

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