

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 . . .