

## Third Degree

Eric Clapton

Got me accused of peeping,  
I can't see a thing.  
Got me accused of petting,  
I can't even raise my hand.

R: 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.

R: Bad luck...

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.

R: Bad luck...