

# Ain't Nothing to Me

Johnny Winter

Take your drink to the end of the bar buddy.  
Come on, now don't be a fool.  
I'd rather have the hot seat in Sing-Sing prison.  
Than to sit down by her, on that stool.

What's that ya say?  
While I guess you're right.  
It ain't nothin to me.

See that man, she belongs to him buddy.

Drink up, and leave while you can.  
I can tell by the way he looks at you buddy.  
He sure a quick tempered jealous man.  
Chorus two  
There you are stretched out on the floor buddy.  
Ya see what you made him do.  
They're coming to take him to the jail buddy.  
And tomorrow someone will bury you.  
Ah well that's life.  
Ah at least it was.

What's that ya say?  
While I guess you're right.  
It ain't nothin to me.