

## Dee Carstensen

# "The Boy Was Trouble"

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I met him in a bar, that was the first mistake  
Our eyes met on the double take  
The room stood still and the music drowned  
Like a B-movie show on the edge of town

He had those eyes you wanna follow to a back room  
dive  
And some bullshit story had me mesmerized  
He didn't hold the door but he let me in  
I set my suitcase down in a house a sin

That boy was trouble, trouble enough for a girl like me  
Trouble, but I was so caught up I could barely see  
Trouble

I got used to livin' by the railroad tracks  
Where the hobos lived in chevys  
With monkeys on their backs  
I thought he was a hippie with a cowboy's heart  
But we were just a couple a junkies falling apart

That boy was trouble, trouble enough for a girl like me  
Trouble, but I was so caught up I could barely see  
Trouble

Ever think you couldn't sink lower than the basement  
Floor  
Come to find much worse  
Was waiting underneath that old trap door  
Never had the nerve to leave until I'd finally broken  
Down  
Packed what I had, and took the last bus out of town

He wrote me a letter from a prison cell  
Said he'd heard I'd gotten married and was doing well  
Said he'd found his religion in the depths of hell

That boy was trouble, trouble enough for a girl like me  
Trouble, but I was so caught up I could barely see  
Trouble

