

Bad Luck

Social Distortion

Some people like to gamble
But you, you always lose
Some people like to rock 'n' roll
You're always singing the blues You got a nasty disposition
No one really knows the reason why
You got a bad, bad reputation
Gonna hang down your head and cry Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck Thirteen's my lucky number
To you it means stay inside
Black cat done crossed my path
No reason to run and hide
You're looking through a cracked mirror
No one really knows the reason why
Your enemies are getting nearer
Gonna hang down your head and cry Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck Some people go to church on Sundays
Others, they pray at home
You tell them that there ain't no God
That they're better off standing alone You're always scratching at the eight ball
No one really knows the reason why
You get to the top and then you fall
Gonna hang your head down and cry
Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck
Y'got bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck, c'mon give it to me
Bad, bad luck
Bad, bad luck, c'mon give it

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