

## **B.A.S.E**

### **"Bad Breaks"**

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Oh, I wish I was single, 'cause my woman, she drives  
me mad  
I wish I was single, 'cause my woman, she drives me  
mad  
Yes, she's always accusing me of someone of  
someone I ain't never had

Last night I felt lucky but 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?"  
It's tough when you can't make no money,  
Seems like all the bad breaks come to you

Got home this morning, she was looking kind-a funny  
She said, "Don't come in here daddy, unless you got  
some money"  
I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"  
It's tough when you can't make no money,  
Seems like all the bad breaks come to you

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 time to move"  
I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"  
It's tough when you can't make no money,  
Seems like all the bad breaks come to you

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