

B.B. King, Bad Breaks

Oh, I wish I was single, 'cause my woman, she drives me mad
I wish I was single, 'cause my woman, she drives me mad
Yes, she's always accusing me of someone I ain't never had

Last night I felt lucky but my luck was running slow
The last hand I caught four aces and the police broke down the door
I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
It's tough when you can't make no money,
seems like all the bad breaks come to you

Got home this morning, she was looking kind-a funny
She said, "Don't come in here daddy, unless you got some money"
I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
It's tough when you can't make no money,
seems like all the bad breaks come to you

I asked my woman for some dinner, she looked at me like a fool
She said, "I'm playing checkers, daddy, and I think it's your time to move"
I said, "Lord, Lord, what can a poor boy do?"
It's tough when you can't make no money,
seems like all the bad breaks come to you