

The Allman Brothers Band, Nevertheless

by Gregg Allman

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Lay a hand full of marked cards,
I played the last game.
Well, all the time you know,
that everybody's doin' the same.
Ain't it cruel, now, baby
how life is full of such shame? But

Chorus:

Nevertheless, I can't keep myself from lovin' you, no.
Nevertheless, I can't keep myself from lovin you, (naw/no)
With that loaded gun you seem to
Have so much fun.
Scarin' hell outta people that you
Claim you love.
Cannot find no reason why you're
Doin' the things you do.

Chorus

Well, I get so tired of makin' reservations for you.
And even my good friends call me,
Make me feel the fool.
But then I find no reason why you're
Doin' the things you do.

Chorus