

Ghetto Woman

B.B. King

She's a ghetto woman waitin' for her man to come home
Oh, poor ghetto woman, waitin' for her man to come home
She's just a ghetto woman waitin' for her man
To come home, to come home A rat run cross the floor, a roach turn up the wall
Everything is noisy around her, that don't seem to bother her at all
'Cause she's a ghetto woman, sittin' there all alone
She's just a ghetto woman, waitin' for her man
To come home, to come home Yes, the TV on, radio blastin' the news
Somebody down the hall, playin' the low down dirty blues
My ghetto woman, she's all alone
She's just a ghetto woman, waitin' for her man to come home
To come home 'Cause she's a ghetto woman, said she's a ghetto woman
Oh, ghetto woman, what's on your mind
Sometimes I look in your face, can't help but cry

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