

Billie Holiday, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Oh listen, sister
I love my mister man and I can't tell you why
Dere ain't no reason why I should love dat man
It must be sumpin' dat de angels done plan
De chimbley's smokin'
De roof is leakin' in
But he don't seem to care
He can be happy
With jes' a sip of gin
I even loves him when his kisses got gin
Fish got to swim and birds got to fly
I got to love man till I die
Can't help lovin' that man of mine
Tell me he's lazy
Tell me he's slow
Tell me I'm crazy, maybe, I know
Can't help lovin' that man of mine
When he goes away
Dat's a rainy day
And when he comes back dat day is fine
The sun will shine
He can come home as late as can be
Home without him ain't no home to me
Can't help lovin' that man of mine