

Bob Dylan, Trouble

Trouble in the city, trouble in the farm
You got your rabbit's foot, you got your good-luck charm
But they can't help you none when there's trouble.

Trouble
Trouble, trouble, trouble
Nothing but trouble.

Trouble in the water, trouble in the air
Go all the way to the other side of the world, you'll find trouble there
Revolution even ain't no solution for trouble.

Trouble
Trouble, trouble, trouble
Nothing but trouble.

Drought and starvation, packaging of the soul
Persecution, execution, governments out of control
You can see the writing on the wall inviting trouble.

Trouble
Trouble, trouble, trouble
Nothing but trouble.

Put your ear to the train tracks, put your ear to the ground
You ever feel like you're never alone even when there's nobody else around ?
Since the beginning of the universe man's been cursed by trouble.

Trouble
Trouble, trouble, trouble
Nothing but trouble.

Nightclubs of the broken-hearted, stadiums of the damned
Legislature, perverted nature, doors that are rudely slammed
Look into infinity, all you see is trouble.

Trouble
Trouble, trouble, trouble
Nothing but trouble.