

How Many More Years

B.B. King

How many more years have I got
To let you dog me around?
How many more years, baby
How many more years I got
To let you dog me around?
I'd really be dead, sleepin six feet in the ground
Gonna fall on my knees
Gonna raise up my right hand
Fall on my knees, baby
Raise up my right hand
I'd feel so much better
If I could only get you to understand
Oh, I'm goin upstairs
Gonna bring down all of my clothes
Goin upstairs
Gonna bring down all of my clothes
Anybody ask about me
Just tell 'em old B stepped outdoor

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