

The Score

Robert Cray

Well all right, baby
I guess I know the score
You better get to packin'
I don't want you around here anymore

You come home looking funky
Your clothes all in a mess
And your story wasn't fittin'
Any better than your dress

Well all right, baby
Now I know the score
Well you better get to gettin'
I don't want to see you around here anymore

You came in one time too many
Lyin' out both sides of your mouth
You said you was at your mother's
But I really got my doubts

I seen you at the Rainbow
Hangin' out with Red
And if I get my hands on you, baby
You're gonna wish that you were dead

Well all right, baby
Now I know the score
Well you better get to movin'
I don't want you around here anymore

You'd better get to goin', baby
I done got into your game, baby
Uh huh, thought you was foolin' me, huh?
Now I know, baby
I know better

I'll teach you not to cheat on me

Yeah, baby, comin' at 'ya