**Trouble Needs no Reason**

By Nancy McCallion

Trouble needs no reason

And trouble's all I see

My mama ran off with the silver

And my daddy's in the penitentiary

Trouble needs no reason

And I worry what each day is gonna bring

I'm looking for the levers and the pistons

Under the hood of everything

And I would cry if I could

I would cry

But I can't seem to make a sound

My tears have all been buried

'Neath the cold, cold ground

Hide yourself my dear Mama

I have told him where you've gone

I never would have betrayed you

If only you had taken me along

And I would cry if I could

I would cry

But I can't seem to make a sound

My tears have all been buried

'Neath the cold, cold ground

Oh mother please don't mock me

Don't give me that sad sorry smile

The violence of man it has claimed you

Don't let it all beauty defile

And I would cry if I could

I would cry

But I can't seem to make a sound

My tears have all been buried

'Neath the cold, cold ground

From [Trouble](https://store.cdbaby.com/cd/mollys) by Nancy McCallion and The Mollys