B.B. King, You Put It On Me

They say there ain't no woman that a man can trust
That they all use joo-joo, and goofy dust
But I don't argue baby
And I won't make no fuss
Cause I'm glad glad glad, I'm so glad baby
That you put it on me

Oh, I had pretty women in every town
And I played so hard when the sun went down
Oh, but you stopped my partying
You stopped my partying when you came around baby
Mmmm....and I'm so glad
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad baby
That you put it on me

If I hollered for help
The doctor would come
If I asked for medicine
You know he'd give me some
But that wouldn't cure me baby
Oh, and you know that wouldn't be no fun
So you just keep on, keep on mama
Oh, you just keep on puttin' it on me

Yes, just keep it up baby
Keep on puttin' it on me
Keep it up
Keep on, keep on baby...