

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

Billie Holiday

I love my man
I a liar if I say I don't

I love my man
I a liar if I say I don't

But I'll quit my man
I a liar if I say I won't
I've been your slave baby
Ever since I've been your babe
I've been your slave
Ever since I've been your babe
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
Squacked about my supper
Then he put me outdoors
Heaven erred to late
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