

Tom Jones, Black Betty

This is TJ, dedicating this song to Leadbelly

Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Shes from Birmingham, bambalam
Way down in Alabama, bambalam
The way she shake that thing, bambalam
Oh she make me sing, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
She really get me high, bambalam
You know thats no lie, bambalam
Shes so rock steady, bambalam
Oh shes always ready, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Electronicish Vocal Interlude
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Black Betty had a child, bambalam
She swears its mine, bambalam
She must be out of her mind, bambalam
She must think I'm blind, bambalam
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Oh Black Betty, bambalam
Electronic Vocal Interlude
Monday she got me arrested,
On Tuesday up in jail,
Wednesday my trail was attested,
Thursday she posted my bail,
Friday we went walking,
Saturday I was outta my door,
On Sunday we was talkin,
Back on Monday she pawned all my clothes
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
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Shes from Birmingham, bambalam
Way down in Alabama, bambalam
The way she shake that thing, bambalam
Oh she make me sing, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
She really get me high, bambalam
You know thats no lie, bambalam
Shes so rock steady, bambalam
Oh shes always ready, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Whoa Black Betty, bambalam
Electronic Vocal Interlude
Whooooo Black Betty!