

B.B. King

"Going Down Slow"

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I've had my fun If I don't get well no more
I've had my fun, people, If I don't get well no more
My heath is fallin' on me
Yes, and I'm going down slow

I want you to write my mother and tell her the shape I'm
in
Oh please write my mother, tell her the shape I'm in
I want you tell her to pray for me, people
Well, to forgive for my sins
On that next train South, mother
You can look for my clothes on
On that next train South, mother
You can look for my clothes on
Yes, I had my fun, mother, this is all in prayers
Yes, I had my fun, people, mother, this is all in prayers
Yes, if you don't see this old body, mother
You know I'm gone out of this world somewhere

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