

## Mark Erelli "Troubles (Those Lonesome Kind)"

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(Clarence Gibson)

Well you think you got troubles  
Man listen to me  
I'll tell you a story as it happened you see

I got four little kids a-waiting at home  
My wife done packed her bags and gone  
She done moved on across the tracks  
And I know that girl ain't a-coming back

CHORUS

I got troubles  
Troubles on my mind  
Well I got troubles, hey those lonesome kind

Every morning 'bout 8 o'clock  
The kids start crying and they holler "Where's my mama?  
Where's she gone?  
And when's my mama gonna come back home?"

(CHORUS)

My little girl is only three  
I picked her up and set her on my knee  
Try to soothe her crying but she cries too hard

And the crying, oh daddy, well, oh Lord

(CHORUS)

I know my baby's too young to talk  
I sit and watch her try to walk  
She's turning around, watching the door  
And a big teardrop done hit the floor

(CHORUS)

Well I told you a story as it happened to me  
Just the way that it happened you see  
You got a good gal don't you do her no wrong

She'll pack her trunk and then be gone

Then you'll have troubles  
Troubles on your mind

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