

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