

# Elvis Presley, Hard Luck

Oh I'm really feeling mighty low  
No, no, no, I got no place that I can go  
So I've got some blues to sing  
And oh, so much remembering, woe.....

Black cats, keep away from me  
Take my advice, go shinning up a tree  
I got hard luck, the hardest kind a luck you'll find  
I ain't lyin', I've got the bluest kinda blues  
Drivin' me right outta my mind

She's gone, said toodle-loo  
Kissed her good-bye and my-my, my money too  
I've got hard luck, the hardest kinda luck you've seen  
I mean, the way I'm runnin' lately  
My lucky number is thirteen

Where do I belong, everything I do is wrong, all wrong  
Wrong as can be  
Who's stacking all the decks, lady luck has got the hex on me  
I'm on her knee da-da-da-da

Shove off, oh I'm warning you  
This thing I caught, you know could be catchin' too  
I've got hard luck, the hardest kinda luck there can be  
Yes siree, I guess hard luck always chooses  
Natural born losers like me  
Oh ahhh!