

You Don't Have To Go

Jimmy Reed

Whoa, baby
You don't have ta go

Whoa, baby
You don't have ta go

I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I go

Well now, I give you all my money
Then ya go downtown,
An' you get back in the evenin'
Told me, walked down town

Whoa baby, you don't have ta go
I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I go

Whoa baby, honey what's wrong wich' you?
Whoa baby, honey what's wrong wich' you?
Well you don't treat me darlin', like you used to do