

# Willie Dixon, Third Degree

Got me accused of peeping, I can&#039;t see a thing  
Got me accused of petting, I can&#039;t even raise my hand  
Bad luck, bad luck is killing me  
Well I just can&#039;t stand no more of this third degree  
Got me accused of murder, I ain&#039;t harmed a man  
Got me accused of forgery, I can&#039;t even write my name  
Got me accused of taxes, I ain&#039;t got a dime  
Got me accused of children, and ain&#039;t nary one of them was mine  
Got me accused of taxes, I ain&#039;t got a dime  
Got me accused of children, and ain&#039;t nary one of them was mine