

Trouble -Travis Tritt

Intro: Chuck Berry guitar Lick, then G X 8

Well I play an old guitar from nine till half past one

I'm just try-in' to make a livin' watching ever-y body else havin' f-un

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
I bet your mama musta been another good lookin' honey too
Yeah say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

PIANO SOLO: | C | C | G | G | D | C | G | G | GTR SOLO: | C | C | G | G | D | C | G | G

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
Yeah say hey good L double O-K-I-N-G Well I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E

G X5 <slide solo> D ! C ! G.....
I said hey X5 I smell T-R-O-U-B-L-E