

# Trouble

Ray Price

I woke up this morning feeling so fine  
swore off the women then nicely drank the wine  
Drank up my coffee put on my shoes  
Walked out the door whistlin' but now I'm singing the blues.

Trouble, here comes trouble,  
You spell it w-o-m-a-n  
She winds me around her finger  
And I've got troubles again.

Everyone tells me that she's a no good girl  
That she's living here in my neighborhood  
Stare in the window of blues number three  
If I don't look for trouble it looks for me.

Oh trouble, here comes trouble  
You spell it w-o-m-a-n  
She winds me around her finger  
And I've got troubles again...