

B.B. King, Bad Luck Soul

I want to go home but I ain't got sufficient clothes
Doggone my bad luck soul
I ain't got no money and my job's done closed
I would call that old woman but I'm afraid that she may explode

My wife done quit me, my girlfriend too
Doggone my bad luck soul
I ain't got nobody and I don't know what to do
They say things will get better but I don't believe it's true

I thought I had friends but they all disappeared
Doggone my bad luck soul
Everything I do people, everything I do seems to be wrong
It wouldn't be so bad if I knew I had a home