

Alberta Hunter, Downhearted Blues

My man mistreated and he drove me from his door
Lord, he mistreated me and he drove me from his door
But the Good Book says you've got
To reap just what you sow
I got the world in a jug, got the supper?
Right here in my hand
I got the world in a jug, got the supper?
Right here in my hand
And if you want me, sweet papa
You gotta come under my command
Say, I ain't never loved but three men in my life
Lord, I ain't never loved but three men in my life
'twas my father and my brother
And a man that wretched my life
Lord, it may be a week and it may be a month or two
I said, it may be a week and it may be a month or two
All the dirt you're doin' to me
Sho' comin' home to you
Lord, I walked the floor, hang my head and cried
Lord, I walked the floor, hang my head and cried
Had the down hearted blues
And I couldn't be satisfied