

Billie Holiday, YOU'RE JUST A NO ACCOUNT

S. Cahn / S. Chaplin

You're just a no account

You never will amount to nothin' at all

When there is work to do and someone yells for you

You don't hear them call

The Good Lord set aside his Sundays

For folks to rest

More that one day's rest is wrong

You start restin' Sunday and rest so hard

You're tired the whole week long

You're just a no account

You never will amount to nothin' at all

I just can't figure how each time you milk the cow

The tit gets so small

We got machines to do your work for you

But you won't press the button on the wall

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