

# B.B. King, Ghetto Woman

She's a ghetto woman, waitin for her man to come home  
Oh poor ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home  
She's just a ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home  
To come home

A rat run cross the floor, a roach turn up the wall  
Everything is noisy around her, that don't seem to bother her at all  
Cause she's a ghetto woman, sittin there all alone  
She's just a ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home  
To come home

Yes, the tv's on, radio blastin' the news  
Somebody down the hall, playin the low down dirty blues  
My ghetto woman, she's all alone  
She's just a ghetto woman, waitin for her man to come home  
To come home

Cause she's a ghetto woman, said she's a ghetto woman  
Oh, ghetto woman, what's on your mind  
Sometimes I look in your face, can't help but cry.