

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

B.J. Thomas

I play an old piano from nine till a half past one
Tryin' to make a livin' watchin' everybody have 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're doin' A-L-O-N-E?
Say, 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 something or the other to
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Say, hello 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
But too much something' 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' 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 never gonna be
Maybe the beginning of the World War III
Oh, the world ain't ready for nothin' like a Y-O-U
Well, I bet your mama must have been
Another something or the other too

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