

# B.B. King, Part Time Love

Try it one more, please.

You know I got to find me  
People, I got to find me  
A part time love  
Oh I need  
I need me a part time love  
Every time  
Every time my baby leaves me  
You know I need a part time love

The people in the cemetery  
They're not all alone  
Some turn to dust  
And some have bone  
You know I'd rather be dead  
Six feet in my grave  
Than to live lonely  
Each and everyday

I need me  
I need me a part time love  
Every time my woman leaves me  
You know I need a part time love

She came home this morning  
I asked her where she'd been  
She said, "Don't ask me  
No questions, baby  
'Cause I'll be leaving again"

I've got to find me  
Don't you see, I've got to find me  
A part time love  
My baby leaves me  
I need a part time love  
Yes, I do

Oh every time my woman leaves me  
Have to suffer  
The whole time she's gone  
I got to say it again  
When she leaves me  
I suffer every time she's gone  
When she leaves me  
I just got to have me a part time love  
Is there somebody out there

Oh I need  
Mm, I need me a part time love  
Can't say it too much  
I need, oh, I need . . .