

# All My Troubles

Black Oak Arkansas

Got up this morning  
Got into my car  
Turned on the motor  
But it would not start  
Late for work  
Feelin' tired  
Worst of all  
I got myself fired  
Lost my job  
Got my pay  
Lost it all  
On the ace of spades

But all my troubles  
Would be through  
If I could make love with you

Things got bad  
Out of work  
I robbed a store  
And I shot the clerk  
Woman sweet woman  
I done my best  
But that got me surrounded  
I been shot in my chest  
I can hear 'em comin'

Bustin' down the door  
If I could only  
See you once more

All my troubles  
Would be through  
If I could make love with you

There's a reason for this story  
Morals to my sons  
Ya better know what's right  
Ya better know what's wrong  
When it rains it pours  
That's nature's way  
We're all little children  
That forgot how to play  
There ain't but one thing  
I got left to say  
Somethin' don't come from nothin'  
You always gotta pay

But all my troubles  
Would be through  
If I could make love with you