

# Trouble

## Welshly Arms

Dark clouds hanging round over my head  
No rest, no rest

Taste so sweet I love her to death  
But she don't worry bout me

Locked up almost all my life  
Don't know when I'll see the light

Keeps on hanging round over my head  
Cause she don't worry bout me

How can somebody be so cold  
If you love me let me go

Trouble trouble trouble trouble  
Don't treat me like that

Trouble trouble trouble trouble

It's in my blood  
It's in my veins  
Even if I run  
I can't escape

Trouble trouble trouble trouble  
Don't treat me like that  
Don't treat me like that

Tears me up and breaks me down  
Oh Lord oh Lord

Can't nobody help me now  
They don't worry about me

Got to keep my head composed  
Talking with the Holy Ghost

Keeps on hanging round over my head  
Cause she don't worry bout me

How can somebody be so cold

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Trouble trouble trouble trouble

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