

Bad Things

Dead Posey

Bad things they come in threes
Why you mess mess messin' with me
Oh Father, Son and Holy Ghost
Feels like I'm comatose
Three cigarettes lit with a match
Do what I can to relax
Third times always a charm
Ain't lookin' for any harm

Bad things
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Bad things come in threes

Bad luck always seems to find me
Black cat walkin' right beside me
Knock on wood but I'm still jinxed
You can count on these bad things
Oh no broke another mirror
Forecast not gettin' any clearer
Got a pocket full of pennies
But nothin' seems to change

Superstition cloggin' my brain
Count my blessings but it's in vain
Hear, speak and see no evil
But it's unavoidable

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