

# The Score

Robert Cray

Well all right, baby  
I guess I know the score  
You better get to packin'  
I don't want you around here anymore

You come home looking funky  
Your clothes all in a mess  
And your story wasn't fittin'  
Any better than your dress

Well all right, baby  
Now I know the score  
Well you better get to gettin'  
I don't want to see you around here anymore

You came in one time too many  
Lyin' out both sides of your mouth  
You said you was at your mother's  
But I really got my doubts

I seen you at the Rainbow  
Hangin' out with Red  
And if I get my hands on you, baby  
You're gonna wish that you were dead

Well all right, baby  
Now I know the score  
Well you better get to movin'  
I don't want you around here anymore

You'd better get to goin', baby  
I done got into your game, baby  
Uh huh, thought you was foolin' me, huh?  
Now I know, baby  
I know better

I'll teach you not to cheat on me

Yeah, baby, comin' at 'ya