

# B.B. King, It's My Own Fault Baby

It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yeah that's the time you were loving me, baby  
And at that time, little girl, I didn't love you  
You used to make your own pay checks  
And bring them all home to me  
I'd go out on the hillside, you know  
And make every woman look, I see  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yeah that's the time you were loving me, baby  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you  
Yeah, she used to be here with me baby  
But now you're running around with the boys  
You says you was gonna leave me  
You're gonna be over in Illinois  
And it's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yes when you were loving me, woman  
And at that time, little girl, I wouldn't be true  
Yeah I'll fall on my knees, raise up my right hand  
Yeah I am too bad, baby but I just don't understand  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yeah that's the time you were loving me, woman  
At that time, little girl, I wouldn't be true