

# Worry, Worry, Worry

**B.B. King**

They say there ain't no woman that a man can trust  
That they all use joo-joo, and goofy dust  
But I don't argue baby  
And I won't make no fuss  
'Cause I'm glad, glad, glad, I'm so glad baby  
That you put it on me  
Oh, I had pretty women in every town  
And I played so hard when the sun went down  
Oh, but you stopped my partying  
You stopped my partying when you came around baby  
Mmmm...and I'm so glad  
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad baby  
That you put it on me  
If I hollered for help  
The doctor would come  
If I asked for medicine  
You know he'd give me some  
But that wouldn't cure me baby  
Oh, and you know that wouldn't be no fun  
So you just keep on, keep on mama  
Oh, you just keep on puttin` it on me  
Yes, just keep it up baby  
Keep on puttin` it on me  
Keep it up  
Keep on, keep on baby...

Songwriters

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