

# B.B. King, I Get So Weary

I get so weary every time the sun goes down  
I get so weary in the evening when the sun goes down  
I get so lonesome when my baby's not around  
When I go to bed at night, and the birds began to call  
When I go to bed at night, and the birds began to call  
I am here so sad and lonely for my baby  
And that ain't all  
When I get up in the morning just before the break of day  
Oh, I get up in the morning just before the break of day  
Thinking about my baby  
But I know she's on her way