

## **Robert Palmer**

### **"Big Trouble"**

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Don't move...

Just one false move and you're dead meat

You know you're running out of luck

You won't admit it when you're beat

You see me comin' better duck

Big trouble, I'll lay you to waste

Big trouble, gonna pick a bone with you

Big trouble, gonna drop the bomb, baby

Big trouble, runnin' out of patience

Big trouble, eat away at your nervous system

You know I've got you in my sights

Saw your emotions run amok

Had an anxiety attack

You were surprised when panic struck

No ammunition, a war of nerves

I'll steal your thunder

War of attrition, watch you submerge

You're goin' under

You need it, you lose it, you love it, you gotta have it

I'm gonna find your breaking point

You like to practice self-deceit

I'll knock your nose right out of joint  
The demolition of your whole world  
War of attrition  
Big trouble, this is the right place  
Big trouble, come on, do your worst  
Big trouble, rub me up the wrong way  
Big trouble, punch a hole in your argument  
I see you're spoiling for a fight  
I'll pick you off and rub you out  
All your big talk is obsolete  
No one to hear you scream and shout  
I'll give you fire, a war of nerves  
War of attrition, the demolition of your whole world  
I'll steal your thunder

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