

## **B.B. King**

# **"Playin' With My Freinds"**

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I'm gonna call up some of my buddies,  
and a few of the ladies I know  
I'm gonna rent a hall and get them all and,  
put on a heck of a show

Make sure we got a kitchen,  
with a oven and a stove  
We'll all get in there cookin',  
then we'll throw open all the doors

Playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends  
We'll have a good time,  
playin' with my friends

I'm gonna buy a 100 pounds of catfish,  
cook it all up on the grill  
Fix some beans and corn bread,  
everybody's gonna get their fill

Then we'll grab all the guitars,  
greasy hands and all  
Someone'll count off a shuffle,  
and man we'll have a ball

Playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends  
We'll have a good time,  
playin' with my friends

Yes, we gonna buy some of that red, red wine,  
the best that money can buy  
You gotta drink it all from a paper cup,  
that this here Saturday life is right

Everybody's gonna stand up,  
play their favorite tune  
You can pick any tune you want to,  
as long as it's the blues

Playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends,  
playin' with my friends  
We'll have a good time,  
playin' with my friends

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