

## We Can't Make It

B.B. King

We can't make it baby  
We can't last another year  
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Well I try to treat you kind baby  
But it seems like you got the wrong idea

I give you all my money baby  
To buy those real fine clothes  
I give you all my money baby  
To buy those real fine clothes  
I bought you a home and everything baby  
Now you're trying to put old me outdoors

When I first met you baby  
You had to do it out in the street  
When I first met you baby  
You had to do it out in the street  
I put clothes on your back, baby  
I put shoes on your feet

It seems right to me baby  
Since you got your feet up off the ground  
It seems right to me baby  
Since you got your feet up off the ground  
You're a real big-shot woman now  
You don't want old me around