

Never Trust a Woman

B.B. King

Don't ever trust a woman, until she's dead and buried
Yes, don't ever trust a woman, until she's dead and buried
One day she'll say that she loves you and the next day she'll throw you in the street
She'll smother you with kisses, when her birthday comes around
But soon as she gets her presents, she'll down talk you all over town
No, don't ever trust a woman, until she's dead and buried
One day she'll say that she loves you and the next day she'll throw you in the street
She'll beg you for clothes and diamonds, until you're all in hock
And then you'll come home one mornin' and your key won't fit the lock
Don't ever trust a woman, until she's dead and buried
Well, one day she'll say that she loves you, the next day she'll throw you in the street
She'll call you every mornin', every mornin', noon and night
She'll call you in between times, just to see if you're doin' alright
She'll ask to borrow five and then she'll beg for ten
And baby that five and ten, you won't ever see again!
Man, don't ever trust a woman, man, until she's dead and buried
One day she'll say that she loves you and the next day she'll throw you in the street

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