

Mini Bar Blues

B.B. King

Now everyone is goin' out, but I'm stayin' in
You see I gotta nurse my lonely heart, with the mini bar gin
It's not that my baby is mad at me, no, for doin' something wrong
It's just that I'm so far, far away from her, and I've been here for so long

So won't you please try and understand that we ain't that kind of band
You choose and you choose, baby and sometimes end up with the mini bar blues

Now love thy neighbour and the children they flock
The suckers that shwag me baby are suckers that I Glock
See I'm the fire hose, and everybody knows, that I'll knock you down and kick that ass
So when I go out on the town, straight out of the ground
I ain't lookin' to get on down, it's just one of them things, ask Steve,
me and the fellas, sipping on some Heinekens,
if you know what I'm trying to express through my music

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You choose and you choose, baby and sometimes end up with the mini bar blues
So won't you please try and understand that we ain't that kind of band
You choose and you choose, baby and sometimes end up with the mini bar blues