That's The Bag I'm In

I burned my fingers on the coffee pot
Toast was cold and the orange juice was hot.
I should start over but you know I'd rather not.
Same thing gonna happen again
Cause that's the bag I'm in.

Last night as I was walking down the street,
Whistling the blues to the tapping of my feet,
Some jive crank called the cops on the beat.
It'll happen every single time.

Every morning when I get up,
I miss my connection and I'm late for work again
You know they'll probably drop the atom bomb the day my ship comes in.
I dasn't bet a nickle cause I'd get paid off in yen.
Sometimes you just can't win cause that's the bag I'm in.

Jukebox playing the same old melody,
Keep on bringing back those blue memories.
This evil feeling's gonna be the death of me
I think I'm going out of my mind.

Every morning when I wake up,
I burn my fingers on the pot,
Toast is cold and the orange juice is hot,
I should start over but you know I'd rather not
Same thing gonna happen again,
Cause that's the bag I'm in.