

# The Score

Robert Cray

Well alright baby  
I guess I know the score  
Better get a packin'  
I don't want you 'round here any more You come home looking funky  
your clothes all in a mess  
And your story wasn't fitting  
any better than your dress Well alright baby  
now I know the score  
Well you better get a gettin'  
I don't want to see you 'round here any more You came in one time too many  
lying out outside of your mouth  
Said you was at your mother's  
but I really got my doubts I've seen you at the rainbow  
hanging out with red  
And if I get my hands on you baby  
you're gonna wish that you were dead Well alright baby  
now I know the score  
Well you better get to movin'  
I don't want you 'round here any more

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