

B.B. King, Mean Old Frisco

That mean ole, mean ole Frisco
And that long train, the Santa Fe
That mean ole, mean ole Frisco
And that long train, the Santa Fe
Yes, they've taken my baby away
And they blew back after me

I ain't got no, I ain't got nobody here
I ain't got no, I ain't got nobody here
Well, if I don't hear from her soon
I think I'll leave myself

Oh, I wonder
Do she ever think of me?
Yes, I wonder
Do my baby think of me?
Well, she should be worried
And should hurry back home to me

Well, if you see my baby
Tell her I need her bad
Oh, if you see my baby
Tell her I need her bad
Well, since she left me
Seems I've lost every friend I have

I've been tryin' not to worry
And tryin' to do the best I can
I've been tryin' not to worry
And tryin' to do the best I can
But now since she's gone
I'm a lonely lonely man