

# Willie Mabon, I Don't Know

"Spoken": This song was introduced to me by the late Cripple Clarence Lofton, titled &quot;I Don't

I'm gettin' sick and tired of the way you do,  
Good kind papa gotta poison you;  
Sprinkle goofer dust all around your bed,  
Wake up one of these mornings, find your own self dead.  
She said, 'You shouldn't say that'  
I said, 'What should I say this time, baby?'  
She says, 'Mmmmmm, I don't know,'  
My oh my oh my; I don't know, what my baby puttin' down.

The woman I love, she got dimples in her jaws,  
The clothes she's wearin' is made out of the best of cloths;  
She can take and wash, she can hang 'em upside the wall,  
She can throw 'em out the window,  
and run out and catch 'em a little bit before they fall;  
Sometimes I think you has your habits on  
She said, 'You shouldn't say that'  
I said, 'What should I say to make you mad this time, baby?'  
She says, 'Mmmmmm, I don't know,'  
My oh my oh my; I don't know, what my baby puttin' down.

My papa told me, my mother sat down and cried,  
Say, 'You're too young a man, son, to have the many women you got'  
I looked at my mother then, I didn't even crack a smile,  
I say, 'If the women kill me, I don't mind dyin''

The woman I love, I won the week before last,  
The woman I love I've got out of class;  
I thought I won you, baby, a long time ago,  
If you don't watch your step, I'm gonna have to let you go.  
She said, 'You shouldn't say that'  
I said, 'What should I say this time, baby?'  
She says, 'Mmmmmm, I don't know'  
I don't know; I don't know what my baby puttin' down, puttin' down.