

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.

And did the best she could to try to raise me right.

Hey! But mama never told me 'bout nothin' like-a Y-O-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-O-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-O-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

