

The Jungle

B.B. King

I may go and move to the jungle now
Way out in the woods
Yes, I think I'll move to the jungle, people
Move way out in the woods
Yes, because the way things are here now
Well, I ain't doin' myself no good I work hard everyday
From Monday to Friday night
The wages that they pay me
I swear that they're very light
They take out a little for the state
A little more for Uncle Sam
How can I ever catch up
And get myself out of this jam? Yes, I think I'll move to the jungle
Move way out in the woods
Yes, because the way things are here now
Well, I ain't doin' myself no good I go to town on Saturday
Just to pay my bills
I better make it early
Or the collector will come where I live I go to church on a Sunday
I get on my knees to pray
Preacher takes up collection
And say, "Brother, what will you pay?" I think I'll move to the jungle
Move way out in the woods
Yes, because the way things are here now
Well, I ain't doin' myself no good

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