

Key Don't Fit

Buddy Guy

My key don't fit your lock
When I come to your door
No, I said, my key won't fit your lock
When I try to put it in your door
You know I got a funny, funny feeling
You don't want me around no more

I left a message last Monday
Just like the Monday before
By the time I've got to Friday
Lord knows I had left five or six more
Now my key don't fit your lock
But I try to stick it in your door

I saw you on the street this morning
Walking with that other man
I could tell him in holding
Much more than your little hand
Now there's talk all over neighborhood
He's thinking about steeping in

My key don't fit your lock
When I try to put it in your door
I said, my key won't fit your lock
When I try to walk it in your door
I got this funny, funny feeling
You don't want me around no more