

# B.B. King, Mean Old Frisco

That mean ole, mean ole Frisco  
And that long train, the Santa Fe  
That mean ole, mean ole Frisco  
And that long train, the Santa Fe  
Yes, they've taken my baby away  
And they blew back after me

I ain't got no, I ain't got nobody here  
I ain't got no, I ain't got nobody here  
Well, if I don't hear from her soon  
I think I'll leave myself

Oh, I wonder  
Do she ever think of me?  
Yes, I wonder  
Do my baby think of me?  
Well, she should be worried  
And should hurry back home to me

Well, if you see my baby  
Tell her I need her bad  
Oh, if you see my baby  
Tell her I need her bad  
Well, since she left me  
Seems I've lost every friend I have

I've been tryin' not to worry  
And tryin' to do the best I can  
I've been tryin' not to worry  
And tryin' to do the best I can  
But now since she's gone  
I'm a lonely lonely man