

# 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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