

Trouble

Robert Palmer

You yelled "hey"
When your car wouldn't start
Got real nervous, started to eat your heart out
You're so fat, your shoes don't fit on your feet
You got trouble
And it's tailor made, mama lay down your head in the shade
Coz your eyes are tired and your feet are too
And you wish the world was as tired as you
Well I write a letter and I and it today
And put all the trouble in it you had today, had today

You yelled "hey"
When your stove blew up
Upset, why yes
The footprints on your ceiling are almost gone
And you're wondering why
Mama lay your head down don't you
Your eyes are tired and your feet are too
And you wish the world was as tired as you
Well I write a letter and I send it away
And I put in it all the trouble you had today, had today
All the trouble in it

Well your telephone rang and you weren't home
You forgot about this and you forgot about that
Got to get to what you're doing
Goodbye click that so and so
You're an islander on your own, on your own