

Just to Be with You

The Paul Butterfield Blues Band

On a ship that's made of paper,
Oh yeah, I will sail the seven seas.
Fired a shot baby, with a toothpick,
Crawled home to you on my knees.
There ain't nothin' baby I wouldn't do, sugar,
Oh yeah baby, just to bring you home with me. I would rise up with the devil,
Oh yeah, I would breathe smoke and fire.
Or say were I on a tightrope,
Walk a canyon on a wire.
Just to kiss your sweet lips, honey,
Oh yeah baby you know you're my desire. If a shot fired out from my leg,
Oh baby and the sea were turned to sand.
Turn my po' self over darlin'
Crawl home to you on my hands.
There ain't nothin' nothin' I wouldn't do baby,
Oh yeah, oh yeah baby, just to be with you. Give up all of my money,
Whoa, oh baby, I'd sleep right down on the floor.
Call my mother-in-law honey,
Whoa, oh I'd work for you 'til I got sore.
I would do anything for you baby,
Oh yeah, oh yeah, just to get you home once more.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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