

T-R-O-U-B-L-E - ELVIS PRESLEY

T-R-O-U-B-L-E

I play and old piano from nine till a half past one
Tryin' to make a livin' watchin' everybody else havin' fun
Well, I don't miss much that ever happens on a dance hall floor
Mercy, look what just walked through that door

Well, hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E
What in the world you doin' A-L-O-N-E ?
Say, hey, good L-double O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids
Mama had a time tryin' to raise nine kids
Told me not to stare 'cause it was impolite
And did the best she could to try to raise me right

But mama never told me 'bout nothing like Y-O-U
Say, your mama must have been another good lookin' mother too
Say, hey, good L-double O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Well, you talk about a woman I've seen a lot of others
With too much somethin' and not enough another
You've got it all together like a lovin' machine
Lookin' like glory and walkin' like a dream

Mother Nature's sure been good to Y-O-U
Well, your mama must have been another good lookin' mother too
Say, hey, good L-double O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Well, you talk about a trouble-makin' hunka' pokey bait,
The men are gonna love and all the women gonna hate
Reminding them of everything they're never gonna be
Maybe the beginning of a World War III
Cause the world ain't ready for nothin' like Y-O-U
Well, I bet your mama must have been a good lookin' mother too

Say, hey good L double O-K-I-N-G
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E