

Bad Luck

Social Distortion

Some people like to gamble
But you, you always lose
Some people like to rock n' roll
You're always singing the blues You gotta nasty disposition
No one really knows the reason why
You gotta bad, bad reputation
Gonna hang down your head 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 getting nearer
Gonna hang down your head and cry 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 standing alone You're always scratching at the eight ball
No one really knows the reason why
You do the job and then you fall
Gonna hang down your head and cry You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
You got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck Come on give it to me
Bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
Go on get it

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