

# Oh, Pretty Woman

Albert King

Oh, pretty woman she's the rising sun  
Says all your cheap paint and powder ain't gonna help you none  
'Cause she's a pretty woman right down to the bone  
So you just might as well still leave your skin alone Pretty woman  
What's the matter with you?  
Can't make you love me  
No matter what I do Oh, pretty woman what you're trying to do  
You kept on foolin' around till I got stuck on you  
So you just drop that mess and come down off your throne  
Stop using my poor heart for just do [incomprehensible] stepping stone Pretty woman  
What's the matter with you?  
Can't make you love me  
No matter what I do Oh, oh pretty woman Oh, pretty woman that's all right for you  
Now you just go on doing what you want to do  
But someday when you think that you have got it made  
You get in water deep enough so you can't wade Pretty woman  
What's the matter with you?  
Can't make you love me, yeah  
No matter what I do Oh, oh pretty woman, hey

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