

Always looking over your shoulder  
Scared by every - every footstep  
Look at reflection, shop window  
Sit behind a coat of paint scared to death

All your best friends got into something good  
You know you should  
But it's too late now

Trouble  
You're in trouble  
Oh trouble  
A lot of trouble

Hang around in crowded places  
Scared of all these, all these faces  
The world's turning upside down  
Your mind is going to pieces, scared to death

Trouble

All your best friends got into something good  
You know you should  
But it's too late now

Trouble  
You're in trouble  
Oh trouble  
A lot of trouble

Yeah trouble  
You're in trouble  
Oh trouble  
A lot of trouble