

Dylan Bob

"Trouble"

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by Bob Dylan

Trouble in the city, trouble in the farm,
You got your rabbit's foot, you got your good-luck
charm.
But they can't help you none when there's trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Trouble in the water, trouble in the air,
Go all the way to the other side of the world, you'll find
trouble there.
Revolution even ain't no solution for trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Drought and starvation, packaging of the soul,
Persecution, execution, governments out of control.
You can see the writing on the wall inviting trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Put your ear to the train tracks, put your ear to the
ground,
You ever feel like you're never alone even when there's
nobody else around?
Since the beginning of the universe man's been cursed
by trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Nightclubs of the broken-hearted, stadiums of the
damned,

Legislature, perverted nature, doors that are rudely
slammed.

Look into infinity, all you see is trouble.

Trouble,

Trouble, trouble, trouble, Nothin' but trouble.

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