

Hello Trouble

Gene Watson

Woke up this morning happy as could be
Looked out my window and what did I see?
A comin' up my sidewalk just as plain as day
A well a here come trouble that I never thought I'd see
When you went away

Hello trouble, come on in, you talk about heartaches
Where'n the world ya been?
I ain't had the miseries since you been gone
Hello trouble, trouble, trouble, welcome home

We'll make a pot of coffee and you can rest your shoes

A you can tell me them sweet lies and I'll listen to you
For I'm just a little part of, of the life you've lived
But I'd rather have a little bit of trouble
Than to never know the love you give

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