Somebody Have Mercy

Sam Cooke

Somebody have mercy
And tell me what is wrong with me
Somebody have mercy
And tell me what is wrong with me, yea
Sometimes I don't know how I stand
The things this woman do to meLet me tell you
When I think about how she do me
The tears fall down like a rain, like a rain
When I think about how she do me
The tears fall down like a rain, like a rain
When I think I've got her chained down
She starts actin' up againWell, oh, let me tell you
I'm goin' down to the bus station
With a suitcase in my hand, yes I am
I'm goin' down to the bus station
With a suitcase in my hand, yes I am
I'm gonna grab me a armful of Greyhound
And ride just as close I can
And do that thing for me now, yea
And yea yea yea yea yea yea yeahLet me tell you one more time
Somebody have mercy
I wonder what is wrong with me, Lord have mercy
Somebody have mercy
I wonder what is wrong with me, yea
Sometimes I don't know how I stand
The things this woman do to meDo that one more time while I tell 'em
I'm standin' here wonderin', baby
With a matchbox hole in my clothes, yes I am
Standin', wonderin', baby
With a matchbox hole in my clothes, yes I am
Ohh, I got a long way to get there
And I got a short time to go
One more time

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