

Bad Luck

Social Distortion

Some people like to gamble,
But you, you always lose.
Some people like to rock 'n' roll,
you're always singin' the blues
You gotta nasty disposition,
No one really knows the reason why,
You gotta bad, bad reputation,
Gonna hang your head down and cry...

You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck

Thirteen's my lucky number,
To you it means stay inside.
Black cat done crossed my path,
No reason to run and hide.
You're looking through a cracked mirror,
No one really knows the reason why.
Your enemies are gettin' nearer,
Gonna hang down your head and cry...

You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck

Some people go to church on Sundays,
others they pray at home.
You tell them that there ain't no God,
that they're better off standin' alone.
You're always scratchin' at the eight ball,
No one really knows the reason why.
You get to the top and then you fall,
Gonna hang down your head and cry.