

B.B. King

"Groving Old"

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Well, if we live, we gotta grow old baby
And I know just how you're going to be
Well, your feet are already a little chilly baby
And you're gettin' a little cold to me

Well, you're gonna have a sweet and silly temper, baby
Baby, and you're not gonna speak to me for days at a
time
Oh, I know you're gonna have a sweet and silly temper,
baby
Baby, and you won't speak to me for days at a time
Oh baby, I know you're gettin' old
And your little temper B. won't really mind

Oh, we'll be sittin' close together baby
And our minds are really in tune
Oh, we'll be sittin' close together baby
And our minds are really in tune
Well, we'll start makin' love together, baby
Thinkin' about how we used to when we was really in
bloom

Oh, I know you're gonna live like a king and queen
Baby you won't mind a word I say
I know you're gonna live like a king and queen
Baby you won't mind a word I say
Yeah, we're gonna live and get old together, baby
Yeah, 'till we old and grey

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