

Ella Fitzgerald, I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'

I got plenty of nothing
And nothing's plenty for me
I got no car - got no mule
I got no misery

Folks with plenty of plenty
They've got a lock on the door
Afraid somebody's gonna rob 'em
While there out (a) making more - what for

I got no lock on the door - that's no way to be
They can steal the rug from the floor - that's OK with me
'Cause the things that I prize - like the stars in the skies - are all free

I got plenty of nothing
And nothing's plenty for me
I got my gal - got my song
(I) Got heaven the whole day long

- Got my gal - got my love - got my song