

I've Made Nights By Myself

[Albert King](#)

I've made nights by myself
When the ground was covered with snow
I've made nights by myself
When the ground was covered with snow
When I looked for my woman
She was gone, that's all I know

You know the rocks was my pillow
And the cold ground was my bed
The rocks was my pillow
Cold ground was my bed
I had nowhere Baby
To lay my aching head

The rocks was my pillow
I had to make nights all alone
The rocks was my pillow
I had to make nights all alone
I really wanted my baby
And my lover was gone

I got a mind to ramble
I got a mind to go back home
I got a mind to ramble
I got a mind to go back home
Gotta mind to be a good boy
And leave those evil women alone

Lyrics submitted by Mick Parker.

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