

# Bad Luck

Albert King

Hey, I wanna tell you about my troubles  
I've had just about every bad luck a man can have  
In my moving around, I've played all over the world  
And just about every town  
Anywhere I play, they wanna know what I'm putting down They [Incomprehensible]  
They shot me at San Antone  
You know they kicked me out of Kansas City  
Lord, I wonder what did I do wrong Oh, my house burned down in Boston  
My wife left me in Maine  
I broke both of my arms in Utah  
While I catch me a fast freight train Oh, bad luck, yeah, bad luck  
Keeps following me, won't let me be I asked bad luck this morning  
"How long must I be your slave?"  
He said, "I've left you in your cradle  
I'm gonna ride you to your grave" Oh, bad luck, yeah, bad luck  
Keeps following me, won't let me be  
Oh, bad luck, oh, bad luck  
Won't let me be, keeps following me I asked bad luck this morning  
How long must I be your slave  
He said, "I've left you in your cradle"  
Boy, I'm gonna ride you to your grave" Hey, bad luck, oh, bad luck  
Keeps following me, won't, let me be  
Yeah, bad luck, oh, bad luck  
Won't let me be, keeps following me

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