

B.B. King, Ghetto Woman

She's a ghetto woman, waitin for her man to come home
Oh poor ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home
She's just a ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home
To come home

A rat run cross the floor, a roach turn up the wall
Everything is noisy around her, that don't seem to bother her at all
Cause she's a ghetto woman, sittin there all alone
She's just a ghetto woman waitin for her man to come home
To come home

Yes, the tv's on, radio blastin' the news
Somebody down the hall, playin the low down dirty blues
My ghetto woman, she's all alone
She's just a ghetto woman, waitin for her man to come home
To come home

Cause she's a ghetto woman, said she's a ghetto woman
Oh, ghetto woman, what's on your mind
Sometimes I look in your face, can't help but cry.