

Bad Luck

Sawyer Fredericks

Bad luck you said, they took the whole lot and left the debt
But you arrived on this feeling, hallelujah
Better off but be warned, praying for rain you'll make it pour
Don't you know you're miss guided, talk to me

Lord, come help me, I'm fading come down here
Lord, you made me, where you going
Slow, but swiftly, save me, I'll die here
Lord, you made me, where you going

There's bad luck in your soul, and licking your wounds made the
m grow
Don't you know you're the victim, come to me
I'll start a fire in your mind, though there ain't much for me
to light
All you are has been decided, bow to the

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