

Buddy Guy, Stone Crazy

Woman you must be stone down crazy
Either you're going to lose your mind
Yes I said baby you must be stone crazy
Either you're going to lose your mind
Yes I wanna know how could you treat me so dirty baby
You must think my little heart is made of iron

Lord as I sit here in my dark room
Tears rolling down from my eyes
Yes I sit I sit here in my dark room
Tears rolling all down from my eyes
Yes you know my little baby looked at me and said daddy
Ohh, God knows you're the hurted child

Oh yeah
Somebody come and get me

Yes I think I'm going back down south
People where the weather suits my clothes
Yes I said I'm going back down south
People where the weather suits my clothes
Yes you know that I'm playing around in this big city so long man
Ohh, 'till I'm almost just done frooze

Darling you must be stone crazy
Or either you're going to lose your mind
Yes I said woman you must be stone down crazy
Either you're going to lose your mind
Yes I wanna know how could you treat me so low down and dirty
You must be think my little heart is made of iron

Wow as I sit here in my dark room
Tears rolling all down my eyes
Yes I sit I sit right here right here in my dark room
Tears rolling all down from my eyes
Yes you know my little girl looked at me and said
Ohh, my daddy is a hurted child

Ohh, Look-a-here now
Somebody come here

Lord I believe I'm going back down south
Where the weather suits my clothes
Yes I believe I'm going back down south
People where the weather suits my clothes
Yes you know that I've played around in these big cities so long man
Ohh, 'till I'm almost done frooze