

Trouble

There's more to the painting than the paint.
More to the changing than the complaint.
More to the music than the playing.
More to the preaching than the saying.

And, just 'cause it's faded don't mean its art.
And, just 'cause it's quotable don't mean it's sharp.
And, polished prose ain't necessarily from the heart.

Just 'cause she's pretty, don't mean she's the one for you.
Just 'cause he's rich, don't mean he's the one for you.
And, just 'cause the day is bright and sunny...
That don't mean that God is in his heaven and all's right with the world.

"Cause just 'round the corner,
there could be darkness
lurking ominously
whispering trouble.

I'm not looking for a miracle. –
Though sometimes I do believe.
And, I'm not looking for a savior.
I'll save myself, if you please.
I'm only looking for an even break.
Give me good service and I'll pay the check.

There's trouble
Trouble right here
Trouble right here in River City.
That begins with "t" and,
that rhymes with "e" and,
that rhymes with "me".

There's trouble.
Trouble right here.
Trouble.
Trouble right here.
Trouble, trouble, trouble, trouble.