

Trouble

Nicolette Larson

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
Oh, 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
I'm gonna write a letter, and I'll send it away
And put all the trouble in it you had today

Well, your telephone rang and you went "oh ho"
You forgot about this, and you forgot about that
But you gotta get back to what you doing
Goodbye, click that, so and so
You're an island and on your own

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

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