

Bring Your Fine Self Home

Robert Cray

"Hey, Albert!"
"Oh, yeah, what's up, Johnny?"
"You got your harmonica with you today, man?"
"Yeah, brought it with me today, man"
"I think we better get on down, you know, 'cause I got the blues"
"You know I got 'em, too"
"Well, hear it is"
"So hear it is, man"

Oh, baby
Honey, why don't you bring your fine self home?
Ooh, baby
Honey, why don't you bring your fine self home?
Don't you send no letters to me
Don't you call me, woman
What I need I can't get on no telephone

I know we had our problems, baby
In every life there's some ups and downs
I know we had our problems, baby
In every life there's a little ups and downs
But you kissed the first thing smokin'
And your man sure ain't jokin', woman
Get in this town!

Now play the blues for me Albert
Play the blues!

(Collins solo)

Well, you touched me with the feelin'
And it was such a perfect blend
And now I want it over and over, over and over again

Come on, baby
Get your fine self back in this town
Don't you stop to think about it
Don't you stop to talk to nobody

Don't you stop to think about it
Don't you stop to talk to nobody
Bring it on home

That's alright, dear son, that's alright

Bring it on home