

Deep, Deep Trouble

The Simpsons

Homer: Bart!

Marge: Go to your room.

Bart: Yeah, right.

Well, you're damned if you do,
(What are we talking about?)
Well, you're damned if you do,
(Where's your sense of humour?)
Well, you're damned if you do,
And you're damned if you don't.

Homer: Bart!

Bart: Let me start at the start, then take it away.
My name is Simpson, Bartholemew J.
That's Bart, with an art, and a capital be ,
Then Simp, plus S-O-N, that's me!

Introductions aside, let's move right along,
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.
(Sound of the gong)
Once upon a time, about a week ago,
All of a sudden, trouble started to grow.
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',
S'posed to get up now, but I was refusin'
To let reality become an intrusion,
'Cause in dreamy-dream land, I was cruisin'.
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept buzzin'.
Gave the radio a throw, and heard an explosion.
(Homer: D'oh!)
Opened up my eyes, and to my surprise,
There stood Homer, and his temperature risin'.
I was chillin', he was yellin',
Face all distorted, 'cause he was propellin'.
It wasn't what he said, but more of his tone,
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.
I said "I'm real sorry" but that didn't cut it,
I started to protest, but Dad said
Homer: Shut it.
Get up. Mow the lawn. Move it. On the double.
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble.

Back: Trouble.

Deep, deep trouble.

Run into trouble.

Bart: Where's your sense of humour, man?

Back: Deep, deep trouble.

And they go a little something like this.

Bart: So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,
Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazing.

Homer's in the driveway, getting in the car,
With Mom and Lisa, hope they're going real far.

The dad yells

Homer: Bart

Bart: and I go Yo

He goes

Homer: You done yet?

Bart: and I go No.
So he goes
Homer: Oh! You're too slow.
Bart: So I step on the gas, to speed up the mow.
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,
Wham! Ccchhh! Pssshh! Raining on me!
I go Whoa, Homer goes
Homer: D'oh!
Now you can't go to the boatshow.

Bart: This is my thanks after working my butt off?
Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.
Soaked to the bone, standing in a puddle,
No-one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

Back: Trouble.
Marge: Go to your room.
Homer: Bart!
Bart: Yeah, right.
Marge: Bart, go to your room.
Back: Deep, deep trouble.
Marge: Go to your room.
Homer: Bart!
Bart: Oh, gimme a break.
Back: The young begins the trouble.
Bart: Well, you're damned if you do,
I know the answer. Well, you're damned if you do,
Back: Deep, deep trouble.
Bart: Well, you're damned if you do,
And you're damned if you don't.

As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,
Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.
Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,
But inspiration hits me, lets have a party.

Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.
There was romping and stomping, an occasional crash,
A fist fight or two, and Nintendo for cash.

We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.
The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,
The kids disappear and I'm all alone.

Everything's silent except for my moan,
And the low, bluesy tone of a saxophone.
They look at me, then they go into a huddle.
Get this sinking sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.

Back: Trouble.
Homer: D'oh.
Marge: Oh.
Homer: Bart!
Bart: Oh, gimme a break.
Back: Deep, deep trouble.
Homer: Hey. What is this?
Back: Don't keep trouble.
Marge: Go to your room.
Lisa: Oh yeah.
Marge: Bart, go to your room.
Back: Deep, deep trouble.

Marge: Go to your room.

Bart: Okey, dokey.

Homer: Bart!

Bart: There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness.
I was dragged down the street by his Royal Dadness.
We rounded the corner and came to a stop,
Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.

I said, Please Sir, just a little off the top.
Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.
So on my head, there's nothing but stubble.
Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

Back: Trouble.

Bart: Well, you're damned if you do,

Back: Trouble! Trouble!

Bart: Well, you're damned if you do,

Back: Deep, deep trouble.

Bart: Well, you're damned if you do,
and you're damned if you don't.

Back: Nothing but trouble.

Bart: Aw, come on, man.

Well, you're damned if you do,

(What are we talking about?) Well, you're damned if you do,

Back: Deep, deep trouble.

Bart: (Where's your sense of humour?)

Well, you're damned if you do, and you're damned if you don't.

Back: Trouble.

Deep, deep trouble.

Bart: Ha ha ha, ha ha.

Back: Deep, deep trouble