

Albert King, Oh, Pretty Woman

Oh pretty woman she's the rising sun
Says all your cheap paint and powder ain't gonna help you none
She's a pretty woman right down to the bone
So you just might as well still leave your skin alone

Pretty woman
What's the matter with you
Can't make you love me, no matter what I do

Oh pretty woman what you trying to do
You kept on foolin' around till I got stuck on you
So you just drop that mess and come down off your throne
Stop using my poor heart as a stepping stone

Pretty woman
What's the matter with you
Can't make you love me, no matter what I do

Oh pretty woman that's all right for you
Now you just go on doing what you want to do
But someday when you thing you've got it made
You get in water deep enough so you can't wade

Pretty woman
What's the matter with you
Can't make you love me, no matter what I do