

Robert Palmer, Trouble

(Lowell George)

You yelled "hey";

When your car wouldn't start

Got real nervous, started to eat your heart out

You're so fat, your shoes don't fit on your feet

You got trouble

And it's tailor made, mama lay down your head in the shade

Coz your eyes are tired and your feet are too

And you wish the world was as tired as you

Well I write a letter and I send it today

And put all the trouble in it you had today, had today

You yelled "hey";

When your stove blew up

Upset, why yes

The footprints on your ceiling are almost gone

And you're wondering why

Mama lay your head down don't you

Your eyes are tired and your feet are too

And you wish the world was as tired as you

Well I write a letter and I send it away

And I put in it all the trouble you had today, had today

All the trouble in it

Well your telephone rang and you weren't home

You forgot about this and you forgot about that

Got to get to what you're doing

Goodbye click that so and so

You're an islander on your own, on your own