

# B.B. King, Second-hand Woman

She told me she'd been loved before  
If I took a little less  
She'd give a little more  
She told me she'd been hurt a lot  
But somehow she still knew  
What a woman's love was for

She said if I would take a second-hand woman  
The night wouldn't be so long  
She said if I would take a second-hand woman  
She'd put love where love belonged  
I said that's alright with me  
I'll do everything I can  
After all baby I'm a second-hand man

I showed her Where I hid the scars  
From all the battles I had fought  
In lost and lonely wars  
It took al night for us to understand  
Life had led to us  
Loves old soft and healing hand