

Third Degree

Eric Clapton

Got me accused of peeping,
I can't see a thing.
Got me accused of petting,
I can't even raise my hand.

R: Bad luck,
Bad luck is killing me.
Well I just can't stand no more of this third
degree.

Got me accused of murder,
I ain't harmed a man.
Got me accused of forgery,
I can't even write my name.

R: Bad luck...

Got me accused of taxes,
I ain't got a dime.
Got me accused of children
And ain't nary one of them was mine.

R: Bad luck...