

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!