

Third Degree

Eddie Boyd

Got me accused of peeping, I can't see a thing
Got me accused of petting, I can't even raise my hand
Bad luck, bad luck is killing me

Well I just can't stand no more of this third degree
Got me accused of murder, I ain't harmed a man
Got me accused of forgery, I can't even write my name

Got me accused of taxes, I ain't got a dime
Got me accused of children, and ain't nary one of them was mine

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