

What Good Am I?

Tom Jones

I must have been through about a million girls
I'd love 'em and I'd leave 'em alone
I didn't care how much they cried, no sir
Their tears left me cold as a stone

Then I fooled around and fell in love
I fooled around and fell in love
I fooled around and fell in love
I fooled around and fell in love

Used to be when I'd see a boy that I liked
I'd get out my book and I'd write down his name
But when the grass got a little greener on the other side
I'd just tear out that page

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I was free, on my own, that's the way I used to be
But since I met you baby, love's got a hold on me

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