It's My Own Fault

B.B. King

It's my own fault, baby
Treat me the way you wanna doIt's my own fault, baby
Treat me the way you wanna do
Yes, when you were loving me, baby
At that time, little girl, I didn't love youShe used to make her own pay checks
And bring them all home to me
I would go out on the hillside, you know
And make every woman look I seeIt's my own fault, baby
Treat me the way you wanna do
Yes, when you were loving me, woman
At that time, little girl, I didn't love youShe said she was gonna leave me
She'd been running around with the boys
She said she was gonna leave me
Gonna be over in IllinoisAnd it's my own fault, baby
Treat me the way you wanna do
When you were loving me, woman
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you

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