# Superstition

## Bucky Covington

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Very superstitious
Oh, the writing's on the wall
Very superstitious
The ladder's 'bout to fallThirteen month old baby
Broke the lookin' glass
Seven years of bad luck
All the good things in your past, yesWhen you believe in things
That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way, ohVery superstitious
You wash your face and hands
Why don't you rid me of the problem?
Do all that you canKeep me in a daydream, oh
I said to keep me goin' strong
Now, now say, you don't wanna save me
Sad is my song, yes, yesWhen you believe in things
That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't the way, yesI'm very superstitious, yeah
And there's nothin' more to say, nah
Very superstitious, ah
The devil's on his way, ah, ah, listenSee that thirteen month old baby, ah
Broke the lookin' glass, oh
Seven years of bad luck, ah
Good things in your past, ohListen yah, when you believe in things
That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the wayNaw, naw, no
Sure ain't the way
Ooh, yah, give it to me now

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