

Ray Price

"Trouble"

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(Jule Styne - William Ellis)

I woke up this morning feeling so fine
swore off the women then nicely drank the wine
Drank up my coffee put on my shoes
Walked out the door whistlin' but now I'm singing the
blues.

Trouble, here comes trouble,
You spell it w-o-m-a-n
She winds me around her finger
And I've got troubles again.

Everyone tells me that she's a no good girl
That she's living here in my neighborhood
Stare in the window of blues number three
If I don't look for trouble it looks for me.

Oh trouble, here comes trouble
You spell it w-o-m-a-n
She winds me around her finger
And I've got troubles again...

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