

# 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  
Y-O-U  
Bet your mama musta been another good lookin' honey too  
Hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-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 Y-O-U  
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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>