B.B. King, Goin' Home

Goin' home tomorrow I can't stand your evil ways Goin' home tomorrow Can't stand your evil ways 'Cause when you're around me, baby I'm full of misery all day I can't go on I can't go on this way I can't go on Baby, can't go on this way You know, you don't want my lovin' So I'm goin away to stay I don't want you to try and find me Don't even call me on the phone Don't try to phone me, baby Don't try call me on the phone I'm better off without you, baby Won't you leave poor me alone?