

[Sam Cooke](#)

## Bring It On Home To Me

If you ever change your mind  
About leaving, leaving me behind  
Oh-oh, bring it to me  
Bring your sweet loving  
Bring it on home to me, yeah  
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

I know I laughed when you left  
But now I know I only hurt myself  
Oh-oh, bring it to me  
Bring your sweet loving  
Bring it on home to me, yeah  
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

I'll give you jewellery and money, too  
That ain't all, that ain't all I'll do for you  
Oh, if you bring it to me  
Bring your sweet loving  
Bring it on home to me, yeah  
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

You know I'll always be your slave  
'Til I'm buried, buried in my grave  
Oh honey, bring it to me  
Bring your sweet loving  
Bring it on home to me, yeah  
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

One more thing  
I tried to treat you right  
But you stayed out, stayed out at night  
But I forgive you, bring it to me  
Bring your sweet loving  
Bring it on home to me, yeah  
(Yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)  
Yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

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(45 Giri: 'Bring It On Home To Me', 1962, di Sam Cooke)

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