

Cold Feet

Albert King

They keep raisin' sand about playing this chord
He ain't hitting the B flat right
I'm a make a hit
If it's the last thing I do

And I done come home to you
And you done put your cold feet on me
Get warm your feet, woman

Hanging around the studio
For three days in a row now
Thinking nobody get a hit out of here
But Sam and Dave

Rufus Thomas or Carla Thomas
Or Eddie Floyd
They ain't the only ones
Who know how to play the blues
I can play the blues myself

I'm gonna give every disc jockey
The blues across the country
If he don't dig this
He got a hole in his soul

Yeah, well
Hey, ooh wee

If you hear a little fuss
It ain't nobody but us