

The things that I used to do

Guitar Slim

The things that I used to do
Lord, I won't do no more
The things that I used to do
Lord, I won't do no more
I used to sit and hold your hand, baby
Crying, begging you not to go I would search all night for you, baby
Lord, and my search would always end in vain
I would search all night for you, baby
Lord, and my search would always end in vain
But I knew all along, darling
That you was hid out with your other man I'm going to send you back to your mother, baby
Lord, and I'm going back to my family, too
I'm going to send you back to your mother, baby
Lord, and I'm going back to my family, too
'Cause nothing I do that please you, baby
Lord, I just can't get along with you

Songwriters

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