

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 mercy
 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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