

Bad Luck

B.B. King

Well, my bad luck is falling, falling down like rain
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No matter what I do, seems like my luck wont never change I felt kinda lucky, my luck was running slow
The last hand I caught four aces
And the police broke down the door I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
Well, aint it bad when you cant make no money
Seems like all the bad breaks will come to you Yeah, I got home this morning
She was looking kinda funny
She said, dont come in, daddy
Daddy, unless you got some money And I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
Well, aint it tough when you cant make no money
Without your woman turning her back on you Well now, I asked my woman for some dinner
She looked at me like a fool
She said, Im playing checkers, daddy
And I think its your turn to move I said, "Oh, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
Yes, its bad when you cant make no money
And your woman turns her back on you

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