

## Things That I Used To Do (Talking Slim Blues)

Albert Collins

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  
Well, I used to sit an' hold your hand, baby, cry for you not to go

I would search all night for ya baby, Lord, an' my search, would always be in vain  
I would search all night for ya baby, Lord, an' my search, would always been in vain  
Well, I knew all along darlin', that you're bein' out wit'ch your other man

I'm gonna send you back to your mother, baby, Lord, an' I'm goin' back to my family, too  
I'm gonna send you back to your mother, baby, Lord, an' I'm goin' back to my family, too  
Well, if there's nothin' I can do to please ya baby, Lord, I just can't get along with you