

## Gregg Allman "These Days"

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I went around to your house  
Found you laid up in the bed  
By early afternoon you were so sloppy drunk  
You couldn't even raise up your head

So get on with your life baby  
Please let me get on with mine  
These days and your ways are so painful  
You're just wasting all our precious time, ohhh

Since first I knew your name  
I wasn't sure that you really cared  
Spent most of your time with the other boys  
And it's been all down hill from there

So get on with your life baby  
Please let me get on with mine  
Each day brings a new confusion  
Another way to break this poor heart of mine

I can't begin to count the times that I've told ya  
You better change all your wicked ways  
But I'm real sure whatever the number  
Ah it's the same as the times you laughed in my face  
Won't somebody please wake me from this bad dream  
I remember my grandmama told me  
Things ain't always what they seem

So get on with your life baby  
Please let me get on with mine  
Cause each day brings another confusion  
It's about to break this poor heart of mine  
Ohhhha, gonna lose my only mind, oh baby  
Don't you break this poor heart of mine

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