

Bad Luck Soul

B.B. King

I want to go home but I ain't got sufficient clothes
Doggone my bad luck soul I ain't got no money and my job's done closed
I would call that old woman
But I'm afraid that she may explode
My wife done quit me, my girlfriend too
Doggone my bad luck soul I ain't got nobody and I don't know what to do
They say things will get better
But I don't believe it's true
I thought I had friends, but they all disappeared
Doggone bad luck soul Everything I do people
Everything I do seems to be wrong
It wouldn't be so bad if I knew I had a home

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