

Barbra Streisand, Moanin' Low

I feel too bad
I'm feeling mighty sick and sore
So bad I feel
I said I'm feeling sick and sore
And so afraid
My man don't love me, no more
Moanin' low
My sweet man, I love him so
Though he's mean as can be
He's the kind of man
Needs the kind of woman like me
Wanna die
If sweet man should pass me by
If I doubt where he'd be
He's the kind of man
Needs the kind of woman like me
Don't know any reason
Why he treats me so poorly
What have I gone and done?
Makes my trouble double
With his worries when surely
I ain't deserving it none
Moanin' low
My sweet man is gonna go
When he goes, oh Lordy
He's the kind of man
Needs the kind of a woman like me
Don't know any reason
Why he treats me so poorly
What have I gone and done
He makes my trouble double
With his worries when surely
I ain't deserving it none
Moanin' low
My sweet man is gonna go
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