

Sitting on Top of the World

B.B. King

It rained five days Lord and the clouds turned as dark as night
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Lord that was really enough trouble to make a poor man
wonder where in the world to go

I got up one morning, poor me I couldn't get even get out of my
door
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door
Lord that was really enough trouble to make a poor man
wonder where in the world to go

Now they rowed a little boat just about five miles across the f
arm
Yeah they rowed a little boat down about five miles across the
farm
Lord I packed up all of my clothes and throwed them in
and I declare they rowed poor old Bill along

Then I went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Yes I went and I stood up on a high, high old lonesome hill
Lord and all I could do was look down on the house baby
where I used to live

Now it thundered and it lightnin'd, Lord and the wind,
wind began to blow
Now it thundered and it lightnin'd, Lord and the wind,
wind began to blow
Lord there was thousands and thousands of poor people
at that time didn't have no place to go