## 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