

B.B. King

"I Gotta Move Out Of This Neighborhood"

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I think I'm gonna have to move, people
I gotta move out of my neighborhood
Hey, I said I'm gonna have to move
I gotta get out of my neighborhood
Because you see
The women they tell lies on me
And the men they just don't mean me
No doggone good

Every time my telephone rings
Some lady trying to play
Some old funny game on me
Every time my telephone rings
Some lady trying to play
Some old funny game on me
And every time my front doorbell rings
Some angry six foot man
With a knife in his hand

They say I'm in love with a woman
That works down at the Chicken Shack
They say Deacon Jones' wife
Gave me a brand new Cadillac
That's why I gotta move
I gotta get out of my neighborhood
I tell you the people
They tell lies on me
Hey, they just don't mean me
No doggone good

My landlady came by my apartment
She came by just to make up my bed

But it took her all night long
Can you imagine what the neighbors said
That's why I gotta move
Hey, I gotta get out
Of my neighborhood
I tell you the people
They tell lies on me
Hey, they just don't mean me
No doggone good

Hey, I gotta move
Hey, I gotta move
I gotta move
I gotta move

Hey, the people, the people
Don't like me here, people
Oh you know they just don't mean me
No doggone good

Nobody loves me but my mother
Sometimes I think
She could be jiving, too
Hey, nobody
Nobody loves me but my mother
And she could be jiving, too
Now I think you know
Why I act funny, baby
Oh when you do the things you do

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