

Bucky Covington

"Superstition"

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Very superstitious
Oh, the writing's on the wall
Very superstitious
The ladder's 'bout to fall

Thirteen month old baby
Broke the lookin' glass
Seven years of bad luck
All the good things in your past, yes

When you believe in things
That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way, oh

Very superstitious
You wash your face and hands
Why don't you rid me of the problem?
Do all that you can

Keep me in a daydream, oh
I said to keep me goin' strong
Now, now say, you don't wanna save me
Sad is my song, yes, yes

When you believe in things
That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ain't the way, yes

I'm very superstitious, yeah
And there's nothin' more to say, nah
Very superstitious, ah
The devil's on his way, ah, ah, listen

See that thirteen month old baby, ah
Broke the lookin' glass, oh
Seven years of bad luck, ah
Good things in your past, oh

Listen yah, when you believe in things

That you don't understand
Then you suffer
Superstition ain't the way

Naw, naw, no
Sure ain't the way
Ooh, yah, give it to me now

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