

James Bonamy

"The Things That I Used To Do"

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The things that I used to do
Lord, I won't do no more
The things that I used to do
Lord, I won't do no more

I used to sit and
Hold your hand, baby
Cry and beg you not to go

I was born in Georgia, baby
Lord, I was raised in Tennessee
I was born in Augusta, Georgia, baby
Lord, I was raised in Tennessee

No matter how hard I tried
Somebody always hurting on me

I'm going to send you
Back to your mother and
I'm going back to my family too

I'm going to send you
Back to your mother, baby
Lord, and I'm going back to my folks
My old, my old folks back home too

Cause nothing I can
Do to please you, mama
Lord, I just can't get along with you

Ow, ow, ow
You're so mean to me now

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