

Taylor Big, Bad Luck Man

I was born friday thirteen, thirteenth Friday that year,
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Doctor told my momma, get that bad luck boy outa here.
The woman I love, know what she said to me?
The woman I love, know what she said to me?
"You're a bad luck man, daddy, just you leave me be".
I got no friends, nobody wants me around,
I got no friends, nobody wants me around,
Me and my bad luck just drift from town to town.
I begged the Gypsy, lift this curse from me,
I begged the Gypsy, lift this curse from me,
She said "You got to die an leave it, that's when you'll be free".
I got bad luck, dogging at my heels,
I got bad luck, dogging at my heels,
If bad luck don't kill me, the bad luck blues surely will.