

B.B. King, We Can't Make It

We can't make it baby
We can't last another year
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Well I try to treat you kind baby
But it seems like you got the wrong idea

I give you all of my money baby
To buy those real fine clothes
I give you all of my money baby
To buy those real fine clothes
I bought you a home and everything baby
Now you're trying to put old me outdoors

When I first met you baby
You had to do it out in the street
When I first met you baby
You had to do it out in the street
I put clothes on your back, baby
I put shoes on your feet

It seems right to me baby
Since you got your feet up off the ground
It seems right to me baby
Since you got your feet up off the ground
You're a real big-shot woman now
You don't want old B. around