

# Billie Holiday, Billie's Blues (I Love My Man)

I love my man  
I'm a liar if I say I don't  
I love my man  
I'm a liar if I say I don't  
But I'll quit my man  
I'm a liar if I say I won't  
I've been your slave baby  
Ever since I've been your way  
I've been your slave  
Ever since I've been your faith  
But before I be your dog  
I'll see you in your grave  
My man wouldn't give me no breakfast  
Wouldn't give me no dinner  
Squawked about my supper  
Then he put me outdoors  
Had the nerve to lay  
A matchbox on my clothes  
I didn't have so many  
But I had a long long ways to go  
I ain't good looking  
And my hair ain't curls  
I ain't good looking  
And my hair ain't curls  
But my mother she give me something  
It's going to carry me through this world  
Some man like me 'cuz I'm happy  
Some 'cuz I'm snappy  
Some call me honey  
Others think I've got money  
Some say Billie  
Baby you're built for speed  
Now if you put that altogether  
Makes me everything a good man needs