

# Trouble

Quiet Riot

I got a letter in the mail sayin' I'm gonna go to jail  
Someone's got an axe  
Lookin' it out for me  
Well I was feelin' pretty nice didn't have to think twice  
Finders keepers baby, keep it away from me

You got nothin' that I need  
Stay away from me  
I'll quicken your pace to heaven  
You try to give me your lot  
Well I hope you rot  
Gonna tell the devil about you

You're gettin' me in trouble  
You're gettin' me in trou...  
Gettin' me in trouble  
Every day and night

I'm alright

Well I'm a high speed king I never think about a thing  
All I can do is moan

Everybody takes a turn from the trash I have learned  
But why the hard way for me, I don't know

I'm gonna get you back  
Stab you in the fat  
I'll make you wish you never met me  
I gonna make you sing the blues  
You're gonna lose  
Show you what you got yourself into

You're gettin' me in trouble  
You're Gettin' me in trouble  
Gettin' me in trouble  
Every day and night

I'm all...

You try to put the weight of the world  
On top of my shoulders  
You got to know that you're a little girl  
Who wants to feel older, feel older (watch out)

Trouble, yeah  
Trouble, yeah yeah  
I'm in trouble baby (oh yeah)

You're gettin' me in trouble  
Gettin' me in trouble  
Gettin' me in trouble  
Every day and night

I'm in trouble, trouble, trouble (alright)  
I'm in trouble, trouble, trouble  
Trouble, trouble, trouble

Trouble, trouble, trouble