

Trouble

Whitesnake

I was raised a gambler's son
And before I could walk,
I had to learn how to run
And I never, never ever
Played a loaded dice
But, I rolled a lot of women
With a heart as cold as ice

On the run again
Looking for a place to hide,
Everywhere I look there is trouble,
Always coming my way,
Trouble always coming my way

Baby I'm lonely, I'm out of control,
I need someone to understand
The badness in my soul
Though I never, I never
Stole another man's wife
But, I fooled around plenty enough
And I got what I paid for

On the run again
Looking for a place to hide,
Everywhere I look there is trouble,
Trouble always coming my way

Trouble

On the run again
Looking for a place to hide,
Everywhere I look there is trouble,
Trouble always coming my way

Trouble always coming my way, trouble always coming...