm trouble
Bad with a capital B
If I bust your bubble,
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on me
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on me

I keep one hand in my pocket
The other in the cookie jar
I'm one step ahead, give me an inch
I'll take the whole nine yards.

Some folks think I'm trouble (he's trouble)
Bad with a capital B
But if I bust your bubble (he's trouble)
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on me

I'm as innocent as I can be
A little bent on trickery
A little hide and seek
A little tounge in cheek

Ooooooooooooooooooyeah!!!

Some folks think I'm trouble (trouble!)
Bad with a capital B
If I bust your bubble (he's trouble!)
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on me
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on me

Shamey, Shamey, Shame
Shamey, Shamey, Shame
Shamey, Shamey, Shame on

Me