

# Trouble In Mind

Larkin Poe

I steal my cigs  
From the seven six  
Smokin' up in church  
Up to all my tricks  
I'm a bad little angel  
I fell from grace  
Georgia peach gone bad, yeah  
You know the taste

And if you must know what I think of you  
So help me, Lord  
I'm gonna speak the truth

And I try  
And I try, try, try  
And I try to do right

But I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)  
I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)

Born under a bad sign  
Like Albert King  
He had the matchbox blues  
I like to sing  
I'll break your heart  
Baby, for the kicks  
I'm a bonafide slacker  
And I like a quick fix

I could behave  
But what's the use?  
So help me, Lord  
I got to cut loose

And I try  
And I try, try, try  
And I try to do right

But I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)  
I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)

I shiver and shake  
Oh, boy, did I ache  
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain

And I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)

Oh...  
Oh...  
Oh... and I try  
And I try...

I got to Paris  
All the lights went down  
They built the Berlin wall  
To keep me out  
I'll break your heart  
From 30,000 feet  
They post a "Danger" sign  
Everywhere I sleep

'Cause I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)  
I... I... got trouble in my mind

I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)  
I... I... got trouble in mind  
(Got trouble in mind)

I shiver and shake  
Oh, boy, did I ache  
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain

I shiver and shake  
Oh, boy, did I ache  
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain, oh