

Trouble

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You yelled "Hey!"
When your car wouldn't start
You got real nervous
And started to eat your heart out
You're so fat your shoes don't fit on your feet
You've got trouble
And it's tailor made
Mama, lay your head down in the shade

'Cause your eye's are tired
And your feet are to
You wish the world was as tired as you
Well, I'll write a letter
And I'll send it away
Put all the trouble in it you've had today

Well, your telephone rang
And you yelled "No!"
Well, you forgot about this and you forgot about that
Got to get back to what you're doing
Goodbye, quit that, so and so
You're an island and on your own

And you yelled "Hey!"
When the stove blew up
Upset? why yes
The footprints on your ceiling are almost gone
And you're wonderin' why
Mama lay your head down
Now don't you cry