

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