

The Allman Brothers Band

"Black Hearted Woman"

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by Gregg Allman

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Black hearted woman, can't you see your poor man
dyin'?
Can't count on both hands, baby, all the lonely nights
I've been cryin'.
Well I'm tired of all your slippery ways, I can't take your
evil lyin'.
Oh, no.
Black hearted woman, seems trouble and pain is all
you crave.
Black hearted woman, seems trouble and pain is all
you crave.
Some time thinking I'll be much better, if I was stiff
down in my grave.
I just can't stay. Yeah.

Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my
name.
Yesterday I was your man, now you don't know my
name.
Well I'm going out to find a new way baby, oh, to get
back into your
game.
Yeah, yeah.
One of these days, gonna catch you with your back
door man.
One of these days, yeah, gonna catch you with your
back door man.
I'll be moving on down the road pretty baby, ah, to start
all over
again.
Ah, yeah.

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