

# Jeff Healey, Third Degree

Got me accused of peeping  
I can't see a thing  
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 ain't harmed a man  
Got me accused of forgery  
I can't even write my name

Bad luck  
Bad luck is killing me

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

Got me accused of taxes  
I ain't got a dime  
Got me accused of children  
And ain't nary one of them was mine

Bad luck  
Bad luck is killing me

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