

Trouble

Material Issue

Let me tell you all a little story
'Bout the man who lives down at the top of the stairs.
Well he worked all his life for his children and his wife,
And he opened up a little store down there.

One night late while h was lockin' the gate
A kid came in and said,
"You know what I want." And he said...

"I ain't lookin' for trouble
And I know what you came here to do
I ain't lookin' for trouble."
And the kid said,
"Trouble's come lookin' for you."

Well I swore that I would find him.
I said that I would track him down.
And in a dirty darkened alleyway I said,
"Today is your day whatever you do don't turn around."

Well he looked up to me and he said that I can see,
That you know who I am and where I've been
And he said...

"I ain't lookin' for trouble
But I know what you came here to do
I ain't lookin' for trouble."
And I said, "Trouble's come lookin' for you."

Well I've spent four years of my life here,
In this cold gray prison cell.
With my cigarettes and my magazine
And my life, it feels like hell.

I hear the footsteps in the hall
And I know they're takin' me away and all
And I aid, "I don't wanna die"
And I said...

"I ain't lookin' for trouble
But I know what you came here to do.
I ain't lookin' for trouble."
And he said, "Trouble's come lookin' for you."