

Two Years of Torture

[Ray Charles](#)

I've often been told that time bring 'bout a change
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Yes, I've had two years of torture and my heart still feel the same I had a real fine woman, fine as she could be
Let me tell ya, I had a real, real fine woman, fine as she could be
But the syndicators, back-biters stole that little girl away from me Two years of being without her, seven
hundred and thirty days
And I still remember her little brown body and the sweet love, baby way Two years of torture and I'm still in
misery
Oh, but I'm doomed as a lover unless she come back to me

Songwriters

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