

B.B. King, I'M GONNA MOVE TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN

I'm gonna move, baby, way out on the outskirts of town
I'm gonna move way out on the outskirts of town
I don't want nobody who's always hanging around

I'm gonna tell you baby, we're gonna move away from here
I don't want no ice man, I'm gonna get me a frigidaire
When we move way out on the outskirts of town
I don't want nobody who's always hanging around

I'm gonna bring my own groceries, gonna bring them everyday
That'll stop the grocery boy, and keep him away

When we move way out on the outskirts of town
I don't need nobody always hanging around
It may seem funny honey, as funny as funny can be
But if we have any children, I want them all to look like me
When we move way out on the outskirts of town
I don't want nobody always hanging around