

Trouble Trouble

Foghat

My brain is cloudy and my eyes are sore,
I told myself I wouldn't drink no more,
A bad hangover's something I can't stand,
But here I am with a jug in my hand.

Whoo - whoo, trouble, trouble,
Worries on my mind,
Goin' down to the cellar,
Get some of that mellow wine.

I seem to ruin everything I touch,
People say it's cause I drink too much,
I tried to kick it but it ain't no use,
Guess I'm a slave to that mellow juice.

Whoo - whoo, trouble, trouble,
Worries on my mind,
Goin' down to the cellar,
Get some of that mellow wine, yea.

My brain is cloudy and my eyes are sore,
I told myself I wouldn't drink no more,
A bad hangover's something I can't stand,
But here I am with a jug in my hand.

Whoo - whoo, trouble, trouble,
Worries on my mind,
Goin' down to the cellar,
Get some of that mellow wine.
Oh take it way