No Money, No Luck Blues

B.B. King

Well My bad luck is falling, falling down like rain
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No matter why I do, seems like my luck won't never change

I felt kinda lucky
My luck was running slow
The last hand I caught four aces
And the police broke down the door
I said, Lord
Lord, what can a poor boy do?
Well, ain't it bad when you can't make no money
Seems like all the bad breaks will come to you

Yeah, I got home this morning
She was looking kinda funny
She said,

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