

# Trouble

## Elvis Presley

Elvis Presley  
Miscellaneous  
T-R-O-U-B-L-E

I play an old piano from nine till a half past one  
Tryin' to make a livin' watchin' everybody have fun  
Well, I don't miss much that ever happens on a dance hall floor  
Mercy, look what just walked through that doorWell, hello T-R-O-U-B-L-E  
What in the world you're doin' A-L-O-N-E?  
Say, good L-double O-K-I-N-G  
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  
Told me not to stare 'cause it was impolite  
And did the best she could to try to raise me rightBut mama never told me 'bout nothing like Y-O-U  
Say, your mama must have been another something or the other too  
Say, hello good L-double O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-EWell, you talk about a woman I've seen a lot of others  
But too much something' and not enough another  
You've got it all together like a lovin' machine  
Lookin' like glory and walkin' like a dreamMother Nature's sure been good to Y-O-U  
Well, your mama must have been another good lookin' too  
Say, hey, good L-double O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E  
Well, you talk about a trouble-makin' hunka pokey bait,  
The men are gonna love and all the women gonna hate  
Reminding them of everything they never gonna be  
Maybe the beginning of the World War III  
Oh, the world ain't ready for nothin' like a Y-O-U  
Well, I bet your mama must have been another something or the other tooSay hey good L-double O-K-I-N-G  
I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.