

# I Smell Trouble

## The Rumjacks

I smell trouble, its stinkin' up the streets,  
I'm tapin' up the windows & I'm burnin' all the sheets,  
Trouble, come walkin' through the door,  
Like I trod in somethin' horrible & dragged o'er the floor.

It's gone spooked the milkin' beasts, set the cock's a-crowin',  
Made vinegar of all the wine & stopped the fruit a-growin',  
It's bakin' in the desert & its boilin' out to sea,  
Theres trouble in the way she looks at me.

I smell trouble, when I'm ridin' on the train,  
It whispers on the wind & I can taste it in the rain,  
Oh trouble, Like static in the air,  
A thousand little sparra' claws pullin' at my hair.

Comes seepin' through the cracks, fills us all with fear & hung  
er,  
The broken willnae die & all the strong are fallin'younger,  
Its stirrin' up the captives, imprisoning the free,  
Theres trouble in the way she looks at me.

I smell trouble, we're runnin' outta time,  
Its the eyeball at the keyhole, its the echo down the line,  
Oh trouble, its gonna be here soon,  
Upsettin' all the simple folk, theyre shootin' at the moon

It's pissin' on the family hearth, laid waste to the larder,  
The winters never were so long & the clay was never harder,  
It's the white noise on the radio, the snow on my TV,  
Theres trouble in the way she looks at me.

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Trouble come walkin' through the door,  
Like I trod in somethin' horrible & dragged o'er the floor,

It's lurkin' in the stairwell & drinkin' in the park,  
It's smokin' in the shadows when I'm headin' home from work,  
It's the water in the whisky; it's the poison in my tea,  
Theres trouble in the way she looks at me.