

Little Feat "Trouble"

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Lowell George

You yelled hey when your car wouldn't start
So you got real nervous and started to eat your heart
out

Now you're so fat your shoes don't fit on your feat
You got trouble
And it's tailor made
Well mama lay your head down in the shade

'Cause your eyes are tired, and your feat are too
And you wish the world was as tired as you, whoa
Well I'll write a letter, and I'll send it away
And put all the trouble in int you had today

Oh your telephone ring and you went "oh ho"
You forgot about this, and you forgot about that
'Cause you got to get back to what you doing
Goodbye, click that, so and so
You're an island and on your own

You yelled hey when the stove blew up
Upset? why yes
And the footprints on your ceiling, they're almost gone
And you're wondering why?
Well mama lay your head down, don't you cry

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