

Beware, Brother, Beware

B.B. King

Hey, fellas, yes, you, fellas, listen to me, I got something to tell you
And I want you to listen to every word and govern yourselves accordingly

Now, you see these girls with these fine diamonds, fine furs and fine clothes

Well, they're looking for a husband and you're listening to a man who knows
They ain't foolin', and if you fool around with them
You're gonna get yourself in a schoolin'

Listen, if she saves you dough, and won't go to the show

Beware

If she's easy to kiss and won't resist

Beware

And if you go for a walk, and she listens while you talk
She's tryin' to hook you

And nobody's lookin' and she asks you to taste her cookin'

Don't do it, don't do it

And if you go to a show and she wants to sit in the back row

Bring her down front, bring her right down front

If you wanna go for a snack, and she wants to sit in the booth in the back

Beware

And listen, if she's used to caviar and fine silk

When you go out with her she wanna a hot dog and a malted milk

She's trying to get you

If you're used to goin' to Carnegie Hall, but when you take her out night clubbing

All she wants is one meatball

You better take it easy

If she grabs your hand and says, "Darling, you're such a nice man"

Beware, I'm telling you

Should I tell them no more?

Tell them everything

You better listen to me 'cause I'm telling you what's being put down

You better pick up on it

If her sister calls your brother, you better get further

I'm telling you, you better watch it

And if she's acting kind of wild, and she says, "Darling, give me a trial"

Don't you do it, don't be weak, don't give it to her

And if she smiles in your face and just melts into place

Let her melt, forget it, let her melt

Should I tell them no more?

Tell them everything

Now listen, if she calls you up on the phone, and says,

"Darling, are you all alone?"

Tell her, "No, no, I've got two, three women with me"

Don't pay no attention to women
Stand up for your right, be a man, be a man

Are you listening?
If you turn out the lights and she don't fight
That's the end, it's too late
She's got you hooked, you might as well stick with her

Should I tell them no more?

If you get home about two and don't know what to do
You pull back the curtains, and the whole family's looking at you
Get your business straight
Set the date, don't be late

Brother, beware, beware, beware
Brother, you better beware