

Bad Luck

Mike Pinto

my drink impairs my ability
to drive a car
and operate machinery
it leaves me problems with my health, and my wealth
i'm pissin away my paycheck, i need help, i need help
i got a case of bad luck, what the deal, what the fuck
do i gotta do? to get past the shit that i'm goin through
i guess i'll write these words, and hope this alcohol controls my nerves i'm living among fools, i say i'll learn
from their mistakes
i know that it's untrue, i'll only learn from notes i take
now how can i show you my real concept for what's at stake
the worst decision is the one you're too scared to make
people let me shed a little light on this subject
spread the word to the general public
about the clouds that follow me around my head
enough to make me dread
even the comfort of my bed
i try to relax and just kick it
but parking tickets
make me wanna tell the cops to stick it
and as i sink deeper into debt
some stupid motherfucker stole my cds and my tape deck
out with my ride
and now i'm screamin why why why's
every night and day filled with fuckin misery
it's a mystery
that's killin me
if only i had the ability
to learn just a little bit of self control
maybe i could find a way to save my soul
and hide from every cop that ever came my way
but it's saturday
motherfucker, i just got paid, yeahgo ahead, just leave me
i'll be on the floor if you need me
man, it's been a long day
i didn't even pay my tab
one more night like this
and i'll be checkin into rehab
too drunk to drive my car home

too bad i broke my damn phone
'cause i'd be callin up the numbers of my so-called friends
tellin them what i really think about them
i swear, i swear while i'm still breathin
i'm gonna quit this drinkin for no reason
whoa whoa
who am i kiddin
tomorrow evenin, we'll do it all over again
yeah yeah
we'll do it all over again
whoa whoa
do it all over again
yeah yeah
we'll do it all over again
yeah yeah
do it all over again
call me and we'll do it all over again

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