

# B.B. King, It's My Own Fault

It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yes when you were loving me, baby (woman)  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you  
She used to make her own pay checks  
And bring them all home to me  
I would go out on the hillside, you know  
And make every woman look I see  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yes when you were loving me, baby (woman)  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you  
She said she was gonna leave me  
She'd been running around with the boys  
She said she was gonna leave me  
Gonna be over in Illinois  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yes when you were loving me, baby (woman)  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you