

Sitting On Top Of The World

B.B. King

It rained five days Lord and the clouds turned as dark as night
It rained five days and the clouds turned as dark as night
Lord that was really enough trouble to make a poor man wonder where in the world to go I got up one morning,
poor me I couldn't get even get out of my door
I got up one morning, poor me I couldn't get even get out of my door
Lord that was really enough trouble to make a poor man wonder where in the world to go Now they rowed a
little boat just about five miles across the farm
Yeah they rowed a little boat down about five miles across the farm
Lord I packed up all of my clothes and throwed them in and I declare they rowed poor old Bill along Then I
went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Yes I went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Lord and all I could do was look down on the house baby where I used to live

Songwriters

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