

Black Hearted Woman

Jim McCarty Band

Black hearted woman, can't you see your poor man dyin'.
Can't count on both hands, babe, all the lonely nights I've been cryin'.
Well I'm tired of all your slippery ways, I can't take your evil lyin'.
Oh, no.

Black hearted woman, cheap trouble and pain is all you play.
Black hearted woman, cheap trouble and pain is all you play.
Some time thinking I'll be much better, if I was stiff down in my grave.
No, I just can't stay.

Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my name.
Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my name.
Well I'm going out to find a new way babe, oh, to get back into your game.
Yeah, yeah.

One of these days, I'm gonna catch you with your back door man.
One of these days, yeah, I'm gonna catch you with your back door man.
I'll be moving on down the road pretty baby, oh, to start all over again.
Oh, yeah.

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