You Don`t Have To Go

Jimmy Reed

Whoa, baby
You don't have ta goWhoa, baby
You don't have ta goI'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I goWell now, I give you all my money
Then ya go downtown,
an' you get back in the evenin'
Told me, walked down townWhoa baby, you don't have ta go
I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I goWhoa baby, honey what's wrong which' you?
Whoa baby, honey what's wrong which' you?
Well you don't treat me darlin', like you used to do

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