

# B.B. King, I'm Gonna Quit My Baby

Well, I work hard everyday  
Come home straight home with my pay  
My baby either drink it up  
Or she threw it all away

I'm gonna quit my baby  
If she don't stop cheatin' and lyin'  
Well, I would rather be alone  
Than to be worried out of my mind

Well, I give her all of my money  
I think I'm being kind  
She buy a quart of bad whiskey  
And the rest is beer and wine

Well, a few nights ago  
I had to work kinda late  
Somebody broke out of my house  
Just like he was Superman's mate

Well, four o'clock this morning, when I staggered in the block  
The little moonshine joint and the rest just begin to rock  
I sneaked inside to get a better view  
I caught my woman doin' the mambo too