

Albert Collins, The Things That I Used To Do

The things that I used to do, Lord, I won't do, no more
The things that I used to do, Lord, I won't do, no more
Well, I used to sit an' hold your hand, baby, cry for you not to go

I would search all night for ya baby, Lord, an' my search, would always be in vain
I would search all night for ya baby, Lord, an' my search, would always been in vain

Well, I knew all along darlin', that you're bein' out wit'ch your other man

I'm gonna send you back to your mother, baby, Lord, an' I'm goin' back to my family, too
I'm gonna send you back to your mother, baby, Lord, an' I'm goin' back to my family, too
Well, if there's nothin' I can do to please ya baby, Lord, I just can't get along with you