

Bring It On Home To Me

Wilson Pickett

If you ever change your mind
About leavin', leavin' me behind
Oh, oh, bring it to me
Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, oh yeah

You know I laughed (ha ha) when you left
But now I know I've only hurt myself
Oh, oh, bring it to me
Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah
(yeah)

I'll give you jewellery, money too
And that's not all, all I'll do for you
Oh, oh, bring it to me
Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah
(yeah)
Yeah

You know I'll always be your slave
Till I'm dead and buried in my grave
Oh, oh, bring it to me
Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah
(yeah)

If you ever change your mind
About leavin', leavin' me behind
Oh, oh, bring it to me
Bring your sweet lovin'
Bring it on home to me, yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah
(yeah)
Yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)