

Wicked Bliss "Trouble"

Visit "[Trouble](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lonely Lucy on a Saturday night
She's looking good and I feel alright
Thinking back to when I was young
Daddy said son the bitch had been done
Sunday morning the hammer came down
Rumour had it she was doin' the round
I can't believe what I saw
When she come-a crashin' through the door

I see headlines
I fall to my knees

I don't mean to burst your bubble
You better watch out
Here comes Trouble

Uncle Jack and his switchblade knife

Comin' for you better run for ya life
You start to panic all hell breaks loose
He's got ya thinkin' bout the hangman's noose
Daylight breaks and there's nowhere to hide
On the run he's lived and lied
You feel his heat and body sweat
Wake up from the nightmare get up and get

I see headlines
I fall to my knees

I don't mean to burst your bubble
You better watch out
Here comes Trouble

Visit [Wicked Bliss](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.