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 why-O-you Say, your mama must have been another something or the other to o

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 why-O-you 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 why-O-you
Well, I bet your mama must have been another something or the o
ther too

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