

Trouble In Mind

Larkin Poe

I steal my cigs
From the seven six
Smokin' up in church
Up to all my tricks
I'm a bad little angel
I fell from grace
Georgia peach gone bad, yeah
You know the taste

And if you must know what I think of you
So help me, Lord
I'm gonna speak the truth

And I try
And I try, try, try
And I try to do right

But I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)
I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)

Born under a bad sign
Like Albert King
He had the matchbox blues
I like to sing
I'll break your heart
Baby, for the kicks
I'm a bonafide slacker
And I like a quick fix

I could behave
But what's the use?
So help me, Lord
I got to cut loose

And I try
And I try, try, try
And I try to do right

But I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)
I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)

I shiver and shake
Oh, boy, did I ache
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain

And I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)

Oh...
Oh...
Oh... and I try
And I try...

I got to Paris
All the lights went down
They built the Berlin wall
To keep me out
I'll break your heart
From 30,000 feet
They post a "Danger" sign
Everywhere I sleep

'Cause I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)
I... I... got trouble in my mind

I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)
I... I... got trouble in mind
(Got trouble in mind)

I shiver and shake
Oh, boy, did I ache
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain

I shiver and shake
Oh, boy, did I ache
Oh, doctor, gotta give me something for this pain, oh