

# Bad Luck Chuck

Wig Wam

Oh, how do you do?

Here's a story bout a man I know  
I might step on his toes  
But he's a friend of mine and  
I mean him no harm

Tryin' to find your virgin Mary  
In a sleazy red light hotel  
One minute you're in paradise  
The next one you're in hell  
You drink a gallon whiskey  
Just to get you through the night  
Then wake up in the morning  
You're naked, broke and fried  
Ahaaa - that's right

You'll never get on top  
But you never give it up

Bad luck, bad luck Chuck  
Your surname's misfortune still expecting jackpot  
Bad luck, pretty bad luck  
Looking for your future in the antique shop  
Bad luck Chuck  
Pretty bad luck

You swear you see so better  
From eating buckets of C-vitamins  
But you have tunnel vision  
Bad decisions seems to be your evil twin  
Like the fortuneteller always say:  
Even a broken watch is right twice a day  
Your watch hands point to nowhere  
And I swear I think I heard them say

You'll never get on top  
But you never give it up

Bad luck, bad luck Chuck  
Your middle name is slow and you're just about to stop  
Bad luck, pretty bad luck  
Looking for your future in the antique shop  
Bad luck Chuck  
Bad luck, bad luck Chuck  
Uhhh, you're Mister Bad Luck  
Bad luck, pretty bad luck  
Your middle name is slow and you're just about to stop

Bad luck Chuck

You'll never get on top  
But you never give it up

Bad luck, bad luck Chuck  
Your middle name is slow and you're just about to stop  
Bad luck, pretty bad luck

There's no way you're gonna win, you were born to suck on everything  
Bad luck, bad luck Chuck  
When are you gonna give it up?  
Bad luck, pretty bad luck  
You're just about to stop