

Robert Cray, Tell The Landlord

I'm gonna move on baby
Nothin' seems to go my way
I'm gonna move on baby
Nothin' seems to go my way
I'm gonna pack up and leave ya'
Nothin' can make me stay

You did me wrong
You so mean
I give up
Queen beat the king
Some rainy morning
Don't be surprised
There'll be tears
In your eyes
In your eyes

You'll look around
For my check
You'll freak out
Start to sweat
Oooh, some rainy morning
Don't be surprised
There'll be tears
In your eyes
In your eyes

SOLO

Flowers on the table
I didn't buy
Champagne in the icebox
Store-bought fries
Ohh, some rainy morning
There'll be surprise
There'll be tears
In your eyes
In your eyes

I'm gonna move on baby
Nothin' seems to go my way
I'm gonna move on baby
Nothin' seems to go my way
And you can tell that landlord
I refuse to pay
Go on and tell him baby
Mmmmmmm
Go on and tell him babe
I refuse to pay