

## 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 won't 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, ain't it bad when you can't 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 "Don't come in, daddy  
Daddy, unless you got some money"  
And I said, Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?  
Well, ain't it tough when you can't 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, "I'm playing checkers, daddy  
And I think it's your turn to move"  
I said, oh, Lord, what can a poor boy do?  
Yes, it's bad when you can't make no money  
And your woman turns her back on you