

Elvis Presley - T-R-O-U-B-L-E

Tom: G

Standard tuning.

Intro: D C G

I play an old piano from nine till a half past one.

Tryin' to make a livin' watchin' everybody else havin' fun.

Well, I don't miss much if it happens on a dance hall floor.

Mercy - look what just walked through that door.

I was a little bitty baby when my papa hit the skids.

Mama had a time tryin' to raise nine kids.

Told me not to stare 'cause it was impolite.

Hey! But mama never told me 'bout nothin' like-a Y-0-U.

Say, your mama must have been another somethin'-or another too.

Well, you talk about a woman: I've seen a lotta others.
With too much somethin' and not enough of another.
You've got it all together like a lovin' machine.
You're lookin' like glory and walkin' like a dream.

Mother Nature's sure been good to Y-0-U.

Well your mother must have been another good-lookin' mother too.

Well, you talk about a trouble-makin' hunka' pokey bait.
That men are gonna love and all the women gonna hate.
Remindin' them of everything they're never gonna be.
Maybe the beginning of a World War Three.

Cause the world ain't ready for nothin' like a Y-0-U.

Well I bet your mother musta been a good-lookin' mother too.
Hey, say hey!

Hey, hey etc.
Keep the G chord alive trough the whole verse.

Acordes

