

Somebody Have Mercy

Sam Cooke

Somebody have mercy and tell me what is wrong with me
Somebody have mercy and tell me what is wrong with me
Sometimes I don't know how I stand the things this woman do to
me

Let me tell you
When I think about how she do me
The tears fall down like rain, like rain
When I think about how she do me
The tears fall down like rain, like rain
When I think i've got her chained down
She starts actin' up again

Oh let me tell you
I'm goin' down to the bus station
With a suitcase in my hand, yes I am
I'm goin' down to the bus station
With a suitcase in my hand, yes I am
I'm gonna grab me an armful of greyhound
And ride just as close I can
Do that thing for me now

Let me tell you one more time
Somebody have mercy I wonder what is wrong with me, lord have m
ercy
Somebody have mercy I wonder what is wrong with me, yeah
Sometimes I don't know how I stand the things this woman do to
me

Do that one more time, my fellas
I'm standin' here wonderin', baby
With a matchbox hole in my clothes, yes
I am standin', wonderin', baby,
With a matchbox hole in my clothes, yes I am
Oh I got a long way to get there
And I got-a some time to go