

**Albert Collins****"I Got Mad"**

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Come home this mornin' my woman she treated me  
like dirt  
Just because I had lipstick on my shirt  
She looked at me she made a nasty crack  
I said, "Please, please woman get off-a my back"

I got mad (got mad baby)  
Got so mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I got mad you can see  
That woman tryin' to beat the hell out-a me

I got the meanest woman that you ever seen  
That woman tried to beat the hell out of me  
She said, "I'm tired of you foolin' around"  
Then she picked up a brick an' damn near knocked me  
down

I got mad (got made baby)  
Got so mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I got mad you can see that woman tryin' to beat the hell  
out of me

Now I thought of ev'ry night and day  
That kinda love can't go on that way  
That woman she said, "You tryin' to be slick"  
She said, "I will take this knife and I will cut off your  
prick!"  
I got mad (I got mad baby)  
Got so mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I got mad you can see that woman tryin' to beat the hell  
out of me  
Whoa yeah

I got mad (I got a bad little baby)  
Got so mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I got mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I stay so mad (I got a bad little baby)  
I got mad you can see that woman tried to beat the hell  
out of me

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Note: song appears on A.C. Reed's album Junk Food.  
Vocals by A.C. Reed and Albert Collins.

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