

# Playing With Bad Luck

[Set It Off](#)

It's a kinda day, it's a kinda week, it's a kinda year (No)  
When you cut and paste  
When you're on your knees  
When you're out of tears (Damn...)

Examine every scar  
I'm auditing my karma  
Something just ain't addin' up  
It's close, but no cigar  
I'm dancing in the dark cause  
Every light keeps shutting off

I'm playing with bad luck  
And she doesn't give up  
Sinking her teeth into my dreams  
Again and again, I get up again  
I'm playing with bad luck  
But now it's just too much  
Sinking her teeth into my dreams  
Again and again, I get up again

Goin' back in time  
In my past life I must've crossed the line  
Because otherwise it would all be fine  
Like a glass of wine

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Not so harmless, my darlin'  
Alarming how you scar me  
Waiting and praying, afraid of feeling safe  
Shake me, awake me  
And save me from this bad dream  
Fear setting in, oh my God, is it my fault?

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