

Whitesnake

"Woman Trouble Blues"

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(coverdale/vandenberg)

The womans name was trouble,
She put the blame on me
I asked her what her game was,
She said "misery"
I didn't ask no questions,
I did not even pray
When the angel on my shoulder
Said I should walk away

You promised me heaven,
But, you gave me hell,
Cut me down to the bone
With your kiss and tell
Nobody listens to a word I say,
Still I'm gonna curse you, woman,
'til my dying day

I should have known better
With a girl like you
You shame the devil
With the things you do
I was blind, now I see
A lying woman be the death of me

I got woman trouble blues,
Woman trouble blues

You told me it was meant to be,
But, all you did was put the hurt on me
You made my life a living hell,
And drowned my dreams in the wishing well

I've got woman trouble blues,
Woman trouble blues

There ain't no doubt I'm going down

The womans name was trouble,
She put the blame on me,
I gave her what she wanted

And I got misery
Now I don't take much persuading,
At times I'm easily led,
I'm gonna find myself in a prison cell
Thro' the lying things she said

I'll stand accused on judgement day,
And pray the lord hears what I say
All my life I never learned,
I played with fire and I got burned

Woman trouble blues,
I got woman trouble blues
Woman trouble blues,
Mean ol' woman trouble blues

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