

Simpsons, The

"Deep, Deep Trouble"

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Bart:

Let me start at the start, then take it away
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew J.
That's Bart with an "art" and a capital "B"
Then "simp" plus "s-o-n" that's me
Introductions aside, let's move right along
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong
Once upon a time, about a week ago
All of the sudden, trouble started to grow
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin'
Supposed to get up now, but I was refusing
To let reality become an intrusion
'Cause in dreamy-dreamland I was cruisin'
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin'
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion
I opened up my eyes to my surprise
There stood Homer and his temperature rised
I will chillin', he was yellin'
Face all distored, 'cause he was propellin'
It wasn't what he said, but more of his tone
The usual jibe, put your nose to the grind-stone
I said I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it.
I started to protest, but Dad said

Homer:

Shut it! Get up, mow the lawn! Move it on the double!
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep, trouble!

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep trouble!
Wanted to snuggle! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

So I'm in the front yard mowing like crazy
Sweating like a pig and the sun is blazy
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
With Mom and Lis, I hope they're going real far
Then Dad yells ---

Homer: Bart!

Bart: And I go, "Yo!" He goes ---

Homer: You done yet?

Bart: And I go, "No." So he goes ---

Homer: Oh, you're too slow!

Bart:

So I step on the gas, speed up the mow

Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree

Went Keee! Pisssssh!

Sprayin' on me! I go, "Whoa!" Homer goes ---

Homer:

D'oh! Now you can't go, to the boat show!

Bart:

This is my thanks for working my butt off

Homer starts the moter and they all start to 'putt off

Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle...

No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble...

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep trouble!

The one who gets double! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on a lawn

Looking at the sky with my sunshades on

Now I never ever claimed that I was a smarty

But inspiration hits me: "Let's have a party!"

I called up my posse. They were here in a flash

They brought all their pals, we started to thrash!

There was rompin', and stompin', an occasional crash

A fist fight or two, a Nintendo for cash

We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash

I got a little worried when the windows got smashed

The next thing you know Mom and Dad are home

The kids disappear, and I'm all alone

Everything is silent except for my moan

And the low breasy tone of a saxophone

They look at me, then they go into a huddle

Get the sinking sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble

Back-up Singers:

Trouble! Deep, deep Trouble!

You're in trouble! Deep, deep trouble!

Bart:

There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness

I was dragged down the block by His Royal Dadness

We rounded the corner and came to a stop

Threw me inside Jake's the barber shop

I said, "please sir just a little off the top..."

Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop
So on my head there's nothing but stubble
Man, I hate bein' in deep, deep trouble!

Back-up Singers: Trouble! Deep, deep trouble! Nothing
but trouble
Deep deep trouble!(repeated)
Bart: Oh, come on man.

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