

# Billie's Blues

## Billie Holiday and Her Orchestra

I love my man  
I'm a liar if I say I don't  
I love my man  
I'm a liar if I say I don't  
But I'll quit my man  
I'm a liar if I say I won't I've been your slave, baby  
Ever since I've been your babe  
I've been your slave  
Ever since I've been your babe  
But before I'll be your dog  
I'll see you in your grave My man wouldn't give me no breakfast  
Wouldn't give me no dinner  
Squawked about my supper then he put me outdoors  
Had the nerve to lay a matchbox on my clothes  
I didn't have so many  
But I had a long, long ways to go I ain't good-looking  
And my hair ain't curled  
I ain't good-looking  
And my hair ain't curled  
But my mother, she gave me something  
It's gonna tear me through this world Some men like me 'cause I'm happy  
Some 'cause I'm snappy  
Some call me honey  
Others think I've got money Some tell me "Billie,  
Baby, you're built for speed"  
Now, if you put that all together  
It makes me everything a good man needs

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