Nat King Cole
"That Ain't Right"

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Baby, baby, what is the matter with you?
Baby, baby, what is the matter with you?
You got the world in a jug
And you don't have a thing to do

I always told you, baby
You'll be the death of me
'Cos when I'm always with you
I get the third degree

That ain't right
Baby, that ain't right at all
Takin' all my money
Goin' out, havin' yourself a ball

I took you to a night club
And bought you big champagne
You rolled home in a taxi
And I caught the subway train

That ain't right
Baby, that ain't right at all
Takin' all my money
Goin' out, havin' yourself a ball

I went to a fortune teller
And had my fortune told
He said, you didn't love me
All you wanted was my gold

That ain't right
Baby, that ain't right at all
Takin' all my money
Goin' out, havin' yourself a ball

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