

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