Moanin' Low

Eva Taylor

I feel too bad
I'm feeling mighty sick and sore
So bad I feel
I said I'm feeling sick and sore

And so afraid
My man don't love me no more
Moanin' low
My sweet man I love him so

Though he's mean as can be
He's the kind of man
Who needs the kind of woman like me
I wanna die

If sweet man should pass me by
If I doubt where he'd be
He's the kind of man
Who needs the kind of woman like me

Don't know any reason why he treats me so poorly
What have I gone and done
Makes my trouble double
With these worries when surely

I ain't deservin' it none
Moanin' low
My sweet man is gonna go
When he goes oh lordy

He's the kind of man
Who needs the kind of woman like me
Don't know any reason why he treats me so coolly
What have I gone and done

He makes my trouble double
With these worries when surely
I ain't deserving enough
Moanin' low

My sweet man is gonna go
When he goes oh lordy
He's the kind of man
Who needs the kind of a woman like me.

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