

The Allman Brothers Band, Black Hearted Woman

by Gregg Allman

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Black hearted woman, can't you see your poor man dyin'?
Can't count on both hands, baby, all the lonely nights I've been cryin'.
Well I'm tired of all your slippery ways, I can't take your evil lyin'.

Oh, no.

Black hearted woman, seems trouble and pain is all you crave.
Black hearted woman, seems trouble and pain is all you crave.
Some time thinking I'll be much better, if I was stiff down in my grave.
I just can't stay. Yeah.

Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my name.
Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my name.
Well I'm going out to find a new way baby, oh, to get back into your
game.

Yeah, yeah.

One of these days, gonna catch you with your back door man.
One of these days, yeah, gonna catch you with your back door man.
I'll be moving on down the road pretty baby, ah, to start all over
again.
Ah, yeah.