

# Canned Heat, Dust My Broom

I'm gon' get up in the mornin',  
I believe I'll dust my broom  
I'm gon' get up in the mornin',  
I believe I'll dust my broom  
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin', girlfriend, can't get my room

I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know  
I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know  
If I can't find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe I know

I don't want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet  
I don't want no woman, wants every downtown man she meet  
She's a no good doney, they shouldn't 'low her on the street

I believe, I believe I'll go back home  
I believe, I believe I'll go back home  
You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can't when I go home

And I'm gettin' up in the mornin', I believe I'll dust my broom  
I'm gettin' up in the mornin', I believe I'll dust my broom  
Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin', girlfriend, can't get my room

I'm 'on' call up Chiney, see is my good gal over there  
I'm 'on' call up Chiney, see is my good gal over there  
If I can't find her on Philippine's Island, she must be in Ethiopia somewhere