

The first three times I shot him, it was an accident  
Then my finger kept twitchin', 'til every round was spent  
Of all the stuff I've done it was hardest thing I've I tried  
To rearrange that crime scene, make it look like suicide

Later on that winter, I slipped on a patch of ice  
While showing this guy I knew my brand new switchblade knife  
Well wouldn't you know it, in his chest that switchblade stuck  
I don't know why I'm always followed by such bad luck

Bad luck just seems to follow me - CHORUS  
For the life of me I don't know why  
Please don't hold these things against me  
I try to be real nice guy

When I was six I found a box of so called "safety" matches  
Mom locked them in a cupboard, with flimsy latches  
Was showing my friend Bobby a trick I learned from my brother  
Next thing that garage was on fire, and then another

Before ya knew it sirens, flashing lights and a fire engine  
Smoke, flames and water streams really got my attention  
It was so exciting when all of those firemen came  
But then Captain walked up to me and asked me for my name...

"Bobby, my name's Bobby!"

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When I die I'll get in the line at those Pearly Gates  
I'll just act like I belong there while the devil waits  
When St Peter gets confused while looking at his list  
I will look him straight in the eye and I'll tell him this...

"Bobby, my name's Bobby!"

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