Bad Luck

Albert King

Hey, I wanna tell you about my troubles
I've had just about every bad luck a man can have
In my moving around, I've played all over the world
And just about every town
Anywhere I play, they wanna know what I'm putting down

They [Incomprehensible]
They shot me at San Antone
You know they kicked me out of Kansas City
Lord, I wonder what did I do wrong

Oh, my house burned down in Boston
My wife left me in Maine
I broke both of my arms in Utah
While I catch me a fast freight train

Oh, bad luck, yeah, bad luck
Keeps following me, won't let me be

I asked bad luck this morning
"How long must I be your slave?"
He said, "I've left you in your cradle
I'm gonna ride you to your grave"

Oh, bad luck, yeah, bad luck
Keeps following me, won't let me be
Oh, bad luck, oh, bad luck
Won't let me be, keeps following me

I asked bad luck this morning
How long must I be your slave
He said, "I've left you in your cradle"
Boy, I'm gonna ride you to your grave"

Hey, bad luck, oh, bad luck
Keeps following me, won't, let me be
Yeah, bad luck, oh, bad luck
Won't let me be, keeps following me

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