

# Ella Fitzgerald, My Man's Gone Now

My man's gone now  
Ain't no use a listenin'  
For his tired footsteps  
Climbin' up the stairs  
Old man sorrow's  
Come to keep me company  
Whisperin' beside me  
When I say my prayers  
When I say my prayers  
He come aroud  
He come up, he come around  
Ain't that I mind workin'  
Workin' means travelers  
Journeyin' togheter  
To the promised land  
But old man sorrow  
Mountin' all the way with me  
Tell' me that I'm old now  
Since I lose my man  
Since I lose my man  
Since I lose my man