

Jack Bruce, Third Degree

Got me accused of peeping
I can't see a thing
Got me accused of pettin
I can't even raise my hand
Bad luck
Bad luck is killing me
I can't stand it no more
No more of this third degree

Got me accused of murder
I aint never harmed a man
Got me accused of forgery
I can't even write my name
Bad luck
Bad luck is killing me
I can't stand it no more
No more of this third degree

Got me accused of taxes
I don't have a lousy dime
Got me accused of children
And there ain't nary one of them mine
Bad luck
Bad luck is killing me
I can't stand it no more
No more of this third degree