

# Billie Holiday, MY SWEET HUNK O'TRASH

James P. Johnson / Flournoy E. Miller

You don't act up too much  
Ain't got that glamour touch  
You're trifling lazy  
Ain't worth a cigarette ash  
Look out here mamma  
Look out here  
You carry me too fast  
You're just my good for nothin'  
My sweet hunk o' trash  
My, my how you sound  
You're very short on looks  
Dumb, when it comes to books  
Look out, baby  
Watch it, honey  
And you stay full of corn  
Just like a succotash  
What you want me to do in my idle moments  
You're just a good-for-nothin'  
But my sweet hunk o' trash  
Let me get a word in there honey, you running your mouth  
You said I've worried you for years  
I'm just a barfly moochin' beers  
While you sweat over a hot stove slinging hash  
Work my fingers right down to the elbows  
Yes I may be good-for-nothin'  
But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash  
First to admit it baby  
You said I spread my love all around  
And with the chicks all over town  
But, how can I when you keep me broke  
So I can't spend no cash  
Yes I may be good-for-nothin'  
But I'm still your sweet hunk o' trash  
Listen hear Pops,  
You know you lie about your youth  
I don't lie baby  
I'm just careless with the truth, that's all  
How careless can you be  
Oh, no  
With all your chicks  
You try to make a flash  
Now baby  
It ain't like that, no  
But you're still my good-for-nothin'  
My sweet hunk o' trash  
Now when you stay out very late  
It sure makes me mad to wait how come, baby?  
Cus, you come home too tired  
To raise just one eyelash  
Watch it baby  
Watch it  
You're just good-for-nothin'  
But you're my sweet hunk o' trash  
Yes indeed!