

# Trouble

Wade Bowen

I wouldn't say I didn't see her coming  
A light that bright's hard to miss in a place that dark  
She said yes to a drink while her fingers fumbled  
With a cross on a chain that was swinging above her heart  
When the morning sun set the midnight sky on fire  
She left me like a thief not knowing what she took

I wish trouble always looked that good  
I wish trouble always looked that good

I was still a little nervous when I got the courage to call  
That bright red number she'd written on the back of my hand  
A bottle of wine rode shotgun with a rose  
While I was driving cross town thinking about turning back  
Now there's a porch light burning a hole right through my winds  
hield  
There's a silhouette standing at the screen door waiting for me

I wish trouble always looked that good  
I wish trouble always looked that good

I know a million reasons not to go where I'm headed  
Oh but when she smiles I can't even think of one  
I wish trouble always looked that good  
Yeah I wish trouble always looked that good