

Willie Mabon, I Don't Know

"Spoken": This song was introduced to me by the late Cripple Clarence Lofton, titled "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.