

# 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

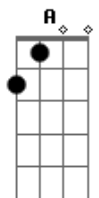
I got trouble in my mind  
I I  
I got trouble in mind(got, trouble in mind)

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oh doctor got to give me something for this pain

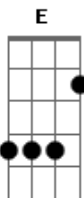
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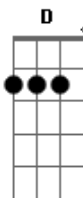
## Acordes



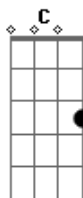
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