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, thatâ€™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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