

Trouble

Cowboy Mouth

I can feel your breath on the back of my neck
As your fingers torture my palm
I can hear your voice; whisper me mad, saying
"Relax little boy-stay calm"

I can see you shiverin' between your eyes
With every angry word and hurt tear
Slap me with the glove of your true love
While you teach me the meaning of fear

Here comes trouble and trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble-Trouble looks good to me

I can feel your mouth beginning to purr
Saying baby's got to have some
Tell me what you done to you and everything you need to become

Watch me shiver at the tip of your touch
You can drive me close to insane

Teach this little guy
It's okay to cry
While I'm learning the pleasure of pain

Here comes trouble and trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble but trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me

Do you like my kinda danger?
Do you love my kinda style?
Am I just another stranger
You'll get bored with after-while?

Yeah!

Feed me fingers
Dipped in whipped cream
Let me bite what I cannot kiss

Is there anything in this fucked up world that is as good or as bad as this?

Here comes trouble and trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble but trouble looks good to me
Here comes trouble and trouble is all I see
Here comes trouble but trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
Trouble looks good to me
Trouble with a capitol "T"
Trouble looks good to me
Looks good to me
Looks good to me
Looks good to me
Looks good to me
Looks good to me