

Larkin Poe - Trouble in Mind

Tom: A

E D A E x2
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I steal my cigs from the Seven-Six
smoking up in church, up to all my tricks
I'm a bad little angel, I fell from Grace
Georgia Peach gone bad, yeah, you know the taste

If you must know what I think of you,
so help me Lord, I'm going to speak the truth
and I try, and I try, try, try
and I try to do right

And I I
I got trouble in mind(got trouble in mind)
I I
I got trouble in mind

Born under a bad sign, like Albert King,
I have the matchbox Blues, I like to sing
I will break your heart, honey, for the kicks
I'm a bona fide slacker and I like quick fix

I could behave but what's the use,
so help me Lord, I gotta cut loose
and I try, and I try, try, try
and I try to do right

And I I
I got trouble in mind(got, trouble in mind)
I I
I

I got trouble in mind

I shiver and shake, I moan, I ache
oh doctor got to give me something for this pain, 'cause

I I
I got trouble in mind, trouble in mind

[Solo]

I got to Paris, all the lights went down
They built the Berlin Wall to keep me out
I broke your heart from thirty thousand feet
They post a danger sign everywhere I sleep, 'cause

I I
I got trouble in mind(got, trouble in mind)
I I
I got trouble in mind(got, trouble in mind)
I I
I

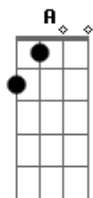
I got trouble in my mind
I I
I got trouble in mind(got, trouble in mind)

I shiver and shake, I moan, I ache
oh doctor got to give me something for this pain

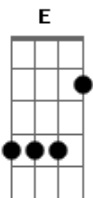
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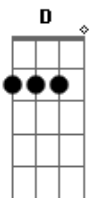
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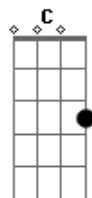
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