## T-r-o-u-b-l-e

## **Travis Tritt**

Well I play an old guitar from nine till half past one I'm just tryin' to make a livin' watching everybody else havin' fun Well I don't miss much if it happens on a dancehall floor Mercy look what just walked through that door

Well hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E Tell me what in the world You doin' A-L-O-N-E Yeah say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids Mama had a time tryin' to raise nine kids She told me not to stare cause it was impolite She did the best she could to try to raise me right

Cause mama never told me 'bout nothin' like why-O-you Bet your mama musta been another good lookin' honey too Hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-are-O-you-be -L-E

Well a sweet talkin', sexy walkin', honky tonkin' baby The men are gonna love ya and the woman gonna hate ya Remindin' them of everything they're never gonna be May be the beginning of a world war three

Cause the world ain't ready for nothing like why-O-you I bet your mama musta been another good lookin' mama too Hey say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

I said hey I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E