

Trouble At Home

Those Poor Bastards

Trouble at home trouble at home
I got some trouble at home boys
You know I got some trouble at home

I guess she don't like it when I sneak out at night
Swingin' pretty young girls on my arms
But once in a while even I need some fun
Boy it sure feels good to do wrong
She say she gonna leave me if I don't straighten out
But I'm happier than I've ever been

It's causin' trouble at home trouble at home
I got some trouble at home boys
You know I got some trouble at home

Yeah I like to hurt everybody I see
And I sure don't like to be bored
Sometimes I need to let off some steam
Because life it just don't last too long

Oh come with me a conscienceless and vicious loser be

Does it all have to be either this way or that?
Must I choose depression or joy?
What if I want a little of both
For the first time in years I'm alive

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All of your friends they're taking your side
They say I'm selfish and bad
But honey I'm sad I'm just lonely and sad
I need to lose myself and go mad

Oh come with me a conscienceless and vicious loser be

Oh trouble at home trouble at home
I got some trouble at home boys
You know I got some trouble at home