

# Trouble

Whitesnake

I was raised a gambler's son  
And before I could walk,  
I had to learn how to run  
And I never, never ever  
Played a loaded dice  
But, I rolled a lot of women  
With a heart as cold as ice

On the run again  
Looking for a place to hide,  
Everywhere I look there is trouble,  
Always coming my way,  
Trouble always coming my way

Baby I'm lonely, I'm out of control,  
I need someone to understand  
The badness in my soul  
Though I never, I never  
Stole another man's wife  
But, I fooled around plenty enough  
And I got what I paid for

On the run again  
Looking for a place to hide,  
Everywhere I look there is trouble,  
Trouble always coming my way

Trouble

On the run again  
Looking for a place to hide,  
Everywhere I look there is trouble,  
Trouble always coming my way

Trouble always coming my way, trouble always coming...