

B.B. King "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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