

# It's My Own Fault

**B.B. King**

It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you want to do  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you want to do  
Yes, at the time, you were loving me, baby  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you Used to make your own pay checks, baby  
And bring them all home to me  
I'd go out on the hillside, you know  
And make every woman, good girl seen  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you want to do  
Yes, at the time, you were loving me, baby  
At that time, little girl, I didn't love you Yes, you used to be here with me, baby  
But now you're running around with the boys  
You said you were gonna leave me  
You're gonna be over in Illinois  
And it's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you want to do  
Yes, at the time, you were loving me, baby  
At that time, little girl, I wouldn't be true Yes, fall on my knees  
Raise up my right hand  
Yes, I would do better, baby but I  
Just don't understand  
It's my own fault, baby  
Treat me the way you wanna do  
Yes, at the time you were loving me, woman  
At that time, little girl, I wouldn't be true

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