

# Billie Holiday, Billie's Blues (1942)

Lord I love my man, tell the world I do  
I love my man, tell the world I do  
But when he mistreats me  
Makes me feel so blue

My man wouldn't give me no breakfast  
Wouldn't give me no dinner  
Fought about my supper and put me outdoors  
Had the dark clay make black spots on my clothes  
I didn't have so many  
But I had a long, long way to go

Some men like me talkin' happy  
Some calls it snappy  
Some call me honey  
Others think I got money  
Some tell me baby you're built for speed  
Now if you put that all together  
Makes me everthing a good man needs