

B.B. King, Bad Case Of Love

I got a bad case of love
I got a bad case of love
I got a bad case of love
I got a bad case of love
I got a bad case of love
People, my heart is filled with misery

I live in loneliness, never get no rest
Went to see a love doctor to get out of this mess
Took a look at me before he cast his spell
Shook his head, then began to yell

You got a bad case of love
You got a bad case of love
You got a bad case of love
Boy, your heart is filled with misery

I said, "Doctor, doctor, please do something for me
I feel like a man going through the third degree
Can't sleep at night, can't eat a bite
Since she been gone nothing ever goes right"

He said, "Son, I know just how you feel
You love your baby and you always will
But your wind is short, your pulse is weak
It won't be long before you're six feet deep"

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You got a bad case of love
Boy, your heart is filled with misery