

# Buddy Guy, 7-11

Yeah

Oh, I've just got to let her go  
Because this little girl is runnin' wild  
I said I got to let her go  
Because this little girl is runnin' wild

You know she whupped this whole game on me  
And now she won't even apologize

Oh girl, girl, girl, girl, girl, girl  
You take all the happiness out of my live  
Hey girl, girl, girl, girl, ah  
You takes all, all the happiness out of my lives

You go to 7-11 on me  
Just like a gambler with a crooked dice  
Look-a-here  
Yeah

Mr. Johnny Johnson

Mother said, 'Son you've got to let her go  
Can't you see this woman got her game up tight?  
Oh, son you've got to let her go  
Can't you see this a woman got her game up tight?'

She said, 'Son get your hat and get your coat  
Or she will never treat you right'

Well, ooh, got to get my hat and coat  
This ain't right

She'd go to 7-11 on me  
Oh, like a man with a loaded dice