

Billie Holiday, Billie's Blues

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