

# DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Music and Lyrics by  
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*Well, you're damned if you do.  
(What are we talking about?)  
Well, you're damned if you do.  
(Where's your sense of humor?)  
Well, you're damned if you do.  
And you're damned if you don't.*

Moderate Rap

Figure A  
No Chord



with Figure A

1. Let me start at the start, then take it away,  
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.  
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B.,  
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.  
Introductions aside, let's move right along,  
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.  
Once upon a time, about a week ago,  
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.  
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',  
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin',  
To let reality become an intrusion,  
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.  
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',  
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.  
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,  
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.  
I was chillin', he was yellin',  
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.  
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,  
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.

I said, I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it,  
 I started to protest but Dad said, "Shut it,  
 Get up, mow the lawn, move it, on the double,  
 'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble."  
 (To Chorus)

Chorus:

Gm/C 3fr. Gm/B $\flat$  3fr. F/A

Trou- ble, \_\_\_\_\_ deep, deep

Chorus:

Gm/C 3fr. Gm/B $\flat$  3fr. F/A

trou- ble. \_\_\_\_\_

You want - ed to  
 The yard be - gins to  
 No Noth - in' need but to

Chorus:

Gm/C 3fr. Gm/B $\flat$  3fr. F/A

snug - gle, \_\_\_\_\_  
 bub - ble, \_\_\_\_\_  
 strug - gle, \_\_\_\_\_  
 stub - ble, \_\_\_\_\_

Deep, deep



with Figure A

2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,  
Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazing.  
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car  
With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.  
Then Dad yells: "Bart!" And I go: "Yo!"  
He goes: "Ya done yet?" and I go: "No."  
He goes: "Oh, you're too slow,"  
So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.  
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,  
Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.  
I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"  
"Now you can't go to the boat show."  
This is my thanks after working my butt off?  
Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.  
Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,  
No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

*(To Chorus)*

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,  
Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.  
Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,  
But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!  
Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,  
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.  
There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,  
A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.  
We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,  
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.  
The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,  
The kids disappear and I'm all alone.  
Everything's silent except for my moan,  
And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone.  
They look at me, then they go into a huddle,  
Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,  
 I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.  
 We rounded the corner and came to a stop,  
 Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.  
 I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top,"  
 Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.  
 So on my head there's nothing but stubble,  
 Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

Repeat and fade

Gm/C



Gm/B♭



F/A



Trou ble, \_\_\_\_\_ deep, deep

Gm/C



Gm/B♭



F/A



trou - ble. \_\_\_\_\_ Deep, deep