

## Adam Ant

### "Trouble"

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I play an old guitar from nine 'till half past one  
I'm just trying to make a living watching everyone else  
have fun  
I don't miss much if it happens on the dance hall floor  
I said mercy look what just walked through that door  
Hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E  
What in the world are you doing A-L-O-N-E  
Hey good L-O-O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E  
I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids  
Mamma had a time trying to raise nine kids  
She taught me not to stare cause it was impolite  
She did the best she could trying to raise me right  
But mama never taught me bout nothing like Y-O-U  
I Bet your mama must have been a good lookin' honey  
too  
Hey, good L-O-O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E  
You sweet talking sexy walkin honky tonkin' baby  
The men are gonna' love you, the women are gonna'  
hate you  
Reminding them of everything they're never gonna' be  
It maybe the beginning of the world war three  
'Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like Y-O-U  
Bet your mama must have been a good looking honey  
too  
Hey, good L-O-O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

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