

Johnny Winter

"3rd Degree"

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Yeah...
I like it...
Uh-huh...
Oh!

[Instrumental]

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

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 never harmed a man
They got me accused of forgery
I can't even sign my name

Bad luck
Bad luck is killing me (it's killing me)
Well I just can't stand
No more of this third degree
Can't stand of this third degree

[Instrumental]

Yeah!
That's what I'm talkin' about!

[Instrumental]

Got me accused of taxes
I don't have a lousy dime
Got me accused of children
And ain't one of them mine

Bad luck
Bad luck is killing me

Well I just can't stand
No more of this third degree

[Instrumental]

No more of this third degree, oh no!
Yeah...

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