

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