

Richard Hawley, Born Under A Bad Sign

What are you like? You've had a right life
And taken a long ride, but oh what a cost

And all of your life, staring at white lines
Reading the road signs, and oh what a loss

Sleeping late in the afternoon, playing your guitar

Born under a bad sign
Born under a bad sign

Sleeping late in the afternoon, staying out till dawn

Born under a bad sign
Born under a bad sign

Now your laying in the afterglow
And there's something that she wants to know
Are you going be the one to say
You belong to me, you belong to me

Born under a bad sign
Born under a bad sign

Sleeping late in the afternoon, playing your guitar

Born under a bad sign
Born under a bad sign
You've had a right life
Born under a bad sign
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
Everybody knows
Born under a bad sign
Born under a bad sign