

# B.B. King, Going Down Slow

I've had my fun If I don't get well no more  
I've had my fun, people, If I don't get well no more  
My heath is fallin' on me  
Yes, and I'm going down slow

I want you to write my mother and tell her the shape I'm in  
Oh please write my mother, tell her the shape I'm in  
I want you tell her to pray for me, people  
Well, to forgive for my sins

On that next train South, mother  
You can look for my clothes on  
On that next train South, mother  
You can look for my clothes on  
Yes, I had my fun, mother, this is all in prayers  
Yes, I had my fun, people, mother, this is all in prayers  
Yes, if you don't see this old body, mother  
You know I'm gone out of this world somewhere