

## Trouble

Little Feat

You yelled hey when your car wouldn't start  
So you got real nervous and started to eat your heart out  
Now you're so fat your shoes don't fit on your feet  
You got trouble  
And it's tailor made  
Well mama lay your head down in the shade

'Cause your eyes are tired, and your feet are too  
And you wish the world was as tired as you, whoa  
Well I'll write a letter, and I'll send it away  
And put all the trouble in it you had today

Oh your telephone ring and you went "oh ho"  
You forgot about this, and you forgot about that  
'Cause you got to get back to what you doing  
Goodbye, click that, so and so  
You're an island and on your own

You yelled hey when the stove blew up  
Upset? why yes  
And the footprints on your ceiling, they're almost gone  
And you're wondering why?  
Well mama lay your head down, don't you cry